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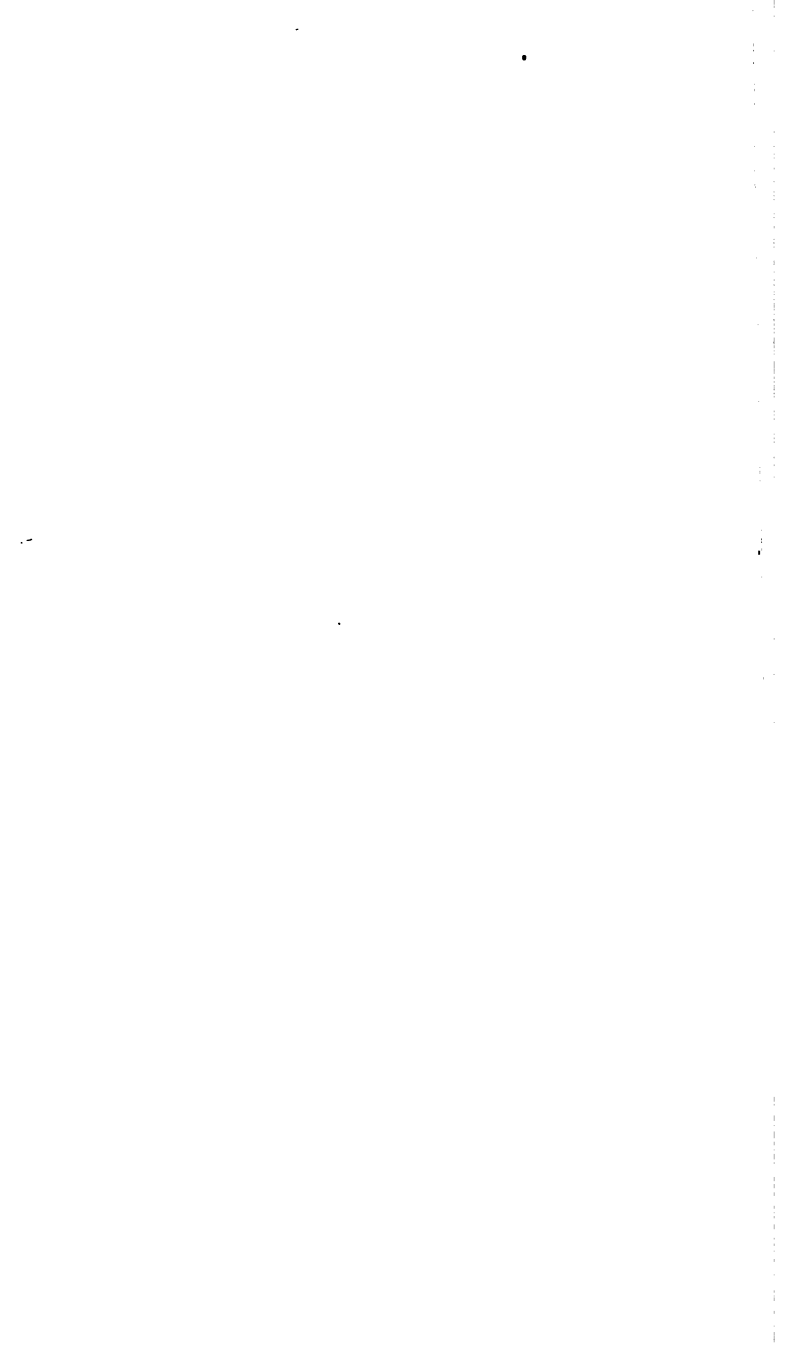
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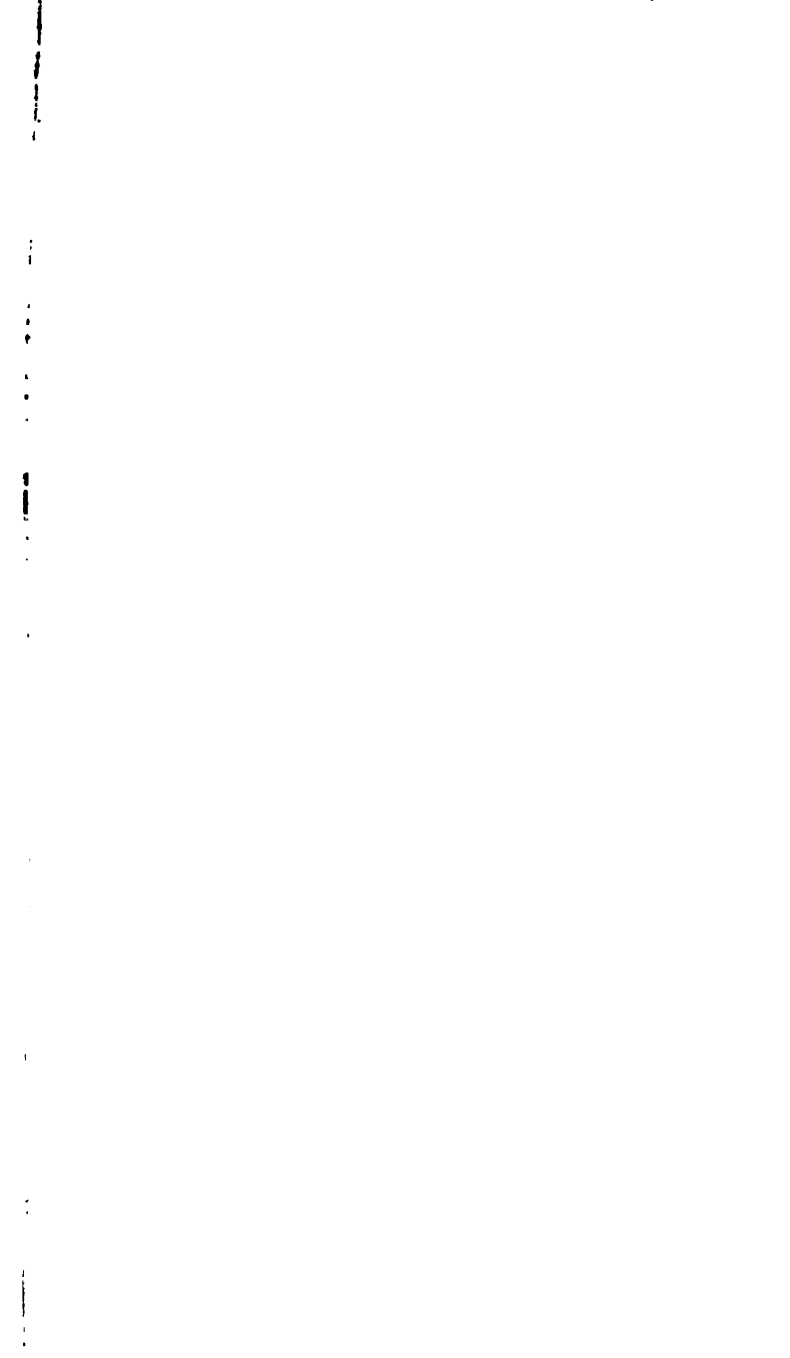


*Thomas Westwood.*

GGH  
Metos 7e







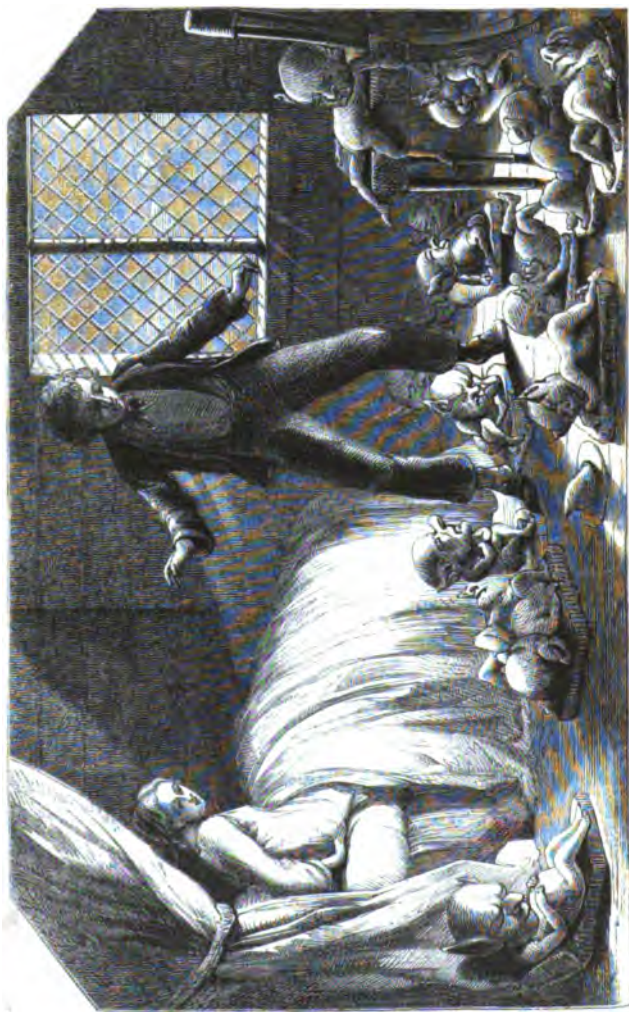


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"He picked his way, with much circumspection, between the prostrate forms of the tiny people."

Vol. I., p. 233.

# THE OXONIEN

IN

THE GARDEN

OF THE

OF THE LONDON COLLEGE OF THE

IN THE STUDENT OF THE

WITH GLANCE AT THE LEGENDARY  
OF THE LONDON

BY

THE REV. FREDERICK J. ALLEN, M.A.

OF THE LONDON COLLEGE OF THE

OF THE

THE OXONIEN IN FORM

THE OXONIEN IN FORM  
OF THE LONDON COLLEGE OF THE  
OF THE LONDON COLLEGE OF THE  
OF THE LONDON COLLEGE OF THE

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON.

JOHN W. AND JACOBET, PUBLISHERS.

OF THE LONDON COLLEGE OF THE

OF THE LONDON COLLEGE OF THE

1858.

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# THE OXONIAN

IN

## THELEMARKEN;

OR,

### NOTES OF TRAVEL IN SOUTH-WESTERN NORWAY

IN THE SUMMERS OF 1856 AND 1857.

WITH GLANCES AT THE LEGENDARY LORE  
OF THAT DISTRICT.

BY

THE REV. FREDERICK METCALFE, M.A.,

FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD,

AUTHOR OF

"THE OXONIAN IN NORWAY."

"Auf den Bergen ist Freiheit; der Hauch der Gräfte,  
Steigt nicht hinauf in die schönen Lüfte,  
Die Welt is vollkommen liberal!  
Wo der Mensch nicht hinein kömmt mit seiner Qual."

"Tu nidum servas: ego laudo raris amoeni  
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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*Rh.*



LONDON:  
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COVENT GARDEN



## P R E F A C E.

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IN the neighbourhood of Bayeux, in Normandy, it is said that there still lingers a superstition which most probably came there originally in the same ship as Rollo the Walker. The country folks believe in the existence of a sprite (goubelin) who plagues mankind in various ways. His most favourite method of annoyance is to stand like a horse saddled and bridled by the roadside, inviting the passers-by to mount him. But woe to the unlucky wight who yields to the temptation, for off he sets—"Halloo! halloo! and hark away!" galloping fearfully over stock and stone, and not unfrequently ends by leaving his rider in a bog or horse-pond, at the same time vanishing with a loud peal of mocking laughter. "A heathenish and gross superstition!" exclaims friend Broadbrim. But what if we try to extract a jewel out of this

ugly monster ; knock some commonsense out of his head. Goethe turned the old fancy of *Der getreue Eckart* to good account in that way. What if a moral of various application underlies this grotesque legend. Suppose, for the nonce, that the rider typify the writer of a book. Unable to resist a strong temptation to bestride the Pegasus of his imagination—whether prose or verse—he ventures to mount and go forth into the world, and not seldom he gets a fall for his pains amid a loud chorus of scoffs and jeers. Indeed, this is so common a catastrophe, from the days of Bellerophon downwards (everybody knows that he was the author of the *Letters*\* that go by his name), so prone is inkshed to lead to disaster, that the ancient wish, “Oh that mine adversary had written a book,” in its usual acceptation (which entirely rests, be it said, on a faulty interpretation of the original language), was really exceedingly natural, as the fulfilment of it was as likely as not to lead to the fullest gratification of human malice.

In defiance, however, of the dangers that

\* See Lempriere's *Classical Dictionary*.

threatened him, the writer of these lines did once gratify his whim, and mount the goblin steed, and as good luck would have it, without being spilled or dragged through a horse-pond, or any mischance whatsoever. In other words, instead of cold water being thrown upon his endeavours, *The Oxonian in Norway* met with so indulgent a handling from that amiable abstraction, the "Benevolus Lector," that it soon reached a second edition.

So far the author's lucky star was in the ascendant. But behold his infatuation, he must again mount and tempt his fate, "Ay! and on the same steed, too," cries Mr. Bowbells, to whom the swarming sound of life with an occasional whiff of the sewers is meat, and drink, and all things; who is bored to death if he sees more of the quiet country than Brighton or Ramsgate presents, and is about as locomotive in his tastes as a London sparrow.

"Norway again, forsooth—*nous revenons à nos moutons*—that horrid bleak country, where the cold in winter is so intense that when you sneeze, the shower from your olfactories rattles against the earth like dust-shot, and in summer you can't sleep

for the brazen-faced sun staring at you all the twenty-four hours. What rant that is about

The dark tall pines that plume the craggy ledge,  
High over the blue gorge,

and all that sort of thing. Give me Kensington Gardens and Rotten Row!"

Still—in spite of Bowbells—we shall venture on the expedition, and probably with less chance of a fiasco than if we travelled by the express-train through the beaten paths of central Europe. There, all is a dead level. Civilization has smoothed the gradients actually and metaphorically—alike in the Brunellesque and social sense. As people progress in civilization, the more prominent marks of national character are planed off. Individuality is lost. The members of civilized society are as like one another as the counters on a draft-board. "They rub each other's angles down," and thus lose "the picturesque of man and man." The same type keeps repeating itself with sickening monotony, like the patterns of paper-hangings, instead of those delightfully varied arabesques with which the free hand of the painter used to diversify the walls of the antique dwelling.

But it is not so with the population of a primitive country like Norway. Much of the simplicity that characterized our forefathers is still existing there. We are Aladdined to the England of three centuries ago. Do you mean to say that you, a sensible man or woman, prefer putting on company manners at every turn, being everlastingly swaddled in the artificial restraints of society; being always among grand people, or genteel people, or superior people, or people of awful respectability? Do you prefer an aviary full of highly educated song-birds mewed up so closely that they "show off" one against another, filled with petty rivalries and jealousies, to the gay, untutored melody of the woods poured forth for a bird's own gratification or that of its mate? Do you like to spend your time for ever in trim gardens, among standards and espaliers, and spruce flower-beds, so weeded, and raked, and drilled, and shaped, that you feel positively afraid of looking and walking about for fear of making a *faux pas*? Oh no! you would like to see a bit of wild rose or native heather. (Interpret this as you list of the flowers of the field, or a fairer flower still.)

You prefer climbing a real lichened rock *in situ*, that has not been placed there by Capability Brown or Sir Joseph Paxton.

Indeed, the avidity with which books of travel in primitive countries—whether in the tropics or under the pole—are now read, shows that the more refined a community is, the greater interest it will take in the occupation, the sentiments, the manners of people still in a primitive state of existence. Our very over-civilization begets in us a taste to beguile oneself of its tedium, its frivolities, its unreality, by mixing in thought, at least, with those who are nearer the state in which nature first made man.

“The manners of a rude people are always founded on fact,” said Sir Walter Scott, “and therefore the feelings of a polished generation immediately sympathize with them.” It is this kind of feeling that has a good deal to do with urging men, who have been educated in all the habits and comforts of improved society, to leave the groove, and carve out for themselves a rough path through dangers and privations in wilder countries.

“You will have none of this sort of thing,” said Dr. Livingstone, in the Sheldonian theatre, while

addressing Young Oxford on the fine field for manly, and useful, and Christian enterprise that Africa opens out,—“You will have none of this sort of thing there,” while he uneasily shook the heavy sleeve of his scarlet D.C.L. gown, which he had donned in deference to those who had conferred on him this mark of honour. Yes, less comforts, perhaps, but at the same time less red tape.

“Brown exercise” is better than the stewy, stuffy adipocere state of frame in which the man of “indoors mind” ultimately eventuates. Living on frugal fare, in the sharp, brisk air of the mountain, the lungs of mind and body expand healthfully, and the fire of humanity burns brighter, like the fire in the grate when fanned by a draught of fresh oxygen. Most countries, when we visit them for the first time, turn out “the dwarfs of presage.” Not so Norway. It grows upon you every time you see it. You need not fear, gentle reader, of being taken over beaten ground. “The Oxonian” has never visited Thelemarken and Sastersdal before. So come along with me, in the absence of a better guide, if you wish to cultivate a nearer acquaintance with the roughly forged, “hardware” sort of



people of this district, content to forget for a while the eternal willow-pattern crockery of home. Thelemarken is the most primitive part of Norway; it is the real *Ultima Thule* of the ancients; the very name indicates this, and the Norwegian antiquaries quote our own King Alfred in support of this idea. It is true, that on nearer inspection, its physical geography will not be found to partake of the marvellous peculiarities assigned to Thule by the ancient Greek navigator, Pytheas, who asserts that it possessed neither earth, air, or sea, but a chaotic mixture of all three elements. But that may emphatically be said to be neither here nor there. Inaccessible the country certainly is, and it is this very inaccessibility which has kept out the schoolmaster; so that old times are not yet changed, nor old manners gone, nor the old language unlearned under the auspices of that orthoepic functionary. The fantastic pillars and arches of fairy folk-lore may still be desoried in the deep secluded glens of Thelemarken, undefaced with stucco, not propped by unsightly modern buttress. The harp of popular minstrelsy — though it hangs mouldering and mildewed with

infrequency of use, its strings unbraced for want of cunning hands that can tune and strike them as the Scalds of Eld—may still now and then be heard sending forth its simple music. Sometimes this assumes the shape of a soothing lullaby to the sleeping babe, or an artless ballad of love-lorn swains, or an arch satire on rustic doings and foibles. Sometimes it swells into a symphony descriptive of the descent of Odin ; or, in somewhat of less Pindaric, and more Dibdin strain, it recounts the deeds of the rollicking, death-despising Vikings ; while, anon, its numbers rise and fall with mysterious cadence as it strives to give a local habitation and a name to the dimly seen forms and antic pranks of the hollow-backed Huldra crew.

The author thinks that no apology is needed for working in some of the legendary interludes which the natives repeated to him, so curious and interesting, most of which he believes never appeared before in an English dress, and several of them in no print whatever. Legends are an article much in request just now ; neither can they be considered trifling when viewed in the light thrown upon the

origin of this branch of popular belief and pastime by the foremost men of their time, *e.g.*, Scott, and more especially Jacob Grimm. Frivolous, indeed ! not half so frivolous as the hollow-hearted, false-fronted absurdities of the " great and small vulgar," is the hollow-backed elf, with the grand mythological background reaching into the twilight of the earth's history, nor so trifling the simple outspoken peasant, grave, yet cheery, who speaks as he thinks, and actually sometimes laughs a good guffaw, as the stuck-up ladies and gentlemen of a section of the artificial world, with their heartless glitter, crocodile tears, their solemn pretence, their sham raptures.

I must not omit to say that the admirable trolldrawing, which forms the frontispiece of the first volume, is one selected from a set of similar sketches by my friend, T. G. Jackson, Esq., of Wadham College, Oxford. It evinces such an intimate acquaintance with the looks of those small gentry that it is lucky for him that he did not live in the days when warlocks were done to death.

F. M.

LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD,  
*May, 1858.*

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# THE OXONIAN IN THELEMARKEN.

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## CHAPTER I.

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A STRANGE attraction has Norway for one who has once become acquainted with it: with its weird rocks and mountains—its dark cavernous fjords—its transparent skies—its quaint gulf-stream warming apparatus—its "Borealis race"—its fabulous Maelstrom—its "Leviathan slumbering on the Norway foam"—its sagas, so graphically portraying the manners and thoughts of an ancient race—

its sturdy population, descendants of that northern hive which poured from the frozen loins of the north, and, as Montesquieu says, "left their native climes to destroy tyrants and slaves, and were, a thousand years ago, the upholders of European liberty."

"Very attractive, no doubt," interrupts Piscator. "In short, the country beats that loadstone island in the East hollow, which extracted the bolts out of the ships' bottoms; drawing the tin out of one's pockets, and oneself thither every summer without the possibility of resistance. But a truce to your dithyrambs on scenery, and sagas, and liberty. Talk about the salmon-fishing. I suppose you're coming to that last—the best at the end, like the postscript of a young lady's letter."

Well, then, the salmon-fishing. A man who has once enjoyed the thrill of *that* wont so easily forget it. Here, for instance, is the month of June approaching. Observe the antics of that "old Norwegian," the Rev. Christian Muscular, who has taken a College living, and become a sober family man. See how he snorts and tosses up his head, like an old hunter in a paddock as the chase sweeps

by. He keeps writing to his friends, inquiring what salmon rivers are to be let, and what time they start, and all that sort of thing, although he knows perfectly well he can't possibly go; not even if he might have the priest's water on the Namsen. But no wonder Mr. Muscular is growing uneasy. The air of Tadpole-in-the-Marsh becomes unhealthy at that season, and he feels quite suffocated in the house, and prostrated by repose; and as he reads Schiller's fresh 'Berglied,' he sighs for the mountain air and the music of the gurgling river.

But there are mamma and the pledges; so he must resign all hope of visiting his old haunts. Instead of going there himself, in body, he must do it in spirit—by reading, for instance, these pages about the country, pretty much in the same way as the Irish peasant children, who couldn't get a taste of the bacon, pointed their potatoes at it, and had a taste in imagination. Behold, then, Mr. Muscular, with all the family party, and the band-boxes and bonnet-boxes, and umbrellas and parasols numbered up to twenty; and last, not least, the dog "Ole" (he delights to call the live things about him by

Norsk names), bound for the little watering-place of Lobster-cum-Crab. Behold him at the "Grent Babel junction," not far from his destination, trying to collect his scattered thoughts—which are far away—and to do the same by his luggage, two articles of which—Harold's rocking-horse and Sigfrid's pap-bottle—are lost already. Shall I tell you what Mr. Muscular is thinking of? Of "the Long," when he shut up shop without a single care; feeling satisfied that his rooms and properties would be in the same place when he came back, without being entrusted to servants who gave "swarries" above-stairs during his absence.

Leaving him, then, to dredge for the marine monstrosities which abound at Lobster-cum-Crab, or to catch congers and sea-perch at the sunken wreck in the Bay—we shall start with our one wooden box, and various other useful articles, for the land of the mountain and the flood—pick up its wild legends and wild flowers, scale its mountains, revel in the desolation of its snowfields, thread its sequestered valleys—catching fish and shooting fowl as occasion offers; though we give fair notice that on this

occasion we shall bestow less attention on the wild sports than on other matters.

On board the steamer that bore us away over a sea as smooth as a mirror, was a stout English lady, provided with a brown wig, and who used the dredging-box most unsparingly to stop up the gaps in her complexion.

"A wild country is Norway, isn't it?" inquired she, with a sentimental air; "you will, no doubt, have to take a Lazaroni with you to show you the way?" (? Cicerone).

"The scenery," continued she, "isn't equal, I suppose, to that of Hoban. Do you know, I was a great climber until I became subject to palpitations. You wouldn't think it, so robust as I am; but I'm very delicate. My two families have been too much for me."

I imagined she had been married twice, or had married a widower.

"You know," continued she, confidentially, "I had three children, and then I stopped for some years, and began again, and had two more. Children are such a plague. I went with them to the sea, and

would you believe it, every one of them took the measles."

But there was a little countrywoman of ours on board whose vivacity and freshness made up for the insipidity of the "Hoban lady." She can't bear to think that she is doing no good in the world, and spends much of her time in district visiting in one of the largest parishes of the metropolis. Not that she had a particle of the acid said to belong to some of the so-called sisters of mercy—reckless craft that, borne along by the gale of triumphant vanity, have in mere wantonness run down many an unsuspecting vessel—I mean trifled with honest fellows' affections, and then suddenly finding themselves beached, in a matrimonial sense, irretrievably pronounce all men, without exception, monsters. And, thus, she whose true mission it was to be "the Angel in the House," presiding, ministering, soothing, curdles up into a sour, uneasy devotee.

At sea, a wise traveller will be determined to gather amusement from trifles; nay, even rather than get put out by any delay or misadventure, set about performing the difficult task of constructing

a silk purse out of a sow's ear. For instance, our vessel, being overburdened, steered excessively ill, as might be seen from her wake, which, for the most part, assumed the shape of zigzags or arcs of circles. This disconcerted one grumpy fellow uncommonly. But we endeavoured to restore his good humour by telling him that we were not practising the "great" but the "little" circle sailing. His mantling sulkiness seemed to evaporate at this pleasantry; and, subsequently, when, on the coal lessening, and lightening our craft astern, she steered straighter, he facetiously apostrophized the man at the wheel—

"You're the man to take the kinks out of her course; we must have you at the wheel all night, and as much grog as you like, at my expense, afterwards."

The captain, who was taken prisoner on returning from the Davis' Straits fishery, during the French wars, and was detained seven years in France, gives me some information about the Arctic shark (*Squalus Arcticus*), which is now beginning to reappear on the coast of Norway.



"We used to call them the blind shark, sir—more by token they would rush in among the nets and seize our fish, paying no more attention to us than nothing at all. They used to bite pieces out of our fish just like a plate, and no mistake, as clean as a whistle, sir. I've often stuck my knife into 'em, but they did not wince in the least—they did not appear to have no feeling whatsoever. I don't think they had any blood in 'em; I never saw any. I've put my hand in their body, and it was as cold as ice."

"By-the-bye, captain," said I, to our commander, who was a fussy, little round red-faced man, with a cheery blue eye, "how's this? Why, you are in uniform!"

"To be sure I am. Th' Company said it must be done. Those furriners think more of you with a bit of gowd lace on your cap and coat. An order came from our governor to wear this here coat and cap—so I put 'em on. What a guy I did look—just like a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Or a daw in borrowed plumes," suggested I.

"But I put a bould face on't, and came a-board,

and walked about just as if I had the old brown coat on, and now I've got quite used to the change."

Now this little fellow is as clever as he is modest—every inch a seaman. I've seen him calm and collected in very difficult circumstances on this treacherous old North Sea.

Last year, in the autumn, the captain tells me he was approaching the Norwegian coast in the grey of the morning when he descried what he took to be a quantity of nets floating on the water, and several boats hovering about them. He eased the engine for fear of entangling the screw. Some Cockneys on board, who wore nautical dresses, and sported gilt buttons on which were engraved R. T. Y. C., laughed at the captain for his excessive carefulness. Presently it turned out that what had seemed to be floating nets were the furniture and hencoops of the ill-fated steamer *Norge*, which had just been run down by another steamer, and sunk with a loss of some half a hundred lives. A grave Norwegian on board now lectured the young men for their ignorance and bravado.

"They just did look queer, I'll a-warrant ye," continued our north-country captain. "They laughed on t'other side of their mouths, and were mum for the rest of the voyage."

"What vessel's that?" asked I.

"Oh! that's the opposition—the Kangaroo."

This was the captain's pronunciation of *Gangr Rolf* (Anglicè, Rollo, the Walker), the Norwegian screw, which I hear rolls terribly in a sea-way.

"Hurrah!" I exclaimed. "Saall for Gamle Norge," as we sighted the loom of the land. How different it is from the English coast. The eye will in vain look for the white perpendicular cliffs, such as hedge so much of old Albion, their glistening fronts relieved at intervals by streaks of darker hue, where the retreating angle of the wall-like rock does not catch the sun's rays; while behind lie the downs rising gently inland, with their waving fields of corn or old pastures dotted with sheep. Quite as vainly will you cast about for the low shores of other parts of our island—diversified, it may be; by yellow dunes, with the sprinkling of shaggy flag-like grass, or, elsewhere, the flat fields termi-

nating imperceptibly in flatter sands, the fattening ground of oysters.

As far as I can judge at this distance, instead of the coast forming one sober businesslike line of demarcation, with no nonsense about it, showing exactly the limits of land and ocean, as in other countries, here it is quite impossible to say where water ends and land begins. It is neither fish nor fowl. Those low, bare gneiss-rocks, for instance, tumbled, as it were, into a lot of billows. One would almost think they had got a footing among the waves by putting on the shape and aspect of water. Well, if you scan them accurately you find they are unmistakeably bits of islands. But as we approach nearer, look further inland to those low hills covered with pine-trees, which somehow or other have managed to wax and pick up a livelihood in the clefts and crannies of the rocks, or sometimes even on the bare scarps. While ever and anon a bald-topped rock protruding from the dark green masses stands like a solitary Friar of Orders Grey, with his well shaven tonsure, amid a crowd of black cowled Dominicans.

"Surely that," you'll say, "is the coast line proper?"

"Wrong again, sir. It is a case of wheels within wheels; or, to be plain, islands within islands. Behind those wooded heights there are all sorts of labyrinths of salt water, some ending in a *cul-de-sac*, others coming out, when you least expect it, into the open sea again, and forming an inland passage for many miles. If that myth about King Canute bidding the waves not come any further, had been told of this country, there would have been some sense in it, and he might have appeared to play the wave-compeller to some purpose. For really, in some places, it is only by a nice examination one can say how far the sea's rule does extend."

The whole of the coast is like this, except between the Naze and Stavanger, rising at times, as up the West Coast, into magnificent precipices, but still beaded with islands from the size of a pipe of port to that of an English county. Hence there are two ways of sailing along the coast, "*inden-skjærs*," i.e., within the "*skerries*," and "*uden-*

skjærs," or outside of the "skerries," i.e., in the open sea. The inner route has been followed by coasters from the days of the Vikings. Those pilots on the Norwegian Government steam-vessels whom you see relieving each other alternately on the bridge, spitting thoughtfully a brown fluid into a wooden box, and gently moving their hand when we thread the watery Thermopylæ, are men bred up from boyhood on the coast, and know its intricacies by heart. The captain is, in fact, a mere cypher, as far as the navigation is concerned.

"You've never been in Norway before?" I inquired of the fair Samaritan.

"No; this is my first visit. I hope I shall like it."

"I can imagine you will. If you are a lover of fashion and formality, you will not be at ease in Norway. The good folks are simple-minded and sincere. If they invite you to an entertainment, it is because they are glad to see you. Not to fill up a place at the table, or because they are obliged to do the civil, at the same time hoping sincerely you wont come. Their forefathers were men of great

self-denial, and intensely fond of liberty. When it was not to be had at home, they did what those birds were doing that rested on our mast during the voyage, migrated to a more congenial clime—in their case to Iceland. The present Norwegians have a good deal of the same sturdy independence about them; some travellers say, to an unpleasant degree. It's true they are rather rough and uncouth; but, like their forefathers, when they came in contact with old Roman civilization in France and Normandy, they will progress and improve by intercourse with the other peoples of Europe.

“Their old mythology is grand in the extreme. Look at that rainbow, yonder. In their eyes, the bow in the cloud was the bridge over which lay the road to Valhalla. Then their legends. Do you know, I think that much of our fairy lore came over to us from Norway, just as the seeds of the mountain-flowers in Scotland are thought by Forbes to have come over from Scandinavia on the ice-floes during the glacial period. If I had time, I could tell you a lot of sprite-stories; among others, one how the elves all left Jutland one night in an old wreck, lying on

the shore, and got safe to Norway. To this country, at all events, those lines wont yet apply :—

“The power, the beauty, and the majesty  
That had her haunts in dale, or fairy fountain,  
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
Or chasms, or watery depths ; all these have vanished.  
They live no longer in the faith of reason.”

“But here we are in Christiansand harbour, and yonder is my steamer, the *Lindesnaes*, which will take me to Porsgrund, whither I am bound ; so farewell, and I hope you will not repent of your visit to Norway !”



## CHAPTER II.

Disappointed fishermen—A formidable diver—Arendal, the Norwegian Venice—A vocabulary at fault—Ship-building—The Norwegian Seaboard—Sandefjord, the Norwegian Brighton—A complicated costume—Flora's own bonnet—Bruin at large—Skien and its saw-mills—Norway cutting its sticks—Wooden walls—Christopher Hansen Blum—The Norwegian phase of religious dissent—A confession of faith—The Norsk Church the offspring of that of Great Britain.

Two Englishmen were on board the *Lindesnaes*, who had been fishing a week in the Torrisdal Elv, and had had two rises and caught nothing ; so they are moving along the coast to try another river. But it is too late for this part of Norway. These are early rivers, and the fish have been too long up to afford sport with the fly.

The proverb, " never too old to learn," was practically brought to my mind in an old Norwegian gentleman on board.

" My son, sir, has served in the English navy.

I am seventy years old, and can speak some English. I will talk in that language and you in Norwegian, and so we shall both learn. You see, sir, we are now going into Arendal. This is a bad entrance when the wind is south-west, so we are clearing out that other passage there to the eastward. There is a diver at work there always. Oh, sir, he's frightful to behold! First, he has a great helmet, and lumps of lead on his shoulders, and lead on his thighs, and lead on his feet. All lead, sir! And then he has a dagger in his belt."

"A dagger!" said I; "what's that for?"

"Oh! to keep off the amphibia and sea-monsters; they swarm upon this coast."

As he spoke, the old gentleman contorted his countenance in such a manner that he, at all events, let alone the diver, was frightful to behold. Such was the effect of the mere thought of the amphibia and sea-monsters. Fortunately, his head was covered, or I can't answer for it that each particular hair would not have stood on end like to the quills of the fretful porcupine. It struck me that he must have been reading of Beowulf, the Anglo-

Saxon hero, and his friend Breca, and how they had naked swords in their hands to defend them against the sea-monsters, and how Beowulf served the creatures out near the bottom of the sea (*sægrunde néah*).

At Arendal, where the vessel stops for some hours, I take a stroll with a Norwegian schoolboy. Abundance of sycamore and horse-chesnut, arrayed in foliage of the most vivid hue, grow in the pretty little ravines about this Norwegian Venice, as it is called.

"What is the name of that tree in Norsk," I asked of my companion, pointing to a sycamore.

"Ask, *i.e.* ash."

"And of that?" inquired I, pointing to a horse-chesnut.

"Ask," was again the reply.

Close to the church was the dead-house, where corpses are placed in winter, when the snow prevents the corpse being carried to the distant cemetery. In the little land-locked harbour I see a quantity of small skiffs, here called "pram," which are to be had new for the small price of three

dollars, or thirteen shillings and sixpence English. The vicinity of this place is the most famous in Norway for mineralogical specimens. Arendal has, I believe, the most tonnage and largest-sized vessels of any port in Norway. Ship-building is going forward very briskly all along the coast since the alteration in the English navigation laws. At Grimstead, which we passed, I observed eight vessels on the stocks: at Stavanger there are twenty.

The reader is perhaps not aware that, reckoning the fjords, there is a sea-board of no less than eight thousand English miles in Norway—i.e., there is to every two and a half square miles of country a proportion of about one mile of sea-coast. This superfluity of brine will become more apparent by comparing the state of things in other countries. According to Humboldt, the proportion in Africa is one mile of sea-coast to one hundred and forty-two square miles of land. In Asia, one to one hundred. In North America, one to fifty-seven. In Europe, one to thirty-one.

With such an abundance of “water, water every-

where"—I mean salt, not fresh—one would hardly expect to meet with persons travelling from home for the sake of sea-bathing. And yet such is the case. On board is a lady going to the sea-baths of Sandefjord. She tells me there is quite a gathering of fashionables there at times. Last year, the wife of the Crown Prince, a Dutch woman by birth, was among the company. She spent most of her time, I understood, in sea-fishing. Besides salt-water baths, there are also baths of rotten seaweed, which are considered quite as efficacious for certain complaints as the mud-baths of Germany. Landing at Langesund, I start for Skien on board the little steamer *Traffic*.

A bonder of Thelemark is on board, whose costume, in point of ugliness, reminds one of the dress of some of the peasants of Bavaria. Its chief characteristics were its short waist and plethora of buttons. The jacket is of grey flannel, with curious gussets or folds behind. The Quaker collar and wristbands are braided with purple. Instead of the coat and waistcoat meeting the knee-breeches halfway, after the usual fashion, the latter have to

ascend nearly up to the arm-pits before an intimacy between these two articles of dress is effected. Worsted stockings of blue and white, worked into stars and stripes, are joined at the foot by low shoes, broad-toed, like those of Bavaria, while the other end of the man—I mean his head—is surmounted by a hat, something like an hour-glass in shape.

The fondness of these people for silver ornaments is manifest in the thickly-set buttons of the jacket, on which I see is stamped the intelligent physiognomy of that king of England whose equestrian statue adorns Pig-tail-place; his breeches and shoes also are each provided with a pair of buckles, likewise of silver.

Contrasting with this odd-looking monster is a Norwegian young lady, with neat modern costume, and pair of English gauntlet kid gloves. Her bouquet is somewhat peculiar; white lilies, mignonette, asparagus-flower, dahlias, and roses. Her carpet-bag is in a cover, like a white pillow-case.

Bears, I see by a newspaper on board, are ter-

ribly destructive this year in Norway. One bruin has done more than his share. He has killed two cows, and wounded three more ; not to mention sheep, which he appears to take by way of *hors d'œuvres*. Lastly, he has killed two horses ; and the peasants about Vaasen, where all this happened, have offered eight dollars (thirty-six shillings) for his apprehension, dead or alive.

At the top of the fjord, fourteen English miles from the sea, lies Skien. The source of its prosperity and bustle are its saw-mills. Like Shakspeare's Justice, it is full of saws. The vast water-power caused by the descent of the contents of the Nord-Sö is here turned to good account : setting going a great number of wheels. Two hundred and fifty dozen logs are sawn into planks per week ; and the vessels lie close by, with square holes in their bows for the admission of the said planks into their holds. All the population seems to be occupied in the timber trade. Saws creaking and fizzing, men dashing out in little shallops after timbers that have just descended the foss, others fastening them to the endless chain

which is to drag them up to the place of execution ; while the wind flaunts saw-dust into your face, and the water is like the floor of a menagerie. That unfortunate salmon, which has just sprung into the air at the bottom of the foss, near the old Roman Catholic monastery, must be rather disgusted at the mouthful he got as he plunged into the stream again.

But we must return to the modern Skien. This timber-built city was nearly half burnt down not long ago ; but as a matter of course the place is being rebuilt of the old material. Catch a Norwegian, if he can help it, building his house of stone. Stone-houses are so cold and comfortless, he says. Since the fire, cigar-smoking has been forbidden in the streets under a penalty of four orts, or three shillings and fourpence sterling, for each offence.

The great man of Skien appears to be one Christopher Hansen Blum.

“ Whose rope-walk is that ? ”

“ Christopher Hansen Blum’s.”

“ And that great saw-mill ? ”

“ Christopher Hansen Blum’s ”



“ And those warehouses ? ”

“ Christopher Hansen Blum’s ”

“ And that fine lady ? ”

“ Christopher Hansen Blum’s wife.”

“ And the other fine lady, my fair travelling companion with the gauntlet kid gloves ? ”

“ Christopher Hansen Blum’s niece.”

This modern Marquis of Carabas (*vide Puss in Boots*) is also, I understand, one of the chief promoters of the canal which is being quarried out of the solid rock between Skien and the Nord-Sö ; the completion of which will admit of an uninterrupted steam traffic from this place to Hitterdal, at the northern end of that lake, and deep in the bowels of Thelemarken.

A great stir has been lately caused at Skien by the secession from the establishment of Gustav Adolph Lammers, the vicar of the place. The history of this gentleman is one of the many indications to be met with of this country having arrived at that period in the history of its civilization which the other countries of Europe have passed many years ago ;—we mean the phase of the first

development of religious dissent and a spirit of insubordination to the established traditions of the Church as by law established. We are transported to the days of Whitfield and Wesley. Lammers, who appears to be a sincere person, in spite of the variety of tales in circulation about him, commenced by inculcating greater strictness of conduct. He next declined to baptize children. This brought him necessarily into conflict with the church authorities, and the upshot was that he has seceded from the Church; together with a number of the fair sex, with whom he is a great favourite. The most remarkable part of the matter, however, is that he will apply, it is said, for a Government pension, like other retiring clergy. Whether the Storthing, within whose province all such questions come, will listen to any such thing remains to be seen.\*

A tract in my possession professes to be the Confession of Faith of this "New Apostolic Church." In the preamble they state that they wish to make proper use of God's Word and Sacraments. But as they don't see how they can do this in the State.

\* His application has been refused.

Church, in which the Word is not properly preached, nor the Sacraments duly administered, they have determined to leave it, and form a separate community, in conformity with the Norwegian Dissenter Law of July 16, 1845. The baptism of infants they consider opposed to Holy Writ. All that the Bible teaches is to bring young children to Christ, with prayer and laying on of hands, and to baptize them when they can believe that Jesus Christ is the son of God, and will promise to obey his Gospel. Hence the elders lay hands upon young children, and at the same time read Mark x., verses 13-17. At a later period, these children are baptized by immersion. The Holy Communion is taken once a month, each person helping himself to the elements; confession or absolution, previously, are not required.

The community are not bound to days and high-tides, but it is quite willing to accept the days of rest established by law, on which they meet and read the Scriptures.

• Marriage is a civil contract, performed before a notarius publicus.

The dead are buried in silence, being borne to the grave by some of the brethren ; after the grave is filled up a psalm is sung.

All the members of the community agree to submit, if necessary, to brotherly correction ; and if this is of no avail, to expulsion. Temporary exclusion from the communion is the correction to be preferred. These rules were accepted by ten men and twenty-eight women, on the 4th July, 1856—giving each other their right hand, and promising, by God's help,

In life and death to serve the Lord Jesus,  
To love each other with sincere affection,  
To submit themselves one to another.

We have given the following particulars, because the state of the Christian religion in Norway must for ever be deeply interesting to England, if on no other account, for this reason, that in this respect she is the spiritual offspring of Great Britain. Charlemagne tried to convert Scandinavia, but he failed to reach Norway. The Benedictine monk, Ansgar of Picardy, went to Sweden, but never penetrated hither ; in fact, the Norsk Christian Church

is entirely a daughter of the English. The first missionaries came over with Hacon the Good, the foster son of our King Athelstan; and though this attempt failed, through the tenacity of the people for heathenesse, yet the second did not, when Olaf Trygvesson brought over missionaries from the north of England—Norwegian in blood and speech—and christianized the whole coast, from Sweden to Trondjem, in the course of one year—996-997.\*

\* Since the above was written, we find that the plot is thickening. Archdeacon Brun, of Norderhoug, insists on all communicants being examined by him previously to being admitted to the rite; while, at Sarpsborg, there has been a meeting to discuss the sin of eating the blood of animals, and the possibility of holiness free from sin in this life.

## CHAPTER III.

A poet in full uniform—The young lady in gauntlet gloves again—Church in a cave—Muscular Christianity in the sixteenth century—A miracle of light and melody—A romance of bigotry—How Lutheranism came in like a lion—The last of the Barons—Author makes him bite the dust—Brief burial service in use in South Western Norway—The Sörenskriver—Norwegian substitute for Doctors' Commons—Grave ale—A priestly Samson—Olaf's ship—A silent woman—Norwegian dialects—Artificial salmon breeding—A piscatorial prevision.

NEXT day, at five o'clock, A.M., I drove off to the head of the Nord-Sö, distant half-a-dozen miles off, and got on board the steamer, which was crowded with passengers. An old gentleman on board attracted my attention. His dress was just like that of a livery servant in a quiet family in England—blue coat, with stand-up collar, and two rows of gold lace round it. This I find is the uniform of a sörenskriver. Konrad Swach—for that was his name—is a poet of some repute in this country. His most popular effusion is on the national flag of Norway,

which was granted to them by the present King, Oscar—a theme, be it remarked, which would have secured popularity for a second-rate poem among these patriotic Northmen. To judge from the poet's nose, it struck me that some of his poetic inspirations is due to drink. The front part of the vessel is beset by Thelemarken bonders, male and female, in their grotesque dress.

The young lady in gauntlet gloves is also on board, whom I make bold to address, on the strength of our having journeyed together yesterday. As we steam along through the usual Norwegian scenery of pines and grey rocks, she points out to me the mouth of a curious cave.

“That is Saint Michael's Church, as it is called. The opening is about sixteen feet wide, and about as many high, and goes some eighty feet into the cliff. In the Catholic times, it was used as a church, and became a regular place of pilgrimage, and was regarded as a spot of peculiar sanctity. In the sixteenth century, as the story goes, when the reformed faith had been introduced into the country, the clergyman of the parish of Solum, in which St.

Michael's was situate, was one Mr. Tovel. Formerly a soldier, he was a man of strong will, zealous for the new religion, and a determined uprooter of 'the Babylonian remnants of popery,' as he phrased it. The church in the cave was now sadly come down in the world, and had been despoiled of all its valuables. But in the eyes of the bonders, who, with characteristic tenacity of character, adhered to the old faith, it had risen higher in proportion. Numerous pilgrims resorted to it, and miracles were said to be wrought at the spot. At night, it was said, soft singing might be heard, and a stream of light seen issuing from the orifice, which lies four hundred feet above the water.

"One autumn evening, the reverend Mr. Tovel was rowing by the place when the above light suddenly illumined the dark waters. The boatmen rested on their oars and crossed themselves. Tovel urged them to land, but in vain. Determined, however, on investigating the matter himself, he obtained the services of two men from a neighbouring village, who apparently had less superstitious scruples than his own attendants, and watched from



his abode, on the other side of the lake, for the reappearance of the light. On the eve of St. Michael he looks out, and sure enough the light was visible. Off he sets, with his two men, taking with him his Bible and sword. The night was still, with a few stars shining overhead. Reaching the foot of the rock, the priest sprang ashore, and invited the boatmen to accompany him, but not a step would they go. The superstition bred in the bone was not so easily to be eradicated, even by the coin and persuasion of Herr Tovel.

“ ‘ Cowards ! stay here, then,’ exclaimed his reverence, as he started up the steep ascent alone. After a hard scramble, he stood a foot or two below the cavern, when just as his head came on a level with its mouth the light suddenly vanished. At this trying moment, Tovel bethought him of the great Reformer, how he fought with and overcame the Evil One. This gave him fresh courage, and he entered the cavern, singing lustily Luther’s psalm—

“ ‘ En Berg saa fast er os vor Gud,  
So godt et Skiold og Vaerge :  
Fra alt vor Not Han frier os ud  
Han kan og nun os bierge.’

“At the last words the light suddenly reappeared. An aged priest, dressed up in the full paraphernalia of the Romish church, issues from a hidden door in the interior of the cave, and greets Tovel with the words—

“‘Guds Fred,’ (God’s peace); ‘why should I fear those who come in God’s name?’

“‘What!’ exclaimed the astonished Tovel; ‘is it true, then, that Rome’s priests are still in the land?’

“‘Yes; and you are come sword in hand to drive out a poor old priest whose only weapon is a staff.’

“As he spoke, the door of an inner recess rolled back, and Tovel beheld an altar illuminated with iron lamps, over which hung a picture of St. Michael, the saint often worshipped in caves and mountains.

“‘It is your pestiferous doctrines against which I wage war, not against your person,’ rejoined Tovel. ‘Who are you, in God’s name?’

“‘I am Father Sylvester, the last priest of this Church. When the new religion was forced upon

the land, I wandered forth, and am now returned once more, to die where I have lived. The good people of Gisholdt Gaard have secretly supported me.'

"Moved with this recital, the Lutheran priest asks—'And are you trying to seduce the people back to the old religion?'

"The aged man rejoins, with vehemence—

"'It were an easy task, did I wish to do so; but I do not. It is only at night that I say prayers and celebrate mass in the inner sacristy there.'

"Tovel, thoroughly softened, when he finds that his beloved Reformed faith was not likely to suffer, finishes the conversation by saying—

"'Old man, you shall not lack anything that it is in my power to give you. Send to me for aught that you may have need of.'

"The venerable priest points to the stars, and exclaims, solemnly—

"'That God, yonder, will receive both of us, Protestant and Catholic.'

"After this they cordially shook hands. Tovel went home an altered man. Some time afterwards,

the light ceased to shine entirely. He knew why. Old Father Sylvester was no more.

“ Mr. Tovel got off much better than many clergymen of the Reformed faith in those days. Old Peder Clausen, the chronicler, relates that he knew a man whose father had knocked three clergymen on the head. The stern old Norwegian bonders could ill brook the violence with which the Danes introduced Lutheranism ; a violence not much short of that used by King Olaf in rooting out heathenism, and which cost him his life.”

I thanked the young lady for her interesting information.

Presently a curious figure comes out of the cabin. It was a fine-looking old man, with white hair, and hooked nose, and keen eyes, shadowed by shaggy eyebrows. His dress consisted of a blue superfine frock-coat, with much faded gold embroidery on a stand-up collar ; dark breeches, and Hessian boots. On his breast shone the Grand Cross of the North Star. A decided case of Commissioner Pordage, of the island of Silver-Store, with his “ Diplomatic coat.”

That's old Baron W——, the last remnant of the Norsk nobility. He wears the dress of an Amtman, which office he formerly held, and loses no opportunity of displaying it and the star. He it was who in 1821 protested against the phævelse (abolition) of the nobility. The Baron was evidently quite aware of the intense impression he was making upon the Thelemarken bonders. On our both landing, subsequently, at a station called Ulefoss, I was highly diverted at seeing him take off his coat and star and deposit the same in a travelling-bag, from which he drew forth a less pretending frock, first taking care to fold up the diplomatic coat with all the precision displayed by that little man of Cruikshank's in wrapping up Peter Schlemil's shadow. We both of us are bound, I find, for the steamer on the Bandagsvand.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" said I, to the man who had brought my horse and carriage.

"Oh, we must not start before the Baron. People always make way for him. He wont like us to start first."

"Jump up," said I, putting my nag in motion,

and leaving the Baron in the lurch, who was magniloquizing to the people around. All the bonders "wo-ho'd" my horse, in perfect astonishment at my presumption, while the Baron, with a fierce gleam of his eye, whipped his horse into motion. I soon found the advantage of being first, as the road was dreadfully dusty; and being narrow, I managed to keep the Baron last, and swallowing my dust for a considerable distance.

We were soon at Naes, on the Bandagsvand, where lay the little steamer which was to hurry us forty-two miles further into Thelemarken, to a spot called Dal. The hither end of the lake, which is properly called Hvide-sö (whide-sea), is separated from the upper, or Bandagsvand, by a very narrow defile jammed in between tremendous precipices. We pass the church of Laurvig on the right, which is said to be old and interesting. The clergyman, Mr. H——, is on board. He tells me that the odd custom of spooning dust into a small hole (see *Oxonian in Norway*) is not usual in this part of Norway. The term used for it is "jords-paa-kastelse." The burial-service is very brief; being

confined to the words, "Af Jord er du, Til Jord skal du blive, ud af Jord skal du opstaae."

For his fee he receives from one ort = *ten*-pence, to sixteen dollars, according to circumstances. In the latter case there would be a long funeral oration. Close by the church is the farm of Tvisæt (twice-sown), so called, it is said, because it often produced two crops a year. Although placed in the midst of savage and desolate scenery, the spot is so sheltered that it will grow figs in the open air.

The Sörensriver is also on board, the next Government officer to the Amtman, or governor of the province. He is going to a "Skifte," as it is called. This word is the technical expression for dividing the property of a deceased person among his heirs, and is as old as Harald Hårfager, the same expression being used in Snorro's Chronicle of his division of his kingdom among his sons. In this simple country there is no necessity for Doctors' Commons. The relatives meet, and if there is no will the property is divided, according to law, among the legal heirs: if there

is one, its provisions are carried out: the Sörenskriver, by his presence, sanctioning the legality of the proceeding.

He informs me that there is generally a kind of lyke-wake on the melancholy occasion, where the "grave öl" and "arve öl," "grave ale," or "heirship ale," is swallowed in considerable quantities. In a recent Skifte, at which he presided, the ex-cutors charged, among the expenses to come out of the estate, one tender malt and sixty-five pots of brantviin; while for the burial fee to the priest, the modest sum of one ort was charged. While the Sörenskriver was overhauling these items with critical eye, the peasant executor, who thought the official was about to take exception to the last item, or perhaps, which is more likely, wishing to divert his attention from the unconscionable charge for drink, observed that he really could not get the funeral service performed for less. The pastoral office would seem, from this, not to occupy a very high position among these clod-hoppers. Sixty-five pots, or pints, of brandy, a huge barrel of malt liquor, and ten-pennyworth of parson.



Mr. C., who is acquainted with Mr. Gieldrup, the priestly Samson of Aal, in Hallingdal, gives me some account of his taking the shine out of Rotner Knut, the cock and bully of the valley. It was on the occasion of Knut being married, and the parson was invited to the entertainment, together with his family. During the banquet, Rotner, evidently with the intention of annoying the priest, amused himself by pulling the legs of his son. Offended at the insult, Gieldrup seized the peasant, and hurled him with such force against the wooden door of the room, that he smashed through it. After which the parson resumed his place at the board, while Knut put his tail between his legs, as much abashed as Gunther, in the Nibelungenlied, when, at his wedding, he was tied up to a peg in the wall by his bride, the warrior virgin Brunhild.

It is customary in Hallingdal, where this occurred, to accompany the Hallingdance with the voice. One of the favourite staves in the valley had been—

Rotner Knut, Rotner Knut,  
He is the boy to pitch the folks out.

It was now altered, and ran as follows, greatly to  
Knut's chagrin,—

Rotner Knut, Rotner Knut,  
The priest is the man to pitch him out.

On another occasion, Gieldrup was marrying two or three couples, when one of the bridegrooms, impatient to be off, vaulted over the chancel rails, and asked what was to pay. In the twinkling of an eye the muscular parson caught him by the shoulders and hurled him right over the heads of the bystanders, who stood round the rails.

As we steam along, the Sörenskriver points out to me, on the top of the lofty rocks on the left, a rude representation in stone of a ship, which goes by the name of "Olaf's skib." Among other idiosyncrasies of the saint and martyr, one was, that of occasionally sailing over land. How his vessel came to be stranded here, I cannot learn. Further on, to the right, you see two figures in

stone, one of which appears to have lost its head, not metaphorically, but in the real guillotine sense.

The bonders will give you a very *circumstantial* account, part of which will not bear repetition here, how that this is a Jotul, who had some domestic unpleasantness with his lady, and treated her at once like the Defender of the Faith did Anne Boleyn (we beg pardon of Mr. Froude) casting her head across the water, where it is still lying, under the pine trees yonder, only that the steamer cannot stop to let us see it. The lady and gentleman were petrified in consequence.

And lo ! where stood a hag before,  
Now stands a ghastly stone, &c.

"I see you speak Norsk," said the Sörenskriver, "but you will find it of very little use yonder, at Dal. The dialect of Thelemarken, generally, is strange, but at Dal it is almost incomprehensible, even to us Norwegians. It is generally believed that the language here still possesses a good deal

of the tone and turn of the old Icelandic, which was once spoken all the country through."

I did not, however, find it so difficult. The Norwegians look upon English, I may here remark, as hard to pronounce. On that notable occasion, say they, when the Devil boiled the languages together, English was the scum that came to the top. A criticism more rude than even that of Charles V.

As we approach the landing-place, to my astonishment, I perceive a gentleman fly-fishing at the outlet of the stream into the lake.

He turned out to be Mr. H——, who is traversing the country, at the expense of the Government, to teach the people the method of increasing, by artificial means, the breed of salmon and other fish. He tells me, that last year he caught, one morning here, thirty-five trout, weighing from one to six pounds each.

His operations in the artificial breeding-line have been most successful; not only with salmon, but with various kinds of fish. He tells me it is a mistake to suppose that the roe will only be

productive if put in water directly. He has preserved it for a long period, transporting it great distances without its becoming addle, and gives me a tract which he has published on the subject. As we are just now at home in England talking of stocking the Antipodal rivers with salmon, this topic is of no little interest. The method of transporting the roe in Norway is in a wooden box, provided with shelves, one above another, and two or three inches apart, and drilled with small holes. Upon these is laid a thin layer of clean, moist, white, or moor, moss (not sand), and upon that the roe, which has already been milted. This is moistened every day. If the cold is very great, the box is placed within another, and chaff placed in the interstices between the two boxes. In this way roe has been conveyed from Leirdalsören to Christiania, a week's journey. Professor Rasch, who first employed moss in the transport, has also discovered that it is the best material for laying on the bottom of the breeding stews, the stalks placed streamwise. Moss is best for two reasons: first, it counteracts the tendency of the

water to freeze ; and secondly, it catches the particles of dirt which float down the stream, and have an affinity rather for it than for the roe. The roe is best placed touching the surface of the stream, but it fructifies very well even when placed half, or even more, out of the water. Care is taken to remove from the stews such eggs as become mouldy, this being an indication that they are addle. If this is not done, the mouldiness soon spreads to the other good roe, and renders it bad. With regard to the nursery-ground itself, it is of course necessary to select a spring for this purpose which will not freeze in winter, and further, to protect the water from the cold by a roofing or house of wood.

I suppose the next thing we shall hear of will be, that roe that has been packed up for years will, by electricity or some sort of hocus-pocus, be turned to good account, just as the ears of corn in the Pyramids have been metamorphosed into standing crops. Mr. H——'s avocation, by-the-bye, reminds me of an old Norwegian legend about "The Fishless Lake" in Valdres. Formerly

it abounded with fish; but one night the proprietor set a quantity of nets, all of which had disappeared by the next morning. Well, the Norwegian, in his strait, had recourse to his Reverence, who anathematized the net-stealer. Nothing more came of it till the next spring; when, upon the ice breaking, all the nets rose to the surface, full of dead fish. Since then no fish has been found in the lake. Mr. H—— might probably succeed in dissolving the charm.

“I see you are a fisherman,” said Mr. H——; “you’ll find the parson at Mö, in Butnedal, a few miles off, an ‘ivrig fisker’ (passionate fisherman)—ay! and his lady, too. They’ll be delighted to see you. They have no neighbours, hardly, but peasants, and your visit will confer a greater favour on them than their hospitality on you. That is a very curious valley, sir. There are several ‘tomter’ (sites) of farmhouses, now deserted, where there once were plenty of people: that is one of the vestiges of the Black Death.”

On second thoughts, however, he informed me

that it was just possible that Parson S—— might be away; as at this period of the summer, when all the peasants are up with their cattle at the Sæters, the clergy, having nothing whatever to do, take their holiday.



## CHAPTER IV.

Mine host at Dal—Bernadotte's prudent benignity—**Taxing** the bill of costs—**Hurrah** for the mountains—**Whetstones**—Antique wooden church—A wild country—"Raven depth"—How the English like to do fine scenery—Ancient wood-carving—A Norwegian peasant's witticism—A rural rectory—Share and chair alike—Ivory knife-handles—Historical pictures—An old Runic calendar—The heathen leaven still exists in Norway—Washing day—Old names of the Norak months—Peasant songs—Rustic reserve—A Norak ballad.

MINE host at Dal, a venerable-looking personage, with long grey hair floating on his shoulders, was a member of the Extraordinary Meeting of Deputies at Eidsvold in 1815, when the Norwegians accepted the Junction with Sweden. I and the old gentleman exchanged cards. The superscription on his was—Gaardbruger Norgaard, Deputeret fra Norges Storthing—i. e., Farmer Norgaard, A Deputy from Norway's Storthing.

Another reminiscence of his early days is a

framed and glazed copy of the Grundlov (Fundamental Law) of Norway, its palladium of national liberty, which a hundred and twelve Deputies drew up in six weeks, in 1814. Never was Constitution so hastily drawn up, and so generally practical and sensible as this.

The Crown Prince, the crafty Bernadotte, with his invading army of Swedes, had Norway quite at his mercy on that occasion ; but the idea seems to have struck him suddenly that it was as well not to deal too hardly with her, as in case of his not being able to hold his own in Sweden, he might have a worse place of refuge than among the sturdy Norwegians. "I am resolved what to do, so that when I am put out of the stewardship they may receive me into their houses." So he assented to Norway's independence.

For my part, at this moment, I thought more about coffee than Norwegian liberty and politics ; but as it was nine o'clock, P.M., the good people were quite put out by the request. Coffee in the forenoon, say they, tea in the evening. As it was, they made me pay pretty smartly for the accom-

modation next morning. "What's to pay?" said I, striding into the room, where sat the old Deputy's daughter, the mistress of the house, at the morning meal. She had not long ago become a widow, and had taken as her second husband, a few days before, a grisly-looking giant, who sat by in his shirt-sleeves.

"Ask *him*," said the fair Quickly, thinking it necessary, perhaps, just so recently after taking the vow of obedience, by this little piece of deference to her new lord to express her sense of submission to his authority. For my part, as an old traveller, I should rather say she did it for another feeling. English pigeons did not fly that way every day, and so they must be plucked; and the person to do it, she thought, was the Berserker, her awful-looking spouse. The charge was exorbitant; and as the good folks were regaling themselves with fresh mutton-chops and strawberries and cream, while they had fobbed us off with eggs and black bread and cheese—the latter so sharp that it went like a dagger to my very vitals at the first taste—I resolutely taxed

the bill of costs, and carried my point; whereupon we took leave of the Deputy and his descendants.

In one sense we had come to the world's end; for there is no road for wheels beyond this. The footpath up the steep cliff that looks down upon the lake is only accessible to the nimble horses of the country. "Hurrah!" exclaimed I, as I looked down on the blue lake, lying hundreds of feet perpendicularly below us. "Hurrah for the mountains! Adieu to the 'boppery bop' of civilization, with all its forms and ceremonies, and turnpikes and twaddle. Here you can eat, and drink, and dress as and when you like, and that is just the fun of the thing, more than half the relaxation of the trip." Why, this passion for mountain-travelling over the hills and far away is not peculiar to Englishmen. Don't the ladies of Teheran, even, after their listless "*vie à la pantoufle*," delight to hear of the approach of the plague, as they know they are sure to get off to the hills, and have a little tent-life in consequence? Didn't that fat boy Buttons (not in Pickwick, but

Horace), cloyed with the Priest's luscious cheese-cakes, long for a bit of coarse black bread, and run away from his master to get it?

The precipitous path is studded at intervals with heaps of hones, or whet-stones. I find that about here is the chief manufacture in all Norway for this article. One year, a third of a million were turned out. The next quarry in importance is at Kinservik, on the Hardanger Fjord. Surmounting the ascent, we traverse swampy ground dotted with birch-trees, and presently debouch upon one of those quaint edifices not to be found out of this country—stabskirke (stave church), as it is called—of which Borgund and Hitterdal Churches are well-known specimens. It is so called from the lozenge-shaped shingles (staves), overlapping each other like fish-scales, which case the roof and every part of the outside. Smaller and less pretending than those edifices, this secluded place of worship was of the same age—about nine hundred years. The resinous pine has done its work well, and the carving on the capitals of the wooden pillars at the doorway

is in good preservation, though parts have lately been churchwardenized.

"That is Eidsborg church," said a young student, who had volunteered to accompany me, as he was bound to a lone parsonage up the country, in this direction. "This is the church the young lady on board the steamer told you was so remarkable."

After making a rough sketch of the exterior, we proceeded on our journey. The few huts around were tenantless, the inhabitants all gone up to the châteaux. The blanching bear-skulls on the door of one of these showed the wildness of the country we are traversing; while a black-throated diver, which was busy ducking after the fish in the sedge-margined pool close by, almost tempted me to load, and have a long shot at him. As we proceed, I observe fieldfares, ring-ouzel, and chaff-finches, while many English wild flowers enliven the scene, and delicious strawberries assuage our thirst. Pursuing our path through the forest, we come to a post on which is written "Ravne jøv," Anglice, Raven depth.

"Det maa De see," (you must see that,) said

my companion, turning off up a narrow path, and frightening a squirrel and a capercaillie, which were apparently having a confab about things in general. I followed him through the pine-wood, getting over the swampy ground by the aid of some fallen trunks, and, in two or three minutes, came to the "Ravne jüv." It is made by the Sandok Elv, which here pierces through the mountains, and may be seen fighting its way thousands of feet below us. Where I stood, the cliff was perpendicular, or rather sloped inwards; and, by a singular freak of nature, a regular embrasured battlement had been projected forward, so as to permit of our approaching the giddy verge with perfect impunity.

Es schwebt eine *Brustwehr* über den Rand  
Der furchtbaren Tiefe gebogen  
Sie ward nicht erbaut von Menschen-hand  
Es hätte sich's Keiner verwogen.

Lying flat, I put my head through an embrasure, and looked down into the Raven's depth.

"Ah! it's deeper than you think," said my companion. "Watch this piece of wood."

I counted forty before it reached a landing-place, and that was not above half the way.

Annoyed at our intrusion, two buff-coloured hawks and a large falcon kept flying backwards and forwards within shot, having evidently chosen this frightful precipice as the safest place they could find for their young. Luckily for them, the horse and guide had gone on with my fowling-piece, or they might have descended double-quick into the sable depths below, and become a repast for the ravens; who, as in duty bound, of course frequent the recesses of their namesake, although none were now visible.

What a pity a bit of scenery like this cannot be transported to England. The Norwegians look upon rocks as a perfect nuisance, while we sigh for them. Fancy the Ravne jüv in Derbyshire. Why, we should have Marcus' excursion-trains every week in the summer, and motley crowds of tourists thronging to have a peep into the dark profound, and some throwing themselves from the top of it, as they used to do from the Monument, and John Stubbs incising his name



on the battlements, cutting boldly as the Roman king did at the behests of that humbugging augur ; and another true Briton breaking off bits of the parapet, just like those immortal excursionists who rent the Blarney Stone in two. Then there would be a grand hotel close by, and greasy waiters with white chokers, and the nape of their neck shaven as smooth as a vulture's head (faugh ! ) and their front and back hair parted in one continuous straight line, just like the wool of my lady's poodle. How strongly they would recommend to your notice some most trustworthy guide, to show you what you can't help seeing if you follow your nose, and are not blind—the said trustworthy guide paying him a percentage on all grist thus sent to his mill. Eventually, there would be a high wall erected, and a locked gate, as at the Turk Fall at Killarney, and a shilling to pay for seeing “private property,” &c. &c. No, no ! let well alone. Give me the “Raven deep” when it is in the silent solitudes of a Norwegian forest, and let me muse wonderingly, and filled with awe, at the stupendous engineering

of Nature, and derive such edification as I may from the sight.

At Sandok we get a fresh horse from the worthy Oiesteen, and some capital beer, which he brings in a wooden quaigh, containing about half a gallon.

On the face of the "loft," loft or out-house, I see an excellent specimen of wood carving. "That," said Oiesteen, "has often been pictured by the town people." All the farm-houses in this part of the country used to be carved in this fashion. One has only to read the Sagas to know why all these old houses no longer exist. It is not that the wood has perished in the natural way; experience, in fact, seems to show that the Norwegian pine is almost as lasting, in ordinary circumstances, as stone, growing harder by age. The truth is, in those fighting days of the Vikings, when one party was at feud with another, he would often march all night when his enemy least expected him, and surrounding the house where he lay, so as to let none escape, set it on fire.

The lad who took charge of the horse next stage was called Björn (Bear), a not uncommon

name all over Norway. It was now evening, and chilly.

"Are you cold, Björn?" said the student.

"No; the Björn is never chilly," was the facetious reply. The nearest approach to a witticism I had ever heard escape the mouth of a Norwegian peasant.

Two or three miles to the right we descry the river descending by a huge cataract from its birth-place among the rocky mountains of Upper Thelemarken. Presently we join what professes to be the high road from Christiania, which is carried some twenty miles further westward, and then suddenly ceases.

Long after midnight, we arrived at the Rectory House at —, where I was to sleep. Mr. — was an intelligent sort of person, very quiet and affable, and dressed in homespun from head to foot. After breakfast, the staple of which was trout from the large lake close by, I offered him a weed, which he declined, with the remark, "I eg tygge," I chew. The ladies, as usual, are kind and unassuming, with none of the female arts to be found in cities. A friend of mine, proud of his fancied skill in

talking Norsk, was once stopping at a clergyman's in Norway, when he apologised to the ladies for his deficiencies in their language. He was evidently fishing for compliments, and was considerably taken aback when one of them, in the most unsophisticated manner, observed, taking him quite at his word, "Oh yes, strangers, you know, often confound the words, and say one for another, which makes it very difficult to comprehend them."

Ludicrous mistakes are sometimes made by the Norwegians also. An English gentleman arrived at a change-house in Österdal late one evening, and was lucky in obtaining the only spare bed. Presently, when he was on the point of retiring to rest, a Norwegian lady also arrived, intending to spend the night there. What was to be done. Like a gallant Englishman as he was, with that true, unselfish courtesy which is not, as in France, confined to mere speeches, he immediately offered to give up his bed to the "unprotected female," who was mistress of a little English. "Many thanks; but what will you do, sir?" "Oh! I will

take a chair for the night." At this answer the lady blushed, and darted out of the room, and in a few minutes her carriage was driving off in the darkness. What could be the meaning of it? The peasant's wife soon after looked into the room, with a knowing sort of look at the Englishman. He subsequently discovered the key to the enigma. The lady thought he said "he would take a *share*," and was, of course, mightily offended. So much for a smattering of a foreign language. Doubtless, from that day forward, she would quote this incident to her female friends as an instance of the natural depravity of Englishmen; and this scapegrace would be looked upon as a type of his nation.

The priest has some knives, the handles of which are of ivory, and exquisitely carved in a flowing pattern. They cost as much as three dollars apiece, a great sum. But the artificer, who lives near, is the best in Thelemarken, the part of Norway most celebrated for this art. The patterns used are, I hear, of very ancient date; being, in some instances, identical with those on

various metal articles discovered from time to time in the barrows and cromlechs.

The walls of the sitting-room are hung with some engravings on national subjects, *e. g.*, "Anna Kolbjørnsdatter og de Svenske," "Olaf, killed at Sticklestad," and "Konrad Adeler, at Tenedos." Kort Adeler, whose name lives in a popular song by Ingemann, was born at Brevik, in 1622, but took service under the Venetians, and on one occasion fought and slew Ibrahim, the Turkish admiral. Ibrahim's sword and banner are still to be seen at Copenhagen. Adeler's successor, as Norwegian Admiral, was the renowned Niels Juel, the Nelson of the North.

I saw tossing about the Manse an old Runic Calendar, which nobody seemed to care anything about. It was found in the house when the parson came there, and appeared occasionally to have been used for stirring the fire, as one end was quite charred. Without much difficulty I succeeded in rescuing it from impending destruction, and possess it at this moment. Some of these calendars are shaped like a circle, others like an

ellipse. They were of two kinds. Messedag's stav (mass-day stave) and Primstav. But the latter term properly applies to a much more complex sort of calendar than the other. It contained not only runes for festivals and other days, but also the Sunday letter or quarters of the moon for every golden number. Its name is derived from *prima luna*, i.e., the first full moon after the vernal equinox. The primstav proper was generally four feet long. The almanack I here obtained is flat, and figured on two sides, not as some of the old Anglo-Saxon calendars were, square, and figured on four sides. It is shaped like a flat sword, an inch and a half broad and half an inch thick, and is provided with a handle. The owner of it appears to have been born on the 6th June, as his monogram which is on the handle occurs again on that day. On the broad sides the days of the week are notched, and on the narrow sides there is a notch for every seventh day; i.e., the narrow sides mark the weeks, the broad sides the days.

The day-marks or signs do not go from January to July, and from July to December. On the one

side, which was called the Vetr-leid, winter side, they begin with the 14th of October, or "winter night," and reach to the 18th of April. On the other side, which was called the summer side, they begin with the 14th of April "summer night," and go to the 18th of October. The runes, or marks distinguishing the days, are derived from a variety of circumstances: sometimes from the weather, or farming operations, or from legends of saints. But it must be observed that hardly two calendars can be found corresponding to each other. Some are simpler, others more complex. In some, one saint's day is distinguished, in others another. Winter then began with the old Norwegians on the 14th of October; Midwinter was ninety days after—*i.e.*, on the 11th January, and Midsummer ninety-four days from the 14th of April.

The great winter festival in honour of Thor, on 20th January, was called Höggenät. *i.e.*—slaughter-night.\* This word is derived from hösge (to cut

\* Their days always began with the sunset of the day before. Our fortnight and se'night are lingering reminiscences of this old Norsk method of calculation by nights instead of days.



or hew), on account of the number of animals slaughtered in honour of Thor. The word still survives in Scotland, in Hogmanáy (the last night of the old year).

Snorro Sturlesen informs us that it was Hacon the Good, foster-son of our King Athelstan, who made a law that the great Asa, or heathen festival, which used to be held for three successive days in January, should be transferred to the end of December, and kept so many days as it was usual to keep Christmas in the English Church. His missionaries being Northmen who had resided in England, like St. Augustine, the Apostle of England, accommodated themselves to the superstitions and habits in vogue among the people they came to convert. The great banquets, where people feasted on the flesh of horses and other victims, were turned into eating and drinking bouts of a more godly sort; and the Skaal to Odin assumed the shape of a brimming bowl to the honour of the Redeemer, the Virgin, and the saints. In their cups, no doubt, their ideas would become

at times confused, and many a baptized heathen would hiccup a health to Odin and Thor. Even now, as we have seen, after the lapse of so many centuries, much of the old heathen leaven infects their Christianity.

We may here observe that the Norwegian word for Saturday is *Löverdag*, i.e., washing-day, as a preparation for the Sunday festival, so that the division of time into weeks of seven days must have originated in Norway within the period of its conversion to Christianity. Herein, then, they differed from the Anglo-Saxons, who called it *Sæterndæg* (Saturns-day); while the South Germans called it after the Jewish Sabbath, *Sambaztag*, now *Samstag*. The Scandinavians had exhausted their great gods upon the other days. Sun and Moon, Tyr, Odin, Thor, and Freya, had been used up, so they took the appropriate name *Löverdag*, above-mentioned.

The following are the old names of the Norsk months

Gormánaðr	from	Oct. 21	to	Nov. 19.
Ýlir	„	Nov. 20	„	Dec. 19.
Mörsúgr	„	Dec. 20	„	Jan. 18.

Þorri	from Jan. 19	to Feb. 17.
Goe, or Gœ	„ Feb. 18	„ March 19.
Ein mánaðr	„ March 20	„ April 18.
Gauk	„ April 19	„ May 18.
Skerpla	„ May 19	„ June 17.
Sólmánaðr	„ June 18	„ July 22.
Heyannir	„ July 23	„ Aug. 21.
Tvimánaðr	„ Aug. 22	„ Sep. 20.
Haustmánaðr	„ Sep. 21	„ Oct. 20

Some of these names are very appropriate, *e.g.*, Gormánaðr is gore-month, when so many victims were slaughtered. Ýlir, or Jýlir, is the month that prepares for Yule. Mörsúgr refers to the good cheer which people sucked up at that period. Þorri is said to come from þverra, to get short, because the good things are then nearly run out. Gaukmánaðr is Gauk's (cuckoo's) month. Sólmánaðr is the sun's month. Heyannir is hay-time. Tvimánaðr (from tvi, two) is the second month after midsummer, while Haustmánaðr is harvest (scotticè) "har'st" month.

But our readers will think us becoming prosy, so we will mount the cart, and discarding the society of the fat peasant woman who proposes inflicting herself upon us, accept the kind offer of our intelligent student to accompany us on our

journey to Kos-thveit (Kos-thwaite, as we should say in East Anglia), on the Lake of Totak.

"Are there any songs current in the mouths of the peasants here?" I inquired, as we drove very slowly along a narrow road, through morasses, studded with birch. "This is pre-eminently the old fashioned part of Norway, so I suppose if they are anywhere they are here."

"Oh, yes. There has been a student from Christiania wandering about these parts lately, collecting songs for the purpose of publication. Many of them are dying out fast. Some years ago, the girls used to improvise over the loom. At weddings, lad and lass used to *stevne* (sing staves) in amœbean fashion, on the spur of the moment."

Some of these pieces are highly witty and satirical. But the bonders are very averse to repeating them. One of them, on being asked by the student to repeat a stave, replied, "*I eg vil ikke være en Narr for Byen-folk:*" (I wont play the fool to amuse the city folks.)

Here is a specimen of one native to this part done into English.

## STAVE.

- A. Oh! fair is the sight to see,  
When the lads and the lasses are dancin';  
The cuckoo, he calls from the tree,  
And the birds through the green wood are glancin'!
- B. Oh! 'tis fair in Vining-town,  
When to kirk the lovers repair:  
Of other light need they have none,  
So light is the bride's yellow hair.
- A. Oh! fair is the sight I trow,  
When the bride the kirk goes in,  
No need of the torch's glow,  
So bright is her cherry chin.\*
- B. Her neck's like the driven snow,  
Her hair's like the daffodil,  
Her eyes in their sockets glow,  
Like the sun rising over the hill.

The whole winds up with a description of the married life of the pair.

- A. The cock he struts into the house,  
The bonder gives him corn,  
The flocks on the northern lea browae,  
And the shepherd he blows his horn.
- B. The shepherd the mountain ascends,  
And the setting sun doth bide,  
As blithe, when night descends,  
As the bairns at merry Yule-tide.

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\* In the original, kinn = cheek.

## CHAPTER V.

A lone farmhouse—A scandal against the God Thor—The headquarters of Scandinavian fairy lore—The legend of Dyrø Vo—A deep pool—A hint for alternate plough-boys—Wild goose geometry—A memorial of the good old times—Dutch falconers—Rough game afoot—Author hits two birds with one stone—Crosses the lake Totak—A slough of despond—An honest guide—A Norwegian militiaman—Rough lodgings—A night with the swallows—A trick of authorship—Yea or Nay.

AT Kos-thveit, on the lake Totak, stands a lone farm-house, the proprietor of which procured me a man and a maid to row me over the dreary waters, now rendered drearier by a passing squall which overcast the sky. Pointing to the westward, where the lake narrowed, and receded under the shadows of the approaching mountains, the ferryman told me that yonder lay the famous Urebro Urden,\*

\* (See *Oxonian in Norway*, second edition, p. 170.) Close to this desolate spot lives the møller-gut (miller's lad) as he is called, whose real name is Tarjei Augaardson. This man is a famous fiddler. His countryman, Ole Bull

where the god Thor, when disguised by beer, lost his hammer, and cleared a road through the loose rocks while engaged in searching for it. Indeed, with the exception of Nissedal, in another part of Thelemarken, which is reputed as the head quarters of trolls and glamour, this gloomy lake and its vicinity abound, perhaps more than any part of Norway, in tales of Scandinavia's ancient gods and supernatural beings. The man also mentioned the legend of Dyrø Vo, which has been put into verse by Welhaven.

The following version will give some idea of the legend—

The bonniest lad all Vinje thro'  
Was Dyrø of Vo by name,  
Firm as a rock the strength, I trow,  
Of twelve men he could claim.

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hearing of his musical talents, sent for him, and he often played in public at Christiania and Bergen. He now only exercises his talents at *bryllups* (weddings), receiving at times ten dollars and upwards, which are chiefly contributed by the guests. With the money earned by him in the capital he bought a farm in this desolate spot ; but he seems but ill-adapted for the *bonder's* life, and is much in debt. Could not he emulate Orpheus, and set some of these rocks dancing off which now encumber the land ?

"Well Dyrë," quoth a neighbour bold,  
"With trolls and sprites, like Thor of old,  
To have a boat now fear ye?"  
"Not a bit, were it mirk," said Dyrë.

Full soon, they tell, it did befall  
That in the merry Yule-tide,  
When cups went round, and beards wagg'd all,  
And the ale was briskly plied:  
All in a trice the mirth grew still:  
Hark! what a sound came from the hill,  
As a hundred steers lowed near ye.  
"Well, now its right mirk," quoth Dyrë.

Then straightway he hied to Totak-vand,  
And loosened his boat so snail;  
But as he drew near to the other strand  
He heard an eldritch yell.  
"Who's fumbling in the churn? What ho!"  
"But who art thou?—I'm Dyrë Vo,—  
All in the moor, so weary;  
And so dark as it is?" asked Dyrë.

"I'm from Ashowe, and must away  
To Glomshowe to my lady;  
Bring the boat alongside, and do not stay,  
And put out your strength: so; steady."  
"You must shrink a bit first," was Vo's reply,  
"My boat is so little, and you so high;  
Your body's as long as a tall fir-tree,  
And, remember, its dark," said Dyrë.



The Troll he shrunk up, quite funny to see,  
Ere the boat could be made to fit him,  
Then Dyrë—the devil a pin cared he  
For Trolls—began to twit him.  
“Now tell me, good sir, what giant you are.”  
“No nonsense—you’ll rue it—of joking beware,”  
Growled the Troll, so dark and dreary.  
“Besides, it is mirk,” laughed Dyrë.

But the Troll by degrees more friendly grew,  
And said, when he over was ferried,  
“In your *trough* I’ll leave a token, to shew  
The measure of him you’ve wherried.”  
“Look under the thwarts when darkness wanes,  
And something you’ll find in return for your pains ;  
A trifle wherewith to make merry.”  
“For now it is mirk,” said Dyrë.

When daylight appeared, a glove-finger of wool  
He found in the boat—such a treasure—  
Four skeps it did take to fill it full,  
Dyrë uses it for a meal-measure.  
Then straight it became a proverb or saw,  
Dyrë Vo is the lad to go like Thor  
’Gainst Trolls, and such like Feerie.  
“Best of all when it’s mirk,” thought Dyrë.

“Very deep, sir,” said the boatman, as I let out  
my spinning tackle, in the faint hopes of a trout  
for supper.

"Was the depth ever plumbed?" inquired I.

"To be sure, sir. That's a long, long time ago—leastways, I have heard so. There was an old woman at Kos-thveit yonder, whose husband had the ill-luck to be drowned in the lake. She set people to work to drag for his body, but nowhere on this side of the country could she get a rope sufficiently long for the work. So she had to send to the city for one. At last they reached the bottom, and found the lake as deep as it was broad, with a little to spare, for the rope reached from Kos-thveit to Rauland, just across the water, and then went twice round the church, which you see standing alone, yonder on the shore, three miles off."

"Who serves that church?" inquired I.

"Vinje's Priest," he answered. "That was his boat-house we passed."

We landed on the eastern shore of the lake, at a spot called Hadeland, where a cluster of farm-houses were to be seen upon a green slope, showing some symptoms of cultivation. Richard Aslackson Berge, the farmer at whose house I put up, a

grimy, ill-clad fellow, quite astounded me by the extent of his information. Catching sight of my wooden calendar, he immediately fetched an old almanack, which contained some explanation of the various signs upon the staff. Fancy one of your "alternate ploughboys"—as the Dean of Hereford and other would-be improvers of the clod-hopping mind, if I remember rightly, call them—fancy one of these fellows studying with interest an ancient Anglo-Saxon wooden calendar; and yet this man Berge, besides this, talked of the older and younger Edda, the poem of Gudrun, and, if my memory serves me, of the Nibelungenlied. He had also read the Heimskringla Saga. The promoters of book-hawking and village lending libraries will be interested to hear that this superior enlightenment was due to a small lending library, which had been established by a former clergyman of the district. There was a pithiness and simplicity about this man's talk which surprised me.

"The wild geese," says he, "come over here in the spring, and after tarrying a few days make over to the north, in the shape of a snow-plough."

Milton would have said, "Ranged in figure, wedge their way."

Several old swords and other weapons have been dug up in the vicinity, indicative of rugged manners and deeds quite in keeping with the rugged features of the surrounding nature. On an old beam in the hayloft is carved, in antique Norsk—"Knut So-and-so was murdered here in 1685"—the simple memorial of a very common incident in those days.

For the moderate sum of four orts (three and fourpence) I hire a horse and a man to the shores of the Miösvand. To the left of our route—path there is none—is a place called Falke Riese (Falcon's Nest), where Richard tells me that his grandfather told him he remembered a party of Dutchmen being located in a log-hut, for the purpose of catching falcons, and that they used duen (tame doves) to attract them. This is interesting, as showing the method pursued by the grandees of Europe, in the days of hawking, to procure the best, or Norwegian breed. At one time, this sport was also practised by the great people of this

country. Thus, from Snorro, it appears that Eywind used to keep falcons.

My guide, Ole, has been a soldier, but much prefers the mountain air to that of the town.

"In the town," says he, "it is so *traengt*," (in Lincolnshire, *throng*;) *i. e.*, no room to stir or breathe.

In the course of conversation he tells me he verily believes I have travelled over the whole earth.

While the horse is stopping to rest and browse on a spot which afforded a scanty pasturage, a likely-looking lake attracted my observation, and I was speedily on its rocky banks, throwing for a trout—but the trout were too wary and the water too still. While thus engaged, a distant horn sounds from a mountain on the right, sufficiently startling in such a desolate region. Was game afoot this morning, and was I presently to hear—

The deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay,  
Resounding up the hollow way.

Game was afoot, but not of the kind usually the object of the chase. The Alpine horn was blown

by a sæter-lad to keep off the wolves, as I was informed. As nothing was to be done with the rod, I tried the gun, and as we slope down through the stunted willows and birch copses that patch the banks of the Miösvand, I fall in with plenty of golden plover and brown ptarmigan, and manage to kill two birds with one stone. In other words, the shots that serve to replenish the provision-bag arouse a peasant on the further side, who puts over to us in his boat, and thus saves us a detour of some miles round the southern arm of the lake. As we cross over, I perceive far to the westward the snow-covered mountains of the Hardanger Fjeld, which I hope to cross. The westernmost end of the lake is, I understand, twenty-four English miles from this. To the eastward, towering above its brother mountains, is the cocks-combed Gausta, which lies close by the Riukan Foss, while all around the scenery is as gaunt and savage as possible. At Schinderland, where we land, after some palaver I procure a horse to Erlands-gaard, a cabin which lies on the hither side of the northern fork of the Miösen, said to be

seven miles distant. But the many detours we had to make to avoid the dangerous bogs, made the transit a long affair. In one place, when the poor nag, encumbered with my effects, sank up to his belly, I expected every moment to see the hungry bog swallow him up entirely. With admirable presence of mind he kept quite still, instead of exhausting himself in struggling, and then by an agile fling and peculiar sleight of foot, got well out of the mess.

The delay caused by these difficulties enabled me to bring down some more ptarmigan, and have a bang at an eagle, who swept off with a sound which to my ears seemed very like "don't you wish you may get it." But perhaps it was only the wind driving down the rocks and over the savage moorland.

The modest charge of one ort (tenpence), made by my guide for horse and man, not a little surprised me. I did not permit him to lose by his honesty.

Unfortunately, the boat at Erlands-gaard is away; so meanwhile I cook some plover and chat with the occupants of the cabin. Sigur Ketilson, one

of the sons, is a Konge-man, (one of "the king's men," or soldiers, mentioned in the ballad of "Humpty-dumpty.") He has been out exercising this year at Tönsberg, one hundred and forty English miles off. The mere getting thither to join his corps is quite a campaign in itself. On his road to head-quarters he receives fourteen skillings per diem as *viaticum*, and one skilling and a half for "*logiment*." A bed for three farthings! He is not forced to march more than two Norsk (fourteen English) miles a day. The time of serving is now cut down one-half, being five instead of ten years, and by the same law every able-bodied person must present himself for service, though instead of the final selection being made by lot, it is left to the discretion of one officer—a regulation liable to abuse.

At last the boat returns, and embarking in it by ten o'clock P.M., when it is quite dark, I arrive at the lone farm-house at Holvig. Mrs. Anna Holvig is reposing with her three children, her husband being from home. There being only one bed on the premises, I find that the hay this night must



be my couch. The neighbouring loft where I slept was a building with its four ends resting, as usual, on huge stones. At intervals during the night I am awake by noises close to my ear, which I thought must be from infantine rats, whose organs of speech were not fully developed. In the morning I discover that my nocturnal disturbers were not rats, but swallows, who had constructed their mud habitations just under the flooring where I slept. "The swallow twittering from its straw-built nest" may gratify persons of an elegiac turn; but under the circumstances the noise was anything but agreeable.

"The breezy call of incense breathing morn," in which the same poet revels, was much more to my liking; indeed, one sniff of it made me as fresh as a lark, and I picked my way to the house by the lake side, and enjoyed my coffee. The little boy, Oiesteen Torkilson, though only eight years of age, has not been idle, and has procured a man and horse from a distant sæter. The price asked is out of all reason, as I don't hesitate to tell the owner. Before the bargain is struck, I jot down a few remarks in my journal. With the inquisitiveness

of her nation, the woman asks what I am writing. "Notices of what I see and think of the people; who is good, and who not." Out bolts the lady, to apprise the man of her discovery that "there's a chield amang ye taking notes, and faith he'll print it." My device succeeded. Presently she finished her confab with the peasant, and returned to say that he would take a more moderate payment.

I observed here, for the first time, the difference between the two words "ja" and "jo."

Have you seen a bear?—"Ja." Haven't you seen a bear?—"Jo." I have met educated Norwegians who had failed to observe the distinction. A perfectly similar distinction was formerly made in England between "yes" and "yea."\*

\* "Yea" and "nay," in Wiclif's time, and a good deal later, were the answers to questions framed in the affirmative. "Will he come?" To this would have been replied "yea" and "nay," as the case might be. But "Will he not come?" To this the answer would have been "yes" or "no." Sir T. More finds fault with Tyndal that in his translation of the Bible he had not observed this distinction, which was evidently going out even then,—that is, in the reign of Henry VIII.; and, shortly after, it was quite forgotten.—TRENCH's *Study of Words*.

## CHAPTER VI.

No cream—The valley of the Maan—The Riukan foss—German students—A bridge of dread—The course of true love never did run smooth—Fine misty weather for trout—Salted provisions—Midsummer night revels—The Tindsö—The priest's hole—Treacherous ice—A case for Professor Holloway—The realms of cloud-land—Superannuated—An ornithological guess—Field-fares out of reach of "Tom Brown"—The best kind of physic—Undemonstrative affection—Everywhere the same—Clever little horses.

THE path, I find, is at a higher level than I imagined, for, on reaching a sæter, no bunker (sour milk, with a thick coating of cream) is to be had, as the temperature is too low, the girl tells me, for the process of mantling to take place.

The horse being exceedingly lazy, I administered a rebuke to him, when he was not slow in returning the compliment, striking me with his heels in the thigh. Luckily I was close behind him, or the

thread of my story might have been abruptly snapped.

Pine now begins to take the place of birch, and we descend very rapidly into the valley of the Maan, pronounced Moan. To our right, among the trees, is heard the roar of the famous Riukan foss, which at one perpendicular shoot of nine hundred feet, discharges the waters of the great Miösvand and other lakes into the valley.

Leaving my guide to rest for a space, I plunged into the forest, and, after a precipitous descent, espy a cottage close to the falls. Here sat two strangers, regaling themselves on wild strawberries and milk, while the master of the hut was carving a wooden shoe, and the mistress suckling a baby. The travellers both wore spectacles and longish hair, and a pocket-compass depending from their necks. Each carried a *beau idéal* of a knapsack, and I knew them at once to be German students. After eating their meal, they observed that they had "yut yespeist," which stamped them at once to be from the Rhine; the pronunciation of *g* as *y* being the shibboleth of detection. "Eine yute yebratene

yans ist eine yute yabe Yoddes" (a yood yoast yoose is a yood yift of Yod), is a saying fastened on the Rhinelander by the more orthoepic Hanoverian. But it is more than doubtful whether these good people will have any opportunity in this country of tasting any such delicacy.

A few yards brought us to the magnificent amphitheatre of the Riukan, on the further side of which we have the fall full in view. On the face of the smooth, nearly perpendicular wall which shuts in the vast arena to the right of us, is an exceedingly narrow ledge—

A bridge of dread,  
Not wider than a thread—

along which foolhardy people have occasionally risked their necks, either out of mere bravado or in order to make a short cut to the Miösvand, which I left this morning. This is the famous Mari-stien—everybody knows the legend about it—sadly exemplifying the fact that the course of true love never did run smooth: how young Oiesteen fell from it on his way to a stolen interview with Mary of Vestfjordalen, and she lost her senses in consequence, and daily haunted the spot for years

afterwards, pale and wan, and silent as a ghost, and is even now seen when the shades of evening fall, hovering over the giddy verge of "The remorseless deep which closed o'er the head of her loved Lycidas."

But as neither I nor the Teutons could see any possible good in risking our necks for nought, and valued a whole skin and unbroken bones, after assaying to take in and digest the wonderful sight, we presently retraced our steps without setting foot on ledge.

Five miles below this is Døel, where some accommodation, at a dear rate, is to be obtained of Ole Tarjeison.

Next morning, the summit of Gausta, which rises just over the Maan to the height of 5688 feet, and commands a magnificent view of the district of Ringerike, is covered with cloud. But what is bad weather to others, is good in the eyes of the fisherman. So, instead of lamenting "the wretched weather," I get out my trout-rod and secure some capital trouts (at times they are taken here seven pounds in weight), part of which I have sprinkled with salt, and put into the provision-bag, with a

view to the journey I purpose taking from hence across the Fjeld to Norway's greatest waterfall, the Vöringfoss, in the Hardanger.

While sauntering about, a printed notice, suspended in the passage of the house, attracts my attention, which afforded a considerable insight into the morals of the Norwegian peasant. It was dated April 18, 1853, and was to this effect: The king has heard with much displeasure that the old custom of young unmarried men running about at night, sometimes in flocks (*flokkeviis*), especially on Sundays and saints'-days, after the girls, while asleep in the cow-houses, has been renewed. His Majesty, therefore, summons all Christian and sober-minded parents, and house-fathers, to protect their children and servants from this nocturnal rioting. He also calls upon them to keep the two sexes apart, for the sake of order and good morals; and if the same shall be detected conniving at these irregularities, they shall, for the first offence, be mulcted one dollar seventy-two skillings; for the second offence, double that amount, &c. The young men shall have the same punishment; and,

for the third offence, be confined from three to six months with hard labour in a fortress. Girls who receive such clandestine visits, shall be punished in like manner. Informers shall be entitled to receive the fine. All Government officers are required to make known these presents. This notice must be read at churches, posted in conspicuous places, and sent about by messengers.

Here, then, I obtained the certain knowledge of a custom—similar to one which still lingers in Wales—which I had suspected to be prevalent, but the existence of which the inhabitants of the country, for some reason or other, I found slow to admit. The above ordinance is a renewal of a similar one made 4th March, 1778, from which it appears that the immorality of “Nattefrieri” (night-courting) has long prevailed in Norway.

Eight English miles below this the Maan finds ample room and verge enough to expatiate in the deep Tindsö, which is, perhaps, one of the most dangerous lakes in Norway, being subject to frightfully sudden storms; while the precipitous cliffs that bound it, for the most part only



afford foot-hold to a fly, or such like climbers. There is an old tale about this lake, illustrative of the dangers to which a clergyman is subject in the discharge of his duties. Many years ago, the parson of the parish had to cross over the lake to do duty in the "annex church" at Hovind. The weather was threatening; but his flock awaited him, and so he started, commending himself to God and his good angels. Long before he approached his destination, the wind had so increased in violence that the boatmen were overpowered, and the boat was dashed to pieces against the adamantine walls of the Haukanes Fjeld. All on board were lost but the priest, who was carried by the billows into a small cleft in the rock, far above the usual high-water mark. For three days he sat wedged in this hole, from whence there was no exit. On the fourth day, the winds and waves abated; and some boatmen, who were rowing by, as good fortune would have it, heard the faint cry for assistance which the captive gave, as he saw them from his "coin of vantage." And so he was rescued from his terrible

predicament; and the notch in the wall still goes by the name of the Prestehul, "Priest's-hole."

Bishop Selwyn, with his well-found yacht, sailing among the deep bays of New Zealand, confirming and stablishing the Maoris in the Christian faith, will have to wait a long time before he can meet with such an adventure as the Tindsö priest. But then you'll say, in winter time it is all right, and the parson can dash along over the ice, defying the dangers of the deep and the bristling rocks. Not so, however; there are not unfrequently weak places in the ice, which look as strong as the rest, but which let in the unfortunate traveller. Not long ago, five men and a horse were thus engulfed. So in the Heimskringla Saga, King Harold and his retinue perish by falling through the ice on the Randsfjord, at a place where cattle-dung had caused it to thaw.

Giving up all thoughts of ascending the Gausta,—as I understand the chance of a view from it in this misty weather is very precarious,—I hire a horse from one Hans Ostensen Ingulfsland, to

convey my luggage to Waage, on the Miösvand. Hans was ill, apparently of a deranged stomach and liver, and, with rueful aspect, consulted me on his case. All the medicine he had was what he called a *probatum*, in a small bottle. The *probatum* turned out to be a specific for the gravel, as I saw from a label on the flask ; so I gave him what was more likely to suit his case, some blue pill and rhubarb.

Hans' father used to entertain travellers, but his charges became so high that all his customers forsook him ; and M. Doel, who appears to be in a fair way to imitate his predecessor, set up in "the public line."

Hitherto the valley has been clear of cloud ; and on arriving at Vaa, I stop to rest, and sketch the distant smoke of the Riukan ascending from its rocky cauldron towards heaven. Presently the mist, which had all the morning hidden the "comb" of Gausta, threw off a few flakes ; these gradually extend and unite, and pour along the mountain-tops to my left, and in a few minutes reach to and absorb the smoke of Riukan, and hide

it from view. Up boil the fogs, as if by magic, from all sides; and, like the image of Fame, in *Virgil*, the vapour rises from the depths of the valley, and reaches up to the sky. Doubtless it was the spirit of the place, wroth at my profane endeavour to represent her shrine on paper; and the sullen "moan" of the stream might, by an imaginative person, have been supposed to be the utterance of her complaint.

In the foreground, intently watching my operations as he sits upon a rock, is old Peer Peerson Vaa, who being over eighty, is past work, and having no children, has sold his Gaard to one Ole Knutzen, on the condition of having his liv-brod (life-bread)—i.e., being supported till his death. This is not an uncommon custom in Norway. He is "farbro" (uncle) to the man at Dœl.

Observe the simplicity of the language. So the Norak for "aunt" is "moerbro,"—mother's brother.

I here obtain a dollar or two of small change, with which I am ill provided. It is curious, by-the-bye, to see how one of these bonders

looks at half-a-dozen small coins before he is able to reckon the amount. This is in consequence of the infrequency of money up the country.

As we ascend the Pass, I observe some dusky-looking birds, which turn out to be ringouzels. According to a Norwegian whom I consulted on the subject, they are the substitute, in a great measure, if not altogether, in this part of the country, for the

Ouzel cock, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,

whose plaintive song so delights us in Great Britain.

Several fieldfares, also, chattered in a startled and angry manner as they rose from the low birch bushes, impatient, no doubt, for the period, now fast approaching, when their young ones will be ready to fly and start for Germany, one of their chief winter *habitats*, where, under the appellation of "Krammets-vogel," they will appear in the bill of fare at the hotels. What an odd notion, to be sure, of all these birds going so far to lie-in ! What an infinity of trouble they would save themselves

if they stopped, for instance, during the breeding period, in Germany or England! Aye; but then they would be exposed to the depredations of "Tom Brown" and others of the genus schoolboy, whose destructive and adventurous qualities generally first develop themselves in the bird-nesting line.

One of the straps which fastened my luggage to the horse having broken, my guide very soon constructs, of birch twig, a strap and buckle which holds as fast as any leathern one I ever saw. This fertility of invention is due to the non-division of labour. What could an Englishman have done under similar circumstances?

Halvor Halvorsen, my guide, is a poor weakly fellow, and having seen me prescribe for Ingulfslund, he asks me if I can do anything for him. Good living and less hard work are all he wants; but, unfortunately, while he has plenty of the latter, he gets but little of the former. On his back is a great load of milk-pails, and some provisions (potatoes and flad-brod) for his spouse, who is taking care of a sæter, which we shall pass.

At length we arrive there: it is a cot of unhewn

stone-slabs, and before the door a lot of dried juniper-bushes, the only firing which the desolate plateau affords. Gro Johannsdatter, a really pretty-looking young woman, with delicate features, smiles in a subdued manner as we enter, and thanks her husband quietly and monosyllabically for bringing up the food. This, together with her little boy, she proceeds to examine with inquisitive, eager eye. The larder was doubtless nearly empty. She then gives her husband, whom she had not seen for some time, a furtive look of affection, but nothing more—no embrace, no kiss. How undemonstrative these people are! It is a remarkable characteristic of the lower orders of Norway, that, unlike their betters, they never think of kissing or embracing before strangers. Compare this with those demonstrations in Germany and France, where not the opposite sexes, but great bearded men, will kiss each other on either cheek with the report of popguns, regardless of bystanders.

Presently they go into the inner compartment of the hut, and then at length I believe I heard the sound of a kiss. While she makes up the fire, and

boils some milk for her husband, who has many hours of mountain still before him, I endeavour to take a slight sketch of her and the abode.

No sooner does she become aware of my intentions, than, with true feminine instinct, she begs me to wait a moment, while she divests herself of an ugly clout of a kerchief which hides a very pretty neck. The sketch concluded, she asks for a sight of it, and, with a pleased smile, exclaims, "No, no; I'm not so smuk (pretty, smug) as that."

These châtelets, by-the-bye, are not called sæter in this part of Norway, but stol, or støl. They are very inferior in accommodation to those in the Hardanger district and elsewhere.

Beyond crossing a river, Humle-elv, when, by my guide's recommendation, I spring on the horse's back, I find nothing noted in my diary concerning the rest of the day's journey.

These little horses will carry up and down steep mountains from fifteen Norwegian Bismark lbs. (nearly two hundred weight English) up to twenty-two. How the little nag, with my luggage



and myself on his back, managed to win his way over the stream, which was at least two feet deep, and among the large slippery stones on its bottom, it was difficult to divine. They are very cats for climbing, though they do not share that animal's aversion to water, which they take to as if it was their natural element.

## CHAPTER VII.

An oasis—Unkempt waiters—Improving an opportunity—The church in the wilderness—Household words—A sudden squall—The pools of the Quenna—Airy lodgings—Weather-bound—A Norwegian grandpapa—Unwashed agriculturists—An uncanny companion—A fiery ordeal—The idiot's idiosyncrasy—The punctilious parson—A pleasant query—The mystery of making flad-brod—National cakes—The exclusively English phase of existence—Author makes a vain attempt to be "hyggelig"—Rather queer.

It was already dark when we emerged from the morasses and loose rocks, and lighted by good luck on the little patch of green sward on the northern shores of the Misövand, adjoining the farm-house of Waagen. On referring to the map, reader, and finding this spot set down upon it, your imagination, of course, pictures a regular village, or something of that sort; but this is not the case. A couple of gaards, with a belt of swampy grass land, are all the symptoms of man

to enliven this intensely solitary waste of grey rocks, bog, birch, and water.

The proprietors are Gunnuf Sweynsen and his brother Torkil, together with one Ole Johnson, a cousin. Gunnuf is absent, guiding the Germans across the Fjeld.

The best method to proceed is, I find, to take boat from here to Lien, which is about twenty-four miles distant, at the very top or north-eastern end of the lake; a horse must then be procured to carry my effects for the other seventy English miles across the mountains. A bargain is soon struck with Johnson, who has once before traversed most of the route; and for the sum of eight dollars (thirty-six shillings English) he undertakes to horse and guide me the whole way to the Hardanger.

The stabur, or hay-loft, affords me a tolerable night's resting-place. There were no women-folk about to make things comfortable; so I managed with the three unkempt *valets de chambre* instead, who boiled me some coffee, greased my boots, and did the needful quite as well as one of those short-

jacketed, napkin-carrying, sbilling-seeking German kellners who supersede the spruce chamber-maid of the English inn.

By early day we walk across the dew-dank meadow down to the shore of the lake, while a few black ducks, which scuttle off at our approach, warn me to get my fowling-piece ready. The water is so shallow near the land, that the boat gets aground ; and the men are in the water in a moment and pushing her off, and into the boat again in a twinkling as she shot into the deeps, the water streaming from their legs in cascades, about which they seemed to care as little as the black ducks aforesaid.

As we glide out into the offing, my spinning-tackle is got out, as I determine to improve the opportunity, and see what the lake can boast of in the way of fish. A banging trout is soon fixed on the deadly triangles which garnishes the sides of the bright metal minnow, to the great delight of the boatmen, to whom the operation is entirely novel.

Take warning, piscatorial reader, from me, and

mind you use a plaited line with spinning-tackle. In my hurry I had used a fine twisted one, which kinked up into a Gordian knot the moment it was slack, and I lost some time in getting out another line.

Yonder, on the western shore of the lake, standing in the midst of the silent wilderness, rises the solitary house of God where the people of these parts worship, its humble spire of wood reflected on the surface of the lake. With the exception of Hovden Church and our boat, the waters and shores exhibit nothing else indicative of the proximity of man.

The congregation must be a very scattered one, for if ever people dwelt few and far between, it is in these solitudes. Not one of the three clergymen of the parishes of Vinje, Sillejord, and Tind, who share in the Sunday duty which is performed here a dozen times a year, can live under fifty miles off. A Diocesan Spiritual Aid Society is certainly wanted in these regions.

Such words as "hyre," to hire; "ede," to eat; "beite," to bite; "aarli," early, let drop by the

boatmen in the course of conversation, remind me that I am in a part of the country where a portion of the old tongue still keeps its ground, such as it was when brought over to England, and engrafted on its congener, the Anglo-Saxon, nearly a thousand years ago.

Quite a tempest of wind now suddenly springs up, sending us along at a great pace, and rendering it difficult, when I now and then caught a trout by the tackle trailing astern, to lay-to and secure the fish. The twenty-four miles were soon behind us, and we found ourselves in the Quenna river. "Ducks ahead!" was the cry of the lively Torkil, and my fowling-piece soon added fowl to the fish. No fear of starvation now, even though the larder at Lien prove to be empty.

As it is some hours to nightfall, I rig my fly-rod, and try the pools of the Quenna. Some fat, cinnamon-coloured flies, which I found reposing under the stones, being hardly yet strong enough on the wing to disport themselves aloft, gave me a hint as to the sort of fly that would go down, and, my book containing some very similar insects,

I had no lack of sport, securing several nice fish. They do run as large as five pounds, I hear.

On returning to the small farm-house where I was to spend the night, a horse, I found, had been procured; and as a beautiful evening gave promise of a fine day on the morrow, we prepared to start by earliest dawn. My bed of skins was, as usual, laid in the hay-shed; and I retired in the highest possible spirits at the prospect of crossing the desolate and grand mountain-plateau that separates us from the western shores of Norway.

As this spot stands at an elevation of some three thousand feet above the sea, there were no pine-trees growing near; so the shed was constructed of undressed birch poles, and was about as weather-tight as a blackbird's wicker cage. The chinks near my pillow I stopped up with loose hay. Vain precaution! Before dawn I awoke, cold and stiff. The weather had changed; my sleeping-chamber was become a very temple of the winds, and the storm made a clean breach through the tenement, having swept out the quasi-oakum which I had stuffed into the crevices.

On issuing from my dormitory, I found the weather was frightful. A deluge of rain, and wind, and thick mist filled the space between earth and sky. To attempt the passage of the Fjeld was not to be thought of, as there is no road whatever. Departure, therefore, being out of the question, I made up my mind to another day's sojourn at the cottage, which was the most comfortless, dirty spot I ever met with in Thelemarken; and that is saying a good deal. During the day, most of the natives—Ole, my guide, among the rest—were away at the châlet. Besides myself, there were only two other persons left at home; and these, as my journey is at a stand-still, I may as well describe.

A tall, old man, his height bowed by the weight of more than eighty years, sat in a *kubbe-stol*—a high backed-chair, made out of a solid trunk of tree, peculiar to Thelemarken—warming his knees at the fire in the corner, and mumbling to himself. Presently he lay down on a bench, and snored. Before long up he got, and spooned up a quantity of cold porridge; and then, turning his bleared



eyes at me, as I sat finishing a sketch of the interior of the dwelling, including himself, croaked out,—

“Er du Embedsman?” (Art thou a Government servant?)

“No.”

“Well, that’s odd.”

And then he commenced warming his knees and mumbling, and then snored as before, extended on the bench; and before long, rose and spooned up porridge. These were his daily and hourly avocations. His name was a grand one—Herrbjörn Hermanson—but the owner of it was disgusting. No wonder; he never washes at all, so that the appearance of his countenance may be conceived. When he departs this life he will undergo ablution.

*Apropos* of this, in the absence of a better occupation, I gave a classic turn to the affair, and in my thoughts altered a line of Juvenal:—

*Pars bona Norvegia est, si verum admittimus, in qua  
Nemo sumit aquam nisi mortuus.*

That I don’t think is a libel. Indeed, with “the

wretchlessness of most unclean living"—this application of the words of the Seventeenth Article is not mine, but a late geological Dean of Westminster's, in his sermon on the cholera—the inhabitants of this country generally have a very practical acquaintance.

The other person who kept at home all day, was a young fellow of thirty, with swarthy face and gleaming eyes. His dark, shaggy head of hair was surmounted by a cap like that worn by the Finns, with a bunch of wild flowers stuck in a red band that encircled it. His dress was a short jacket, skin knee-breeches, and jack-boots. His time was occupied between smearing the boots with reindeer fat, sharpening a knife of formidable dimensions, and casting small bullets; while ever and anon he would repair to a small looking-glass of three inches square, hung against the wall, and contemplate a very forbidding, peculiar set of features therein. There was something uncanny about the look of the fellow which I did not much relish. Presently he takes my pipe from the table, and coolly commences smoking it. Subsequently

I find that Joh is not as other men are, and only half in possession of his senses.

Some twenty years ago tame reindeer were introduced upon these mountains from Finmark, and great things were expected from the importation ; but the enterprize did not answer ; and a couple of years ago the proprietors slaughtered all the deer, and there was a great merry-making at a farm called Norregaard on the occasion. Deep drinking was the order of the day ; raw potato brandy was gulped down in profuse quantities. For forty-eight hours without intermission did the bout continue. Like Paddy's noddle in respect to the shillelagh, most of these mountaineers' heads are proof against the knock-me-down power of strong alcohol. Not so Joh's, who was one of the party ; in the midst of the festivities he lost his reason, and went stark staring mad. It was long before he quieted down ; since then he has never done any work, or shared in the labours of the rest of the family ; nothing will persuade him, however, to touch brant-viin now. The burnt child dreads the fire—the brandy must formerly have had a

fearful fascination for him. I drew a cork from a small flask with me ; the moment the sound caught his ear, his face whirled round to where I sat with the rapidity of an automaton, and he glared a look of peculiar meaning at me from underneath his heavy eyebrows, which at the time I could not comprehend.

But though he is averse to all regular work, there is one thing I find on which he spares no pains,—reindeer stalking. This is the occupation on which he starts day after day, without speaking a word to the rest of the household ; in season and out of it, he is continually alone on the mountains around. Outside the door are a dozen pairs of antlers, the trophies of his skill. Only last week he shot a female deer, the fifth or sixth this summer, although the season fixed by law has not yet arrived. But he is out of the ken of informers.

Drying on the wall outside is a rein-skin, and in the house are two or three hides which his ingenuity has converted into leather. His boots are of that material—so are his knee-breeches. He is often

absent for days on the mountain, not unfrequently sleeping under a rock. If he discovers a flock of deer in a spot where the nature of the ground will not permit of his getting within shot, he hides till they move, dodging about unperceived. Not long since, he killed two specimens of the Fjeld-frass, or glutton, whose scent is said to be incredibly keen, nosing wounded game miles off. One of these wretches he saw track and catch and kill a wounded (skamskudt) deer; and while it was thus occupied he stole upon it unawares, and became possessed of deer and glutton both.

At all events, he showed more gumption on this occasion than an English parson with whom I am acquainted. One day he saw that diminutive British equivalent to the glutton—a weazel—pursuing similar tactics—overtake an unfortunate hare. As usual, poor puss was fascinated, and her legs refused their office in the way of flight; but each time the ferocious little creature tried to fasten upon her, she knocked it over with her paws, jumping at it and pushing it over. Off set the parson, not to smash the brute with his cane, but

to tell his Grace's keeper. It is needless to add, that when he returned with that functionary the vampire quadruped had got on the hare's neck, and sucked all the blood out of its veins, managing to get clean off to boot.

But to return to Joh. Observing me engaged in frying trout, he suddenly exclaims—the first word he had spoken—"Kann De spise reen?" (can you eat reindeer?) "To be sure." Upon which he bolted out of the hut, and soon returned with a lump of venison weighing perhaps four pounds, which he silently placed on the board. It was evident to me that Joh was a person of capabilities; and I soon got him to work, repairing my knapsack and gun-case. A few artificial flies, of which he was not slow in comprehending the meaning, rewarded his endeavours in the saddler's art.

Towards evening the family returned from the sæter,—two strapping maidens, Kari and Gunhild, among the number. The occupation in which some of the party forthwith engaged—the mystery or craft of making flad-brod, the national esculent—soon drove me into the fresh air. At a table sits

one of the girls, roller in hand, busily engaged in rolling out huge flat cakes of dough, sprinkling them with water by means of a little brush. The Alfred of the occasion was the father of Joh, who, with a sort of trowel, whips up the cakes, and flaps them down on the girdle-iron, a flat disk, about three-quarters of a yard in diameter. At the proper moment he gives them a turn, and in a minute they are done, and whisked into the hands of the other girl, who piles them on a table. The girdle-iron being large, the smoke is prevented ascending the chimney in its natural way, and becomes dissipated all over the one sitting-room of the house, and this it is that drives me out of it.

This favourite food is sometimes prepared in sufficient quantities for a whole winter's consumption. I have seen, in a large gaard, nearly a dozen Abigails hard at work kneading, sprinkling, rolling, and baking the cakes. The only time when they are endurable to the palate, in my opinion, is when they are just warm off the fire. When warm, they are flexible, and are then folded up compactly, if wanted for travelling.

Another national cake, something like a pikelet in taste and consistency, is the waffel-kage, which is about half an inch thick, oblong, and moulded into squares ; this is by no means to be despised.

I was early down among the hay for the purpose of recruiting my vital energies for the morrow, when our work was cut out for us, and plenty of it. The interstices between the bars of the cage were weather-tightened afresh, and I was resolved to be as cosy and comfortable as circumstances would permit. Neither the French nor the Germans have any word to represent that very pleasant accident of our being, which we call comfort ; so they borrow the word and its derivatives out and out from our English vocabulary when they desire to express a thing, which, after all, they cannot possibly have experienced practically. Only fancy, then, the Norwegians presuming to think of such a phase of existence. And yet they have a word said to answer exactly to our word "comfortable," — viz., "hyggelig," from hygge ; which is, no doubt, identical with our word "to hug," or embrace.



Anyhow, my efforts to be "hyggelig" were not successful that night. Like the Grecian hero under different circumstances, I could not rest; no wonder, therefore, I was up and stirring early; indeed, I had been stirring all night. The sun shone out brightly, every leaf and blade of grass and rock reflecting his rays from their moist surfaces. The rain had ceased falling from the clouds, but not from the mountains. The river was brimful and roaring fiercely, the toying cascades of twenty-four hours ago now swollen into blustering cataracts, while fresh ones were improvised for the occasion. But, alas! I was ill fitted for enjoying the glorious scene. Ague-fits shot through my limbs and frame; and even before we started, I felt as if I had already travelled many miles.

It was clear I had caught cold, if nothing worse; but there was no help for it. The very idea of stopping another day in this den, with Joh and Herrbjörn for my companions, was intolerable. Seventy miles, it is true, lay before me, and not a house on the route. Behind me it was a good

fifty miles back to civilized life, and double or treble that distance to a doctor. "Nulla re-  
trorsum," too, is my motto, unless things come to such a pass as they did with Havelock's men on the road to Lucknow. The upshot was that I trusted in Providence, and set my breast manfully to the mountain, supported by that inward consciousness of endurance so dear to a Briton, which every now and then tried to express itself, comically enough, by feebly humming "There's life in the old dog yet."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Northwards—Social colts—The horse shepherd—The tired traveller's sweet restorer, tea—Troll-work—Snow Macadam—Otter hunting in Norway—Normaends Laagen—A vision of reindeer—The fisherman's hut—My lodging is on the cold ground—Making a night of it—National songs—Shaking down—A slight touch of nightmare.

LEAVING the angry Quenna, we struck northward up a gradual ascent of rock, polished apparently by former rains, its surface fissured at intervals by deep cracks, and dabbled with patches of yellow moss, dwarf birch, and glaucous willow, but, for the most part, fortunately affording capital walking ground. A covey of grey ptarmigan, a snipe or two, and some golden plover, rose before us; but I felt so weak and ill that I had not the heart to load my fowling-piece, which the little horse bore, along with my other effects, attached to the straddle.

As we journey along, a distant neigh (in Thelemarken speech "nejja," in Norwegian, "vrinske,")

reaches my ear, and I descry three colts bounding down the rocks to us. On joining our party, seemingly tired of the loneliness of the mountain, and delighted at the idea of a new equine companion, they dance round our little nag in most frolicsome mood. In spite of all we can do to prevent them, they stick to us, now in front, now alongside, now at our rear. At this moment a man's voice is heard, and a wild figure in frieze jacket, of the true Thelemarken cut, knee-breeches, and bare calves, rushes up breathless. "Well, Ambrose," said my guide, "I thought they were yours, but they would follow us. We couldn't stop them." Indeed, Ambrose found the task equally difficult. He had never taken lessons from Mr. Rarey. It was only by seizing the ringleader by his forelock, and hanging heavily with the other arm on his neck, he managed to turn him from the error of his way, which would most likely have only terminated with our day's journey's end.

"And who is Ambrose?" inquired I. "Where is his Stöl? I see no symptoms of one."

"Stöl! bless you, langt ifra (far from it). He

is a flytte-maend. He comes up on the mountain with a lot of horses and Nöd (Scoticæ nowt, horned cattle), for about six weeks in the summer. He has a bag of meal, and he lives upon that and the milk of one milking cow, which he has with him. At night, he sleeps under a rock or stone, flitting about from place to place, wherever he can find grass for the cattle. He receives a small sum a head for his trouble, when he has taken them back safe and sound."

Hard life of it, thought I. Bad food and worse lodging; not to mention that the beasts of prey occasionally diminish the number of his charge, and with it the amount of his earnings.

After toiling along for twenty English miles of treeless wilderness, skirting several lakes, floundering through many bogs, and sitting on the horse as he forded one or two rivers, we reached a knoll, which the guide called Grodhalse. It was a curious spot: itself green and smiling with grassy herbage; behind it, higher up the slope, patches of unmelted snow; while at our feet ran a rill of snow-water.

"We must qvile (*i.e.*, while=rest) here a bit,"

said Ole. "There is no other grass to be found for many miles."

"Well, then, light a fire in a moment," said I, a cold shudder running through me the very moment I stood still, and I at once enveloped myself in my pea-coat, buttoning the collar over my ears. "Fill that kettle with water, and have it boiling as soon as ever you can. Here are some matches." The green prickly juniper scrub, which he forthwith dragged up by the roots, soon blazed up with the proverbially transient crackling of fire among the thorns; and the little copper kettle which I had prudently caused to be brought soon succeeded in first simmering and then boiling. Dickens's kettle on the hob never uttered such delightful music.

If I had been philosophically inclined, and had possessed a thermometer, which I did not, I might have availed myself of the opportunity of ascertaining the exact height we had reached, by seeing at what number of degrees the fluid boiled. But what was much more to the purpose, I had some tea at hand, and two quarts of the hot infusion,

with a thimblefull of brandy, were soon under my belt. Never did opium, or bang, or haschish-eater experience such a sweet feeling stealing over the sense. Talk of a giant refreshed with wine: give me tea when I am knocked up. The chemistry-of-common-life people will talk to you about Theïne and its nutritious qualities, but until that moment I did not know what tea would do for you. My eyes, which just before were half blind, saw again. My blood, which seemed to be curdled into thick, heavy lumps, in my veins, was liquified afresh. That of St. Januarius never underwent such a quick metamorphosis. Mr. Waterton will excuse the allusion.

The knoll was at a very high level; the snow behind us, and the icy runnel issuing from its bowels at our feet, gave a keenness to the air, but the tea\* put me in a genial perspiration, the pea-coat aiding and abetting by keeping in the caloric. And when the little horse, refreshed by his nibble,

\* "Under circumstances of most privation I found no comfort so welcome as tea. We drank immoderately of it, and always with advantage."—*Dr. Kane's Arctic Voyages*.

was caught and reloaded, I loaded my fowling-piece, and felt quite strong enough to carry it. Before long we were among some grey ptarmigan, and I brought one or two down.\*

“Curious spot, this,” said I, to the guide, as we came to an amphitheatrical ridge of abraded rock, on the very edge of which rested huge blocks† of stone, some pivoted on their smallest face. The cause of the phenomenon was evident. The glacier power, which formerly moved these stones onward, day by day, had been arrested—*opera imperfecta manebant*—and so the blocks came to a stand still where they now are. “They must have been placed there by the Trolls,” I observed, giving

\* The greatest height at which grouse have been seen was by Schlagentweit in the Himalaya, 11,000 feet above the sea.

† Many of these stones are so nicely balanced, that they may be moved without losing their equilibrium. Hence they are called *Rokke-steene* (rocking-stones). Formerly they were looked upon as ancient funereal monuments, like similar upright stones in Great Britain and elsewhere. Lieut. Mawry, who overturned the Logan stone, and was forced to set it up again at his own expense, might indulge his peculiar tastes with impunity in this country.



a peep at Ole's countenance. "Kanskee" (perhaps), was his slow and thoughtful reply.

"You ought to see this in winter time," he continued. "No stones to be seen then—no impediments. We go straight ahead. I travelled last winter, on snow-shoes, sixty miles in the day."

Winter is, emphatically, the time for locomotion here; the crooked ways are made straight, and the mountains smooth.

"What's that?" said I, pointing to a snail, browsing on the irregularly round leaf of a species of dwarf sorrel, which grows high on the mountains. A "sneel," said he. "Snecke" is the modern Norwegian appellation.

Ole is a bit of a sportsman, and has committed havoc among the reindeer. Last winter he killed a couple of otters, and got two dollars and a half for their skins.

"And where did you find the otters?" inquired I, curious to know whether these animals imitate the seal and walrus, and make breathing holes in the solid ice. "Oh, they keep in the foss-pools of the rivers, which are the only places not frozen

over. Now and then they cut across the land from one pool to another. I followed them on snow-shoes, and killed them with a stave. A man paa ski (on snow-shoes) can overtake an otter."

"It is strange," he went on, "we have seen no 'reen.' I never came over these mountains without seeing them."

But in fact the day had now become overcast, and, fearful of a relapse, I had abstained from stopping to examine the surrounding objects more narrowly. We had now arrived on the left of a lake, about fourteen miles long, the name of which is Normænds Laagen. Between us and the lake intervened a stony plain, grassed over at intervals, perhaps half a mile in breadth; while close to our left, some little still valleys ran up towards the higher plateau.

"There they are," exclaimed Ole, pointing to ten reindeer, feeding about two hundred yards off, between us and the lake. The discovery was mutual and simultaneous; for, with an oblique squint at us, their white scuts flew up, and they trotted leisurely to the southward.

"Shall I put a bullet into the gun?" asked I.

"No use whatever," said Ole. "They'll be miles off in a few minutes."

And, sure enough, I could see them clearing the ground at a lazy canter, and presently disappear behind some rising ground.

Our lodging for the night was to be at a place called Bessebue. This was a stone hut erected by some fishermen, who repair hither in the autumn with a horse or two and some barrels of salt, and catch the trout which abound in the lake. At that period, the fish approach the shore from out of the deeps to spawn, and are taken in a garn, *i.e.*, standing net of very fine thread. At other times the hut is uninhabited. But to my guide's surprise we find that there are occupants. These are two brothers from Urland, on the Sogne Fjord, about sixty miles from this. They are fine young fellows, named Nicholas and Andreas Flom, who have come up here with 110 head of cattle to feed on the shores of the lake. None but a Norwegian farmer would think of making such an excursion as this. In September they will drive them direct across the

mountains to Kongsberg for sale. A drove of this sort, I find, is called drift,\* and the drovers drifte-folk.

With much goodnature these young fellows offered to share with us all the accommodation that Bessebue afforded. "But," said they, "we have already got three travellers arrived, who are going to stop the night."

Now Bessebue, or Bessy's bower, as I mentally nicknamed it, albeit there was not a ghost of a Bessy about the premises, though it might in an ordinary way lodge a couple of wayfarers did not seem to offer anything like ample room and verge enough for "the seven sleepers" who proposed lodging there that night. Its accommodation consisted of one room, built of dry stones, with a hole in one corner of the roof for a chimney, the floor being divided into two unequal parts by a ledge or slab of stone, which served for table, and chair, and shelf. The room might be seven or eight feet square, (not

\* Anton Shiel he loves not me,  
For I gat two drifts of his sheep.

*Border Ballad.*

so big as the bed of Ware,) part of which, however, was taken up by certain butter and milk pails and horse furniture. So, how we were all to sleep I did not know. Nevertheless, the shivering demon was again clapperclawing me—"Poor Tom's acold."—The good effects of the tea had evaporated, and aches of all sorts throbbed within my frame. So I settled down passively on the stone ledge, and warmed my wet toes against the reeking, sputtering brands of juniper twig that blazed at intervals, and served to show, in the advancing night, the black, slimy, damp-looking sides of the hut. Above my head was the smoke hole; behind me, on the floor, were the skins which formed the drovers' couch.

After swallowing a fresh jorum of tea, I sank into this, my peacoat all around me, and my sou'-wester, with its flannel lining and ear-covers tied under my chin; the younger drover, with all the consideration of a tender nurse, tucking me in under the clothes. In spite of my superfluity of clothing, and the smoke with which the apartment was filled, I had great difficulty in getting warm.

After eating their simple suppers by the light of the fire, a song was proposed, and one of the three strangers proceeded to sing, in a clear manly voice, the national song on Tordenskiold.\*

The glow of the juniper wood, which had now burnt down into a heap of red embers, lit up the features, grave but cheery, of the singer and the hearers; and all sick as I was, I enjoyed the whole immensely, after a dreamy fashion, and longed for the brush of a Schalken to represent the strange scene. Here we were, on a wild, trackless, treeless, savage mountain, with creature comforts none, and yet these simple fellows, without any effort, were enjoying themselves a vast deal more than many with all the conventional appliances and means to secure mirth.

The song of "Gamle Norge," the "Rule

\* Tordenskiold was a renowned admiral. According to tradition, he never would have a man on board his ship who would not stand up at a few paces with outstretched arm, and a silver coin in his fingers, and let him have a shot at it. The Norwegian still considers it an honour to trace his descent from one who served under Tordenskiold.

Britannia" of the North, of course succeeded. After this a song-book was produced from a crevice under the eaves, and, as the fire was nearly out, and no more fuel was inside the hut, a candle-end, which I had brought with me to grease my boots, being lit, enabled the minstrel to sing a ditty by inch of candle. It was one in honour of the Norsk kings, from Harald Haarfager\* downwards, by Wergeland, said to be Norway's best poet. This closed the entertainment.

"We must get to bed, I think, now," said Nicholas; "it is waxing latish, and I must be up by dawn, after the kreäturen (cattle). I say, holloa, you Englishman, Metcal; can you make room for me and Andreas?"

"You can try, but I really don't see how it is to be managed, we are such big fellows; I'll sit on the ledge, if you like."

\* It begins thus—

Lord of the North is Harald Haarfager,  
 Petty kings all from their kingdoms he hurls,  
 "Bloody axe" Erik for tyranny banished  
 After becomes one of England's proud Earls, &c.

"Oh, no; you're ill. It'll be all right. If we can only just manage to fit in, it will be square strax (immediately). You wont be too warm," continued he, pulling a slate over the smoke-hole; "the night is very cold."

So, in the brothers got, merely divesting themselves of their coats and waistcoats, while I had on all the coats in my wardrobe, like some harlequin in his first *début* at a country fair. At first, the squeeze was very like the operation one has so often witnessed in the old coaching days, of wedging any amount of passengers into a seat made to hold four—"Higgledy piggledy, here we lie." Truly, necessity makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. But by degrees we shook down. When a tea-cup is full to overflowing, there is room for the sugar. However, it was necessary, whenever one of us changed his position, for the others to do the same, like the poor niggers on board the slaver in the Middle passage. The coverlets were of the scantiest; but there did not seem to be any unfair attempt made to steal a skin from one's neighbour when he had gone



to sleep, as the Kansas men are said to be in the habit of doing when bivouacking out.

The others had, if possible, less elbow-room than we three. The two elder were allowed to take the middle places, while the younger ones were pressed against the damp, hard wall. The hut was soon quiet; outside it was frosty, with no wind, and the only noise within was the occasional snoring of one of the party, which was so sonorous, that it made me think of "the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe" (see Shakspeare)—though I can't say I ever heard one. At last I fell off. How soundly I slept that night, with the exception of a slight touch of nightmare, in which, by an inverted order of things, I rode the mare instead of the mare riding me; scudding along at one time after the reindeer, over stock and stone with wonderful celerity; at another, dashing in snow-shoes after the otters, or whirling among the moors, in the midst of an odd set of elfin coursers and riders.

## CHAPTER IX.

The way to cure a cold—Author shoots some dotterel—  
 Pit-fall for reindeer—How mountains look in mountain  
 air—A natural terrace—The meeting of the waters—A  
 phantom of delight—Proves to be a clever dairymaid—  
 A singular cavalcade—Terrific descent into Tjelmö-dal—  
 A volley of questions—Crossing a cataract—A tale of a  
 tub—Author reaches Garatun—Futile attempt to drive  
 a bargain.

THE grey light of the morning was peeping through  
 the hole in the roof, when I was awake by Nicholas  
 bestirring himself, and kicking his way through  
 the conglomerate of prostrate forms. Thank good-  
 ness, my feverish chill had left me. "Richard was  
 himself again!" The superfluity of vestments,  
 together with the animal heat generated by seven  
 human beings, packed as we had been, had done  
 the business. The black wall I found trickling  
 with moisture, like the sides of a Russian bath,  
 from the hot smoke and steam, condensed by the

colder stones. I felt no return of the complaint, and doubtless the sovereign nostrum for me, under the circumstances, was the one I accidentally took.

After a cup of coffee, some cold trout and biscuit, I was ready to start; before doing which I put a trifle in Nicholas' hand, which he pronounced a great deal too much. As we trudged along, a solitary raven or two were not wanting to the landscape; while, contrasting with their funereal plumage and dismal croak, was the cheerful twittering white-rumped stone-chat (steen-ducker), bobbing about from stone to stone, seemingly determined to enjoy himself in spite of the Robinson Crusoe nature of his haunts. Presently I let fly at a large flock of dotterel—"Rundfugel," as the guide called them—and made a handsome addition to the proviant.

In one spot, where the available space for walking was narrowed by the head of a lake on one side, and an abrupt hill on the other, we came upon what looked like a saw-pit, four feet long and two feet broad, but which had been filled up with large stones. This, I was informed, was once a pit-fall

for the reindeer, but now discontinued. It was judiciously placed in a defile which the deer were known to make for when disturbed.

Not far beyond, as I passed what looked like a grey stone, the guide said—"That is Vienala Bue." In fact, it was a small den, four feet high, constructed by some reindeer-hunter. I peeped in, and saw an iron pot and bed of moss, which show that it is still at times visited by man.

"Yonder is Harteigen," exclaimed Ole, pointing to a singular square-shaped mountain, to the left, with precipitous sides, which looked two or three miles off, but which was in reality a dozen; such is the clearness of this atmosphere. Indeed, at home, every object appears to me to have a fuzzy, indistinct outline, when compared with the intensely sharp, definite outline of everything here.

"That mountain to our right, is Granatknuten," continued my guide, "and this is Soveringsrindan."

At least such was the name, as far as I could decipher his strange pronunciation, of the curious terraced elevation on which our path now lay.

It looked like a regular embankment, which it was difficult to imagine was not the work of men's hands. In height, this terrace varied from thirty to eighty feet; its crown, which was perfectly even, and composed of shingle, mossed over in places, was about twenty feet broad, and afforded excellent walking; while in length it was about two English miles, and formed a gentle curve, cut in two about midway by a stream flowing from the Granatknuten to our right. On either side of the terrace were narrow moat-like lakes; while, to complete the illusion of its being a work of defence, at the distance of a few hundred yards to the right below the mountain, stood a mass of what seemed the irregular fortifications of an old castle.

Leaving the terrace, we presently walked along the bed of an ancient torrent, the peculiarity of which was that the stones which formed it fitted so exactly that they looked as if they had been laid by the hand of a mason. Before long we joined company with a stream going the same way as ourselves, so that we have now passed the water-shed. Hitherto the waters we have seen find their outlet

in the River Lougen, which flows down past Kongsberg to Laurvig, at the mouth of the Christiania-Fjord. Henceforward all the converging streams descend into the Hardanger-Fjord.

After a rough descent, we reach the first saeter, where Ole stops to talk with a damsel, Gunvor by name. Her dark hair, being drawn tightly back, so as to leave a thorough view of her well-cut face, eventuated in two tails, neatly braided with red tape.

A sleeveless jacket of red cloth fitted tightly to her figure, reminding me of the Tyrolese bodice, while her arms were covered with voluminous coarse linen shirt-sleeves, of spotless white, and buttoned at the wrist, while the collar was fastened at the throat to large silver studs. Across her bosom, in the fork of the bodice, was an inner patch of black cloth, garnished with beads. Gunvor smiled with an air of conscious pride as she bid us enter into her saeter, which, like herself, was extremely neat, contrasting favourably with the slovenly appearance of things in Thelemarken, which I had left behind me.

Around were ranged well-scoured vessels, full of all the mysterious products of the mountain dairy ; were I to recount the names of which, the reader, who knows practically of nothing beyond milk and cream, and cheese and butter, would be astonished that so many things, of which he never heard, could be prepared out of simple cow's and goat's milk. The only thing that did not quite square with my notions of the idyllic modesty and simplicity of the scene was the sight of a youth, who had come up from the Hardanger, and was a servant of the farmer to whom the saeter belonged, stretched out asleep on Gunvor's bed.

Refreshed with a lump of reindeer flesh out of my wallet, together with thick milk and brandy, we followed the path in its circuit round some more *rochers montonnés*, where the action of former glaciers is visible to perfection in the smoothed inclines and erratic blocks now standing stockstill. After many a toilsome up and down, we at length get the first bird's-eye view of a darksome piece of water, lying thousands of feet below us in a deep trough of gigantic precipices. My destination is

the farm-house of Garatun (tun = town, the original meaning of which was enclosure) ; but to my utter astonishment I find that we have still fourteen miles of toil between us and the haven of rest.

Before long we overtake a singular cavalcade, which afforded an insight into Norwegian peasant life. There were four light little horses, each loaded with what looked like a pair of enormous milk pails. These are called strumpe, and are full of whey or thick milk, or some product of the mountain dairy. Two men followed the horses, each with a sort of Alpen-stock, only that at the end, grasped by the hand, there stuck out a stump of a branch. This I found is not only used as a walking staff, but is also most useful in another way. Each of the pails has of course to be hung on the straddle separately, and unless there is a second man to hold up the pail, already slung, till the other is also adjusted, the straddle would turn round under the horse's belly, and the pail upset. This crutched stick, therefore, is used to prop up one side until the counterpoising pail is suspended on the other side the horse. Besides the men, there was a young girl,



with her fair hair braided with red tape, her bodice of green cloth, while the stomacher or "bringe-klut" was of red cloth, studded as usual with strings of coloured beads. A little boy was also of the party, dressed in the costume of the men, the only characteristic feature of which was a pair of red garters, tied *over* the trousers below the knee, for the purpose I heard of keeping them out of the dirt.

The descent into Tjelmö-dal was terrific. My horse was lightly loaded; but the others were weighted, as I thought, beyond their powers, and the liquid within was alive, and swayed about, and was therefore more burdensome than dead weight proper. But, as usual, the horses were left to pick their own way, which was in places steeper than the ascent of St. Paul's, the only assistance given them being a drag on the crupper from behind. The crupper, be it said, was not such as one generally sees, but a pole, about two feet long, curved in the middle for the tail to fit into, with either end fastened by wicker straps to the corresponding pail. This pristine contrivance, which

has no doubt been in use for centuries, keeps the weight comparatively steady, and eases the horse.

"Who are you? Where do you come from? Are you an Englishman? Are you a landscape painter?" was a part of the volley of questions which they forthwith discharged at the writer of these lines, as he joined the party at the side of a thundering torrent of some breadth and depth—too deep to ford—where the little boy and girl, I observed, were jumping upon the nags.

"May I mount on that horse?" was the short interrogatory with which I answered them, having an eye to the main chance, and thinking that my tired horse, who was moreover far behind, had little chance of getting safely over with me on his back.

"Be so good! be so good! (vær so godt!)" was the good-natured reply, and I was in a moment astride of the animal, after the fashion for riding donkeys bareback in England, i.e., more aft than forward; and, after a few plunges among the stones, we were safe over the cataract. The two men, by the aid of their poles, crossed just above, leaping

from one slippery stone to another, at the risk of flopping into the deep gurgling rapids that rushed between them.

We had scarcely got through when a terrible commotion was raised in front, and a simultaneous burst of "burra burraing" (wohoa-ing) ensued from all the party. In turning an angle of the corkscrew descent one of the pails had caught a projecting rock, and become unhooked, and was rolling away, the horse very nearly doing the same thing, right over the precipice. To stop its course, lift it up, and hook it on the straddle, was a task speedily accomplished by these agile mountaineers.

The fright having subsided, off we started again, and the queries re-commenced. A Norwegian is a stubborn fellow, and sticks to his point. Little was to be got out of me but parrying answers, and the peasants guessed me of all the countries of Europe, ultimately fixing on Denmark as my probable native country.

After twisting and turning and passing one or two waterfalls of considerable height, we at length reached the bottom of the chasm, in which

the river, which I had left some hours before, had forced its almost subterranean passage from the Fjeld. The gigantic wall of limestone on the opposite side rose, I should say at a rough guess, five times as high as the cliff impending over the Giant's Causeway, and in more than one spot a force tumbled over the battlements.

By nine o'clock, P.M., to my great relief, as I was miserably foot-sore, my boots not having been properly greased, we arrived at Garatun, one of half a dozen small farmsteads that lay on the small grassy slopes by the side of the dark Eidsfjord. An old crone showed me upstairs into a room, round which were ranged eight chests or boxes with arching tops, painted in gaudy colours, with the name of Niels Garatun and his wife inscribed thereon. Round the wooden walls I counted twenty cloth dresses of red, green, and blue, suspended from wooden pegs. No beer being procurable, I slaked my raging thirst, while coffee was preparing, with copious draughts of prim, a sort of whey.

Before long, two or three peasants stalked in,

hands in pockets, and forthwith, according to custom, commenced squirting tobacco-juice from their mouths with all the assiduity of Yankees.

"Who are you? Are you going up to the Foss to-morrow? Will you have a horse and a man? Many gentlemen give one dollar for the horse and one for the man. It's meget brat (very steep); Slem Vei (bad road)."

To all which observations I replied that I was very tired, and could answer no questions at all that night. Upon which the spitters retired with an air of misgiving about me, as they had evidently calculated on nailing the foreigner to a bargain at the first blush of the thing; and, when the news of my arrival got wind, their market was sure to be lowered by competition. One of them, after closing the door, popped his head in again, and said—

"He thought he could do it cheaper; but I had better say at once, else he should be up to the saeter in the morning before I got up."

"I would say nothing till nine o'clock the next morning," was my reply, and I was left to rest

undisturbed ; the men apparently thinking me an odd individual.

Long before nine o'clock my slumbers were disturbed by the entrance of a sharp-looking individual, who asked if I would have coffee? He did not belong to the house even ; but by this *ruse* it was evident he intended to steal a march on the others.

" For four orts " (three shillings and fourpence), said he, " I'll guide you up to the Foss, and then row you across the lake to Vik on the Hardanger." The bargain was concluded at once ; not a little to the consternation of the two dollar men, who, when they presented themselves at 9 o'clock, found that they were forestalled.

## CHAPTER X.

The young Prince of Orange—A crazy bridge—At the foot of the mighty Vöring Foss—A horse coming down stairs—Mountain greetings—The smoke-barometer—The Vöring waterfall—National characteristics—Paddy's estimate of the Giant's Causeway—Meteoric water—New illustrations of old slanders—How the Prince of Orange did homage to the glories of nature—Author crosses the lake Eidsfjord—Falls in with an English yacht and Oxonians—An innkeeper's story about the Prince of Orange—Salmonia—General aspect of a Norwegian Fjord—Author arrives at Utne—Finds himself in pleasant quarters—No charge for wax-lights—Christian names in Thelemarken—Female attire—A query for Sir Bulwer Lytton—Physiognomy of the Thelemarken peasants—Roving Englishmen—Christiania newspapers—The Crown Prince—Historical associations of Utne—The obsequies of Sea Kings—Norwegian gipsies.

FROM my guide I learn that this land's-end nook has been lately in a tremendous ferment, in consequence of the young Prince of Orange, who is making a tour in company with the Crown Prince

of Norway, having visited the Vöring Foss. The Prince, whom report destines for England's second Princess, appears to have been very plucky (meget flink) at the outset of the excursion, and outwalked all the rest of the party—at all events they suffered him to think so. Half-way up, however, he was dead beat, and compelled to get on pony back.

At first the narrow valley is tolerably level, blocked up, however, with monstrous rocks and stones. Soon we arrive at a crazy bridge spanning the torrent. Striding on to this, Herjus turns round to see what I am doing. Finding me close behind, he goes on. The traveller in Norway must learn at a pinch

To cross a torrent foaming loud  
On the uncertain footing of a spear.

"Many people get frightened at this bridge," says he, "and we are forced to lead them over."

At this I was not surprised. Three fir trees, of immense length, thrown across the thundering waters from two projecting cliffs, and supported midway by a rock in the stream, formed the permanent way. This, I understood, was very rotten;



there was no sort of hand-railing, and at every step we took the frail timbers swayed unpleasantly with our weight. Passing Möbu, up to which salmon force their way, we recross the stream by a newly constructed, safe bridge, and leave it to thread its passage through cliffs, where no man can follow, to the foot of the mighty Vöring Foss.

We now begin to ascend a precipitous path right in front of us, which here and there assumes the shape of a regular staircase, by means of rough slabs of rock, placed one above another. If I had encountered a laden horse coming down the steps of the Monument, I should not have been more astonished than I was, on meeting upon this staircase a horse, loaded with two great pails. Close behind him was one Knut Tveitö. Grasping tightly at the wooden crupper described in the last chapter (hale-stock = tail-stick), he acted as a powerful drag to break the animal's descent. With reins hanging loosely on his extended neck, ears pricked up, and fore-foot put forward as a feeler into mid-air, the sagacious little beast, with nothing more than his own good sense to guide him, is

groping his way down the loose and steep steps, now and then giving a sort of expostulatory grunt, as the great iron nails in his shoes slip along a rock, or he receives a jolt more shaking than ordinary.\*

“Wilkommen fra Stölen” (welcome from the chalet), was the expressive greeting of Herjus to the stranger, whose reply was, “Gesegned arbeid !” (blessed labour). My guide’s words first awoke me to the fact that this is the path by which Knut had to toil to the summer pasture of his flocks and herds.

Bidding farewell to Knut, who waited a few minutes while I made a rough sketch of himself and his horse, we went on climbing. Hitherto the height of the mountains around had served to keep out the sun’s rays ; but now our altitude was such, that they no longer served as a parasol, and as we

\* Ordinarily on the high roads these animals are unshod, and yet seem to take no damage from the want of this defence. One is reminded of the text—“Their horses’ hoofs shall be counted like flint.” The shoe of the mountain horses is usually fastened on with four prodigious nails.

emerged from the shadow into the broiling glare, the labour became proportionately greater. But we soon reach the top of the ascent, and open upon a bleak moor, flagged at intervals with flattish stones.

To the north rose a roundish mountain, clad with snow. This is Iökeln, 5700 feet high, called by the natives Yuklin. Between us and it, at the distance of about a mile across the moor, rose a thin, perpendicular spire of smoke, which might have been taken for the reek of a gipsy camp-fire.

"That's Vöring," said the guide, stuffing a quantity of blue and cloud berries into his mouth. "We shall have good weather; you should see Vöring when the weather is going to be bad—doesn't he smoke then?"

I observed that all the people here talked thus of the Fall, assigning a sort of personality to the monster, as if it was something more than a mere body of water.

"And here we are at Vöring," said the guide, after we had steeple-chased straight across the

swamp to the shadowy spire. As he said this, he pointed down into an abyss, from which proceeded dull-sounding thunderings.

I found we were standing on the verge of a portentous crater, nine hundred feet deep, into which springs, at one desperate bound, the frantic water-spirit. The guide's phlegmatic appearance at this moment was a striking contrast to the excitement of Paddy this summer, when he was showing me the organ-pipes of the Giant's Causeway, sounding with the winds of the Atlantic.

"This, yer honner, is allowed by all thravellers to be the most wonderfulest scane in the whole world. There's nothing to be found like it at all at all. Many professors have told me so."

Straight opposite to us the cliff rose two or three hundred feet higher, and shot down another stream of no mean volume. But it was the contact of the Vöring with the black pit-bottom that I desired to see. This, however, is no easy matter. At length I fixed on what appeared to be the best spot, and requesting the man to gripe my hand tight, I craned over as far as I could,

and got a view of the whole monster at once. Did not he writhe, and dart, and foam, and roar like some hideous projectile blazing across the dark sky at night. Such a sight I shall never behold again. It was truly terrific. It was well that the guide held me fast, for a strange feeling, such as Byron describes, as if of wishing to jump overboard, came over me in spite of myself.

But, after all, the Vöring Foss is a disappointment. You can't see it properly. A capital defect. One adventurous Englishman, I understand, did manage by making a detour, to descend the cliff, and actually launched an India-rubber boat—what odd fellows Englishmen are—on the infernal surge below. A man who was with him told me he held the boat tight by a rope, while the Briton paddled over the pool. Arrived there, without looking at the stupendous column which rose from where he was to the clouds, or rather did *vice versá*, he pulled out of his pocket a small pot of white paint, and forthwith commenced painting his initials on the rock, to prove, as he said, that he had been there.

This reminds me of one of our countrymen who arrived in his carriage at dead of night at some Italian city of great interest. "Antonio, what is the name of this place?" On hearing it, he puts the name down in his pocket-book, and orders the horses, exclaiming—"Thank goodness; done another place."

The next thing will be that we shall hear of some Beckford blasting the rock, and erecting a summer-house like that at the Falls of the Rhine, for the tourists to peep out of.

Fancy a Dutchman in such a place! The elation of the Prince of Orange, when he got to this spot, was such, that he and the botanist who accompanied him, are recorded to have drunk more wine than was good for them. "Pull off your hat, sir," he hiccuped to the chief guide, in reverence, the reader will suppose, to the spirit of the spot. "Pull off your hat, I say; it is not every day that you guide a Prince to the Vöring!"

It was not till six o'clock that we were down at Garatun; so that the excursion is a good stiff day's work. But to this sort of thing I

had become accustomed, having walked on the two preceding days a distance of more than sixty English miles.

Crossing the gloomy little lake Eidsfjord, in a small boat rowed by my guide, and then over the little isthmus which separates it from the sea, I arrived at the "Merchant's" at Vik. An English yacht, with Oxford men on board, lay at anchor close by. This I boarded forthwith, and was entertained by the hospitable owner with tea and news from England.

Magnus, the innkeeper, is evidently a man making haste to be rich. He has cows in plenty on the mountains; but he takes care to keep them there, and there is, consequently, not a vestige of cream or milk in his establishment, let alone meat, or anything but fladbrod and salted trout. He exultingly tells me that he was the guide-in-chief to the Dutch Prince, and what a lot of dollars he got for it. I don't know whether these people belie his Royal Highness, but here is another anecdote at his expense.

"Magnus," said the Prince, after paying him,

“are you content? Have I paid as much as any Englishman ever did? For if any Englishman ever paid more, tell me, and I’ll not be beaten.”

As far as I could gather, Magnus, in reply, hummed and hawed in a somewhat dubious manner, and thus managed to extract a dollar or two more from his Highness.

Princes, by-the-bye, seem the order of the day. During the few hours I stopped here, a Prussian Prince and his suite, travelling *incognito*, also arrived, and passed on to the Waterfall.

The stream between this and the fresh-water lake above holds salmon and grilse, but there are no good pools.

On a lovely morning I took boat for Utne, further out in the Hardanger-Fjord. The English yacht had left some hours before, but was lying becalmed, the white sail hanging against the mast, under some tall cliffs flanking the entrance to the small Ulvik-Fjord. One or two stray clouds, moving lazily overhead, throw a dark shadow on the mountains, which are bathed in warm sunshine. Among the dark-green foliage and grey rocks



which skirt the rocky sides of the Fjord for miles in front of us, may at times be descried a bright yellow patch, denoting a few square yards of ripening corn, which some peasant has contrived to conjure out of the wilderness. Near the little patch may be descried a speck betokening the cabin of the said Selkirk.

As you approach nearer, you descry, concealed in a little nook cut out by nature in the solid rock, the skiff in which the lonely wight escapes at times from his isolation. In fact, he ekes out his subsistence by catching herring or mackerel, or any of the numerous finny tribes which frequent these fjords; in some measure making up to the settlers the barrenness of the soil. Presently I hear a distant sound in the tree-tops. Look ! the clouds, hitherto so lazy, are on the move ; the placid water, which reflected the yacht and its sails so distinctly just now, becomes ruffled and darkens ; and anon a strong wind springs forth from its craggy hiding-place. See ! it has already reached the craft, and she is dancing out into the offing, lying down to the water in a manner that shows she will soon lessen her eight miles distance from us, and beat

out to sea with very little difficulty. As for poor luckless me, the boatmen had, of course, forgotten to take a sail; so that the wind, which is partly contrary, and soon gets up a good deal of sea, greatly retards our progress.

At length we arrive at Utne, a charming spot lying at the north-western entrance to the Sör-fjord. What excellent quarters I found here. The mistress, the wife of the merchant, a most tidy-looking lady, wearing the odd-looking cap of the country, crimped and starched with great care, bustled about to make me comfortable. Wine and beer, pancakes and cherries, fresh lamb and whiting—*O noctes cœnæque Deum!*—such were the delicacies that fell to my share, and which were, of course, all the more appreciated by me after a fortnight's semi-starvation among the mountains, crowned by the stingy fare of the dollar-loving Magnus.\*

\* The following is the printed tariff of charges at these places. It is fixed by the *Voged* of the district:

	skill.	d.
" Bed with warm room . . . .	24	= 10 English.
" " cold room . . . .	16	
Contor ( <i>i.e.</i> large) cup of coffee .	8	

I think I have not mentioned that in Thelemarken and the Hardanger district one meets with quite a different class of Christian names from elsewhere in Norway, where the commonplace Danish names, often taken from Scripture, are usual. Ole, it is true, being the name of the great national saint, is rife all over, especially in Hallingdal; so much so that if you meet with three men from that district, you are sure, they say, to find one of the three rejoicing in that appellation. The female part of the family

	skill.
Small cup of coffee . . . . .	4
Large cup of tea . . . . .	6
Small ditto . . . . .	3
Warm breakfast . . . . .	20
Warm dinner . . . . .	24
Bed for single folk . . . . .	2
Eggedosis (glass of egg-flip) . .	10
Bottle of red wine . . . . .	48

N. B.—Servants nothing, but if a traveller stops in cold room for half an hour without taking any refreshment, he must pay 4 skill, or if in a warm one, 8 skill." It must be observed that the latter charges are never enforced, and that in some districts a bed is only 12 skill, and a cup of coffee 5 skill.

here rejoice in the names of Torbior, Guro, and Ingiliv.

"I wish, Guro, you would teach me the names of the various articles of female attire you wear," said I to the said damsel, a rosy-cheeked lass, her mouth and eyes, like most of the girls in the country, brimfull of good nature, though, perhaps, not smacking of much refinement. Her hair-tails were, as usual, braided with red tape: and, it being Sunday, these were bound round her head in the most approved modern French fashion.

"Oh! that is called Troie," said she, as I pointed to a close-fitting jacket of blue cloth, which, the weather being chilly, she wore over all; and this is called Overliv—i.e., the vest of green fitting tight to her shape, with the waist in the right place.

What can so good a judge as Sir Bulwer Lytton, by-the-bye, be about when he talks somewhere of a "short waist not being unbecoming, as giving greater sweep to a majestic length of limb."

"And this is the Bringe-klud" (the little bit of cloth placed across the middle of the bosom);

"and this is called Stak," continued she, with a whole giggle, and half a blush.

"And who was that reading aloud below this morning?"

"Oh, that was Torbior" (the mistress of the house).

"And what was she reading?"

"The Bible; she always does that every morning. We all assemble together in that room."

Guro was fair; not so many of the inhabitants of the Hardanger district. The dark physiognomies and black eyes of some of the peasants contrast as forcibly with the blond aspect of the mass, as the Spanish faces in Galway do with the fair complexions of the generality of the daughters of Erin. One wonders how they got them. I never heard any satisfactory solution offered of the phenomenon.

Two Englishmen, who have also found their way hither, are gone to have a sight of the neighbouring Folge Fond. One of them is a Winchester lad, who has been working himself nearly blind and quite ill. His companion is of

a literary turn, and indulges in fits of abstraction. Emerging from one of these, he asks me whether there is ever a full moon in Carnival-time at Rome. Eventually, I discover the reason of his query. He is writing a novel, and his "Pyramus and Thisbe" meet within the Colosseum walls, at that period of rejoicing, by moonlight. But more circumspect than Wilkie, who makes one of the figures in his Waterloo picture eating oysters in June, he is guarding against the possibility of an anachronism.

Among the luxuries of this most tidy establishment are some Christiania papers. The prominent news is the progress of the Crown Prince, who is travelling in these parts. He landed here, and sketched the magnificent mountains that form the portals of the enchanting Sör (South) Fjord. At Ullenswang, on the west shore of that Fjord, he invited all the good ladies and gentlemen, from far and near, to a ball on board his yacht *Vidar*, dancing with the prettiest of them. What particularly pleases the natives is the Prince's free and easy way of going on. He chews tobacco strenuously,

and to one public functionary he offered a quid (skrue), with the observation, "Er de en saadaan karl (Is this in your line)?" At a station in Romsdal, where he slept, he was up long before the aides-de-camp. After smoking a cigar with the Lehnsmen in the keen morning air, finding that his attendants were still asleep, he went to their apartment, and, like an Eton lad, pulled all the clothes from their beds.

The great advantage which will ensue from the personal acquaintance thus formed between the Prince and this sturdy section of his subjects, is thoroughly understood, and the Norskmen appreciate the good of it, after their own independent fashion. One or two speakers, however, have greeted him with rather inflated and fulsome speeches, going so far as to liken him to St. Olaf, of pious memory. The only resemblance appears to be, that he is the first royal personage, since the days of that monarch, who has visited these mountains.

Utne has some curious historical recollections. In a hillock near the house several klinkers, such as those used for fastening the planking of vessels,

have been discovered. Here then is a confirmation of the accounts given by Snorr. The ship, which was the Viking's most valuable possession, which had borne him to foreign lands, to booty and to fame, was, at his death, drawn upon land; his body was then placed in it, and both were consumed by fire. Earth was then heaped over the ashes, and the grave encircled by a ship-shaped enclosure of upright stones, a taller stone being placed in the centre to represent the mast.

Sometimes, too, the dying Sea King's obsequies were celebrated in a fashion, around which the halo of romance has been thrown. "King Hake of Sweden cuts and slashes in battle as long as he can stand, then orders his war-ship, loaded with his dead men and their weapons, to be taken out to sea, the tiller shipped, and the sails spread; being left alone, he sets fire to some tar-wood, and lies down contented on the deck. The wind blew off the land, the ship flew, burning in clear flame, out between the islets and into the ocean, and there was the right end of King Hake."\*

\* Emerson.



Considering that this place is so near such an enormous tract of snow and ice as the Folgefond, it is rather astonishing to find that it will grow cherries, apples, and corn, better than most places around.

I make a point in all these spots of examining any printed notice that I may come across, as being likely to throw light on the country and its institutions. Here, for instance, is a Government ordinance of 1855, about the Fante-folk, otherwise Tatere, or gipsies. From this I learn that some fifteen hundred of these Bedouins are moving about the kingdom, with children, who, like themselves, have never had Christian baptism or Christian instruction. They are herewith invited to settle down, and the Government promises to afford them help for this purpose; otherwise they shall still be called "gipsies," and persecuted in various ways.

## CHAPTER XI.

From Fairy lore to Nature lore—Charming idea for stout folk—Action and reaction—Election day at Bergen—A laxstie—A careless pilot—Discourse about opera-glasses—Paulsen Vellavik and the bears—The natural character of bears—Poor Bruin in a dilemma—An intelligent Polar bear—Family plate—What is fame?—A simple Simon—Lime-stone fantasia—The paradise of botanists—Strength and beauty knit together—Mountain hay-making—A garden in the wilderness—Footprints of a celebrated botanist—Crevasses—Dutiful snow streams—Swerre's sok—The Rachels of Eternity—A Cockney's dream of desolation—Curds and whey—The setting in of misfortunes—Author's powder-flask has a cold bath—The shadows of the mountains—The blind leading the blind—On into the night—The old familiar music—Holloa—Welcome intelligence.

FROM Utne I take boat for a spot called Ose, in a secluded arm of the Fjord. My boatman, an intelligent fellow, tells me that Asbjørnsen, the author of a book of Fairy Tales, is now, like Mr. Kingsley, turned naturalist, and has been dredg-

ing with a skrabe (scraper) about here. He has discovered one small mussel, and a new kind of star-fish, with twelve rays about twelve inches long, body about the size of a crown-piece, and the whole of a bright red. The rays are remarkably brittle. This I afterwards saw in the Museum at Bergen. Asbjørnsen is an exceedingly stout man, and very fat, and the simple country-people have the idea, therefore, that he must be very rich. Wealth and fatness they believe must go together.

The wind, which had all the morning been blowing from the land, as the afternoon advances veers round, like the Bise of the Mediterranean, and thus becomes in our favour. I now see the reason why the men would not start till the afternoon. In fine weather, the wind almost invariably blows from the sea after mid-day, and from the mountain in the morning; and, in illustration of the law that action and reaction are always equal and contrary, the stronger it blows out, the stronger it blows in. Tit for tat.

Erik, who is very communicative, says, "This

is our election day at Bergen for South Bergen-Stift. We don't choose directly; every hundred men elect one; and this College of Voters elects the Storthing's-man. Mr. H——, the clergyman, is one of the sitting members."

"Has every male adult a vote?"

"No. In the country they must have a land-qualification, and pay so much tax to Government; besides which, before they can exercise their franchise, they must swear to the Constitution. People think much more of the privilege than they did formerly. Several have qualified lately. The more voters, the more Storthing's-men, so that the Storthing is increasing in number."

As we scud along, we pass a stage projecting from a rock. This is a Laxstie, or place where salmon are caught, as they swim by, by means of a capstan-net, which is hoisted up suddenly as they pass over it. But I shall have occasion to describe one of these curious contrivances hereafter.

"Very curious fish, those salmon," continued my informant. "They are very fond of light—"

like moths for that; always like to take up the Fjord where the cliffs are lowest—at least, so I hear.”

The breeze being fresh, we went gaily along; “So hurtig som sex” (as quick as six), said the man, using a saying of the country. Presently, he fastened the sheet, drew a lump of tobacco out of his waistcoat-pocket, and began to chew.

“You must not fasten the sheet,” interposed I.

“Why, you are not ‘sö-raed’ (frightened of the sea)?”

“No; but you Norskmen are very careless. Supposing a Kaste-wind comes from that mountain plump upon us, where are you?”

“Oh, that is never the case in summer.”

“Can you swim?” said I.

“No.”

“Well, I can; so that in case of accident you have more reason to be alarmed than I. But I have property in the boat, and I shan’t run the risk of losing it.”

“Ah! you English are very particular. Not long ago I rowed four Englishmen. Directly we got in the bay, although it was beautiful weather, one and all they pulled out a cloth bag with

a screw to it, and blew it up, and put it round their waists."

I could not help smiling at my countrymen's peculiarities. As we swept along under the cliffs, I inquired whether there were any bears about here.

"Bears! forstaae sig (to be sure)! You see that speck yonder? That's Vellavik."

I took out my double glass to discern it—they are infinitely superior to the single ones.

"Bless me! why you have got a skue-spil kikkert\* (theatre-glass)!"

"Skue-spil! what do you know about skue-spil?"

"Why, I once was at Bergen, and went to see a play."

"Indeed! And how did you like it?"

"Not much. I also saw a juggler and a rope-dancer; that I liked a vast deal better."

"But about that bear at Vellavik?"

"Oh, yes. Well, Paulsen Vellavik, who lives yonder, was up under the mountain early in the spring. The bears get up there then to eat the young grass, for it springs there first. He was

\* From "kige," to spy, still extant in the Scottish word "to keek."

coming down a narrow scaur—you know what I mean? Such a place as that yonder"—pointing to a deep scaur in the side of the mountain. "Suddenly he meets four bears coming towards him, two old, two young. The bears did not wish to meet him, for when they were some distance off, they turned out of the road, and tried to climb up out of the scaur; but it was too steep. So down they came towards him, growling horribly. He immediately stuffed his body, head foremost, into a hole which he saw in the cliff. It was not deep enough to get himself hidden in. His legs stuck out. In another second two of the bears were upon him, biting at his legs. To scream was death. His only chance of preservation was to sham dead. After biting him, and putting him to great pain, which he endured without a sound, the bears paused, and listened attentively. Paulsen could distinctly feel their hot breath, and, indeed, see them from his hiding-place. After thus listening some time, and not hearing him breathe or move, they came to the conclusion that he was dead, and then they left him. Faint with loss of blood, his

legs frightfully bitten, he managed, nevertheless, to crawl home, and is slowly recovering."

"That is a very good bear-story," said I; "have you another?"

"Ah, sir, the bear is a curious creature; he does not become so savage all at once. When they are young, they eat berries and grass; presently they take to killing small cattle—I mean sheep and goats. Later in life they begin killing horses and cows, and when the bear is very old, he attacks men. But they are great cowards sometimes. Ivar Aslaacson met a she-bear and three young ones this summer. She bit his leg; but he drove her off with nothing but a bidsel"—i.e., iron bit and bridle.

The biter bit, as you may say. This seems rather a favourite weapon of attack. Snorro relates how those two ruffians, Arek and Erek, rode off together into the forest, and were found dead, their heads punched in "med hesten-hoved-band"—i.e., with their horses' bits.

"Once," continued my informant, "I and a party of young fellows went up to a saeter on the



mainland, just opposite Utne. It was Sunday, and we were going to have a lark with the sæter girls. They were in great alarm, for they had seen a bear snuffing about. Off we set in pursuit. At last we found him, skulking about, and drove him with our cries down towards the cliffs that look over the Fjord. We saw him just below us, and shouted with all our might, and the dogs barked. This alarmed him, and he seemed to lose his head, for he jumped to a place where there was no getting away from. Down we thundered rocks and stones at him. He looked in doubt what to do. Then he tried to jump upon another rock; but the stone slipped from under him, and rolled down, and he after it, and broke his neck. A famous fat fellow he was.

“A year or two ago, some men were fishing along shore at Skudenaes, when, lo and behold, they saw something white swimming along straight for the land. It was a white bear. One of them landed, and ran for a gun, and shot at the beast as it touched the shore. It put up its paws in a supplicating manner, as if to beg them to be merciful, but a shot or two more killed the animal with-

out it offering any resistance. It is thought that the creature had escaped from some ship coming from Spitzbergen."

After a favourable run, we enter a deep Fjord, and landing at its extremity, march up to a cluster of houses. Here I agree with one Simon, for the sum of three dollars, to convey my effects over the Fjeld to the Sogne Fjord. His daughter Sunniva prepares me some coffee. To ladle out the cream, she places on the board a stumpy silver spoon, the gilding of which is nearly worn off. It was shaped like an Apostle spoon, except that the shaft was very short, and ended in something like the capital of a pillar.

"That's a curious spoon," I observed to Madam, who now appeared on household cares intent.

"Ah! that belonged to my grandfather, Christopher Gaeldnaes. Did you never hear of him?"

"I can't say I ever did."

"Indeed! Why he was a man renowned for wisdom and wealth all over Norway in the Danish days. Our clergyman tells me that this sort of spoon used to be hung round the child's neck at baptism" (Döbe = dipping.)

In the Museum of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen, a similar one may be seen.

The extent of the household accommodations was not great. There were no sheets; as a *make-shift*, I suggested a table-cloth, of the existence of which I was aware; and, in place of a towel, the *pis-aller* was a shirt. I rose at three o'clock, A.M., as we had a long journey before us; but Simon was not ready till much later. He was evidently a fumbling sort of fellow; and even when we had started, he had to run back and get something he had forgotten. From my experience in guides, I augured ill of his capabilities. To judge from the map, I thought we ought to accomplish the passage of the Fjeld before dark; but all that could be got out of him on this subject was, he could not say. If we couldn't get over, there was a *châlet* where we might sleep.

As we trudged up the very narrow valley behind the houses, following the brawling stream, I had leisure to survey the surrounding objects. Right and left were impending mountains of enormous height, while in front of us stood, forbidding our

approach, a wall of rock. Behind lay the placid Fjord, with a view of Folgefond in the distance, just catching the blush of the sunrise. The summits of some of the cliffs were cut into all sorts of fantastic shapes. The stupendous ruins which choked the path and stream, and were of limestone, at once explained the reason of the horrid forms above. The rock, from its nature, is evidently given to breaking away, and when it does so, does not study appearances. My guide, however, has something to say on the subject.

“Yonder, sir, is the priest. Don't you see him? His nose (Probst-snabel) came away some months ago, so that now his face is not so easy to make out. That other rock goes by the name of Störk's stool. Did you ever hear the story? Störk was a strong man, and a daring withal. One day he was up at a Thing (assize) at Kinservik, where the Bishop presided. Enraged at some decision made by his right reverence, Störk struck at him with his axe, but luckily missed him, making a fearful gash in the door-post. Störk immediately fled to Ose, below there. Not long after, the Bishop's

boat was descried rowing into the Fjord, to take vengeance for the act of violence. Störk at once fled up to that rock there, to watch the proceedings. Close by it there is a hole, and he had ready a vast flat stone, for the purpose of drawing it over the mouth, in case the Bishop came in pursuit. Meantime, he had left instructions with his son Tholf (which also means twelve) how to act. Tholf, who was a huge fellow, and nearly as strong as his father, set out in his boat to meet the Bishop, having on board a barrel of beer. As the other boat drew near he rested on his oars, and asked the Bishop's permission to drink his health; and this being given, he took up the barrel and began drinking out of the bung-hole. The size of this fellow rather appalled the Bishop, who discreetly inquired whether Störk had any other such sons. 'He has *Tholf*,' was the crafty answer. When the Bishop, not relishing an encounter with twelve such fellows, turned his boat round, and retreated with all speed."

In spite of my anticipations, I find the path gradually unfolds itself as we advance, worming

in and out of the rocks. More luxuriant shrub-vegetation I never beheld; a perfect Paradise of Sub-alpine plants. There were raspberries, and strawberries, and haeggebaer (bird-cherry), the wood of which is the toughest in Norway; besides many kinds of wild flowers, peeping among the fallen rocks. And then the ferns: there was the delicate oak-leaved fern, and the magnificent "polysticum logkitis," with several others. Growing among these was a plant which appeared to be parsley-fern, specimens of which I stuffed into my book.

"Ay, that's a nasty plant, sir," said my guide. "En hel Maengde (a great lot) of it grows hereabouts. We call it Torboll" (I suppose from the destroying god Thor), or Heste-spraeng (horse-burster). It stops them up at once, and they begin to swell, and the only chance then is a clyster."

The cause of all this luxuriance of vegetation is to be found in the sheltered position of the valley, and the moisture caused by the

Thousand pretty rills  
That tumble down the rocky hills.

One wonders where so much water comes from ; till, lifting up the eye beyond the tall cliffs that lie still in the shadow, the vision lights on a field of glistening snow, which the morning sun has just caught and illumined.

Each step that we ascend the flowers grow perceptibly smaller and smaller, but their tints brighter, while the scenery grows more rugged and sombre, and its proportions vaster—an apt representation of savage strength pillowing beauty on its bosom.

As we climb higher and higher, we pass a waterfall, over which hovers an iris, one of those frequent decorations of Norwegian landscape which a British islander but seldom sees in his be-fogged home. Looking back, and following the stream below with my eye, I perceive two figures approaching the water's edge.

"That's my son and daughter," exclaimed Simon. "They are going to make hay on that slope on the other side," said he, pointing to a little green spot high up the mountain.

If a crop was to be got there it would be one,

methought, such as the Scripture describes, "with which the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth up the sheaves his bosom." Such little matters indicate the wrestle that mankind here has to make both ends meet; in other words, to get a supply of forage enough to last from September to May.

"But there's no bridge," exclaimed I. "They can't get over."

"Oh, they'll manage."

And sure enough I saw the boy first, and then the girl, take off their shoes, and with a hop, spring, and a jump, light on a stone standing out in the torrent, and then on another; and so over with the agility of mountain goats. One false step—an easy matter when the rocks were so slippery—and they would have endangered limb at any rate, for the lin was deep, and worked up to a dangerous pitch of exasperation by the knock-me-down blows that its own gravity was giving it.

Before we emerge from the vast labyrinth of mountain ruin, one overhanging fragment particularly arrests my attention, for, under its eaves, a



quantity of martens had constructed their mud habitations, and were darting out and athwart the stream and back again with their muscicular booty, with intense industry. The trout abound in the brook that placidly flows through the little green plain beyond; but, with such a host of winged fly-catchers about, I doubt whether they ever get into season. Here, taking advantage of this little oasis of sweet grass, two or three saeters had been constructed, with the cows and sheep around them. The bald rock, up which our path now lay, was of mica-slate, striped with bands of white felspar; cold and grey, it was void of grass. The beautiful ferns we had left nestling among the clefts far behind, but a bit of stone-crop held its own here and there, and the claret-stalked London Pride asserted its dignity with much pertinacity. There was also abundance of a red flower.

On the bare waterless brow  
Of granite ruin, I found a purple flower,  
A delicate flower, as fair as aught I trow,  
That toys with zephyrs in my lady's bower.

“Ah!” said Simon, as I picked up some spe-

cimens, "it must be nigh thirty years ago that I guided a Thelemarken priest over this Fjeld. He told me the name of that 'grass' you've got there (a Norwegian calls all flowers 'grass') but I don't mind it now. He had a large box with him, and filled it full of grass and mosses. He was very particular about that black moss under the snow. His name was—let me see—"

"Sommerfeldt," suggested I, the well-known author of the *Supplementum Floræ Laponicæ*.

"That's it!" exclaimed Simon; "quite right."

The inclined plane, up which we strode, was clearly the work of a glacier. But though there was no ice now, there were crevasses notwithstanding. The mountain was traversed with deep parallel fissures, from a few inches to two or three feet in width. There might have been a score of them—the widest spanned by little bridges of stone, thrown across by the peasants for precaution's sake.

"Dangerous paths these on a dark night," observed I.

"Yes, and in broad daylight too," was the response.

"Mind how you go—it's very slape. Do you see that mark?" continued he, pointing to a long scrawl on the slippery surface, which terminated on the edge of one of these yawning chasms. "The best horse in the valley made that. He slipped in there, and was lost. Nabo (neighbour) Ole's ox did the same thing in another place. Forfaerdelig Sprække (frightful crack)! Pray take care; let me go first. It will be very bad going, I see, to-day. The snow is so much melted this summer," said he, as we scrambled down into a deep basin, the bottom of which was occupied by grim Stygian pools of snow-slush and spongy ice. We were no sooner out of this slough of despond, than we were on a quasi glacier, with its regularly-marked dirt bands. The snow on which we trod was honeycombed and treacherous. Underneath it might be heard rumbling rills busily engaged in excavating crevasses. Now and then one of them came to the light of day, with that peculiar milky tint of freshly-melted snow, as if the fluid was loth

to give up all at once its parent colour, dutiful child. To add to the strangeness of the scene, the sun, which was now high in heaven, catching the face of the mica-slate, bronzed it into the colour of the armour we have seen worn by the knights at the Christmas pantomime.

"We call that Swerre's Sok," said my guide, pointing to an eminence on my left, reminding me that the brave Norsk king of that name, when pursued by his foes, escaped with the remnants of his army by this appalling route. "He took his sleeping quarters at the saeter we are coming to," continued Simon.

"That's Yuklin," said my cicerone, pointing to a rounded mountain to the right, muffled in "a saintly veil of maiden white," and looking so calm and peaceful amid the storm-tost stone-sea that howled around us. To the left were two lesser snow mountains, Ose Skaveln and Vosse Skaveln, looking down on the scene of confusion at their feet with no less dignity than their sister. Striking images these of tranquil repose and rending passion! It was a magnificent, still, autumn day; if it had

been otherwise, it would be difficult to imagine what features the scene would have assumed. I have seen a good deal of the Fjeld ; but, until now, I had no notion how it can look in some places. "Vegetation has ceased now," said the old man, with a kind of shiver, which was quite contagious, as we stumbled among

Crag, rocks, and mounds, confusedly hurled,  
The fragments of an earlier world.

But a common-place comparison may perhaps bring what I saw home to my readers. Suppose a sudden earthquake, or a succession of them, were to rend, and prostrate, and jumble and tumble all London, choking up the Thames with debris of all imaginable shapes, and converting its bed into deep standing pools, with now and then the toppling tower of a temple or a palace reflecting itself in the waters. And, to crown all, not a single living mortal to be seen about the ruins. If this will not suffice to illustrate the scene, the blame must be laid on my barrenness of invention.

Well, after some miles of this amusement, we came upon a broad, hollow way. To the right of this path was the dark, soft, slaty micaceous schist, but it came no further; and to the left of the line was nothing but white granitic gneiss. A little further on the rock was scorched.

"That's the Torden," said Simon; "a man was struck by lightning here not so long ago."

At last we emerged on a sort of stony moor, and after eight hours' walk suddenly got upon a small plot of grass, and stopped at a *châlet*. I was not sorry to preface an attack on my own stores by a slight foray among the milky produce of the Fjeld dairy. The curds ("Dravle" or "gum") proved excellent.

This spot was called Hallingskie, and was forty-two English miles from the first farm in Hallingdal. Hitherto, on the whole, we had got on pretty successfully, though at a rather tortoise pace. It was now that our misfortunes began. In the first place, it was too late to think of achieving the passage of the Fjeld by daylight. So we were to sleep at a certain distant *châlet*; notwithstanding which Simon

seemed in no hurry to move; and it was only when I started off alone that he bestirred himself, jabbering as fast as possible to the old man and woman who lived on this lonely spot. Presently we missed our way, or rather direction—for there was no way whatsoever—and lost much time in hitting off the scent again. If we kept to the right, we got among snow; if too much to the left, the valley was effectually stopped up by inky lakes, laving the bases of perpendicular cliffs. A shot or two at ptarmigan somewhat enlivened the horrors of the scene.

At last, after many ups and downs and roundabouts, we descend into a valley, and cross over a deepish stream, both of us sitting on the horse. Once on the further bank, I, of course, relieved the horse of my weight. Not so my precious Norsakman. The unfortunate nag, pressed down by his bulk, sunk at once almost to his hocks in the morass, and only by a prodigious effort extricated himself, to flounder back into the stream. Before I was aware of it, to my consternation, I saw the poor creature was getting into deep water, and then swimming, only his mouth out of water, with all my baggage,

coat, gun, &c., submerged. The wretched Simon, who had never had the adroitness to throw himself from the poor beast's back, sat firmly upon him, just like the Old Man of the sea on the back of Sinbad the sailor—a proper incubus. Of course they'll both be drowned, thought I; but no! the poor beast has secured a footing on the further side of the water, and gradually emerges, all my traps dripping gallons of water. My maps, and powder, and gun, too, terrible thought! So much for the pleasures of travelling in Norway.

Presently, the quadruped recrossed at the ford above. After scolding the man most resolutely for his carelessness, and adjusting the pack, which had got under the horse's belly, I proceeded. On we trudged, I sulky beyond measure, and weary to boot, but consoling myself with the thought of being speedily at the chalet, where I might rest for the night, and dry my effects. The shadows of the mountains beginning to lengthen apace over the dreary lake which we were now skirting, warned me that the day was far spent. But still no symptoms of a habitation. The way seemed



interminable. At last, halting, I Old-Baileyed the guide.

"How far have we to go?"

"Not so very far."

"But night is coming on."

"Oh, we shall get there in a liden Stund (a little while.)"

"Hvor er Stölen (where is the châlet)?"

"It ought to be near."

"Ought to be! what do you mean? Haven't you been this road before?"

"No. But the stöl is near the second great lake, and the second lake can't be far. We've passed the first."

After this agreeable revelation I was wound up into a towering state of ire, which made it prudent not to say more.

Picking my way with difficulty through brooks, and holes, and rocks, on I stumped. Twilight at last became no-light, as we emerged on the side of what seemed to be a lake. Here the châlet ought to be. But whether or no, it was too dark to see. Halting, the guide exclaimed—

"What are we to do?"

"Do? why sleep under a rock, to be sure. Take the load off the horse, and turn him loose. But stop. Is not that the stöl?" exclaimed I, advancing to a dark object, a few yards from us, when I plunged up to my knees in a peat-hag, from which I with difficulty extricated myself. Hitherto my feet had been dry, but they were so no longer.

"Hold your tongue!" I thundered out to the guide, who kept chattering most vociferously, and assuring me that the stöl ought to be here.

"Listen! is not that a bell, on the side of the hill?" We listened accordingly. Sure enough it was the sound of a bell on the side of the mountain, mingling with the never-ceasing hum of the distant waterfalls. It must be some cattle grazing, and the saeter could not be far off. "Try if you can't make your way up in the direction of the sound. The building must be there."

During the half-hour that my Sancho was absent, I tramped disconsolately, like "the knight of the sorrowful figure," up and down a little square of

ground by the horse, to keep myself warm, as, besides being wet, I sensibly felt the cold of the perpetual snow which lay not far off. In due time Simon returned. The solitary bell was that of a horse, who was feeding on the slope, but no saeter could he find.

"Can you holloa?" I exclaimed; "let's holloa both together."

"I can't, sir," croaked he; "I have no voice." And now I perceived what I had before scarcely noticed, that his voice did not rise above the compass of a cracked tea-kettle. So, as a last resource, I commenced a stentorian solo—"Wi har tabt Veien; hvor er Stölen,"—(We have lost our way. Where is the stöl?)—till the rocks rebellowed to the sound. Suddenly I hear in the distance a sound as of many cattle-bells violently rung, and then, as suddenly, all the noise ceased.

"Strange that. Did you not hear it?" I asked.

"Surely they were cattle."

My guide's superstitions, I fancy, began to be worked on, and he said nothing. Neither did any response come to my louder inquiries, except that

of the echoes. There was nothing for it, then, but to unload the horse, and take up a position under the lee of some stone. The night was frosty, and my pea-coat was wet through, with immersion in the river. Nevertheless, I put it on, and over all, the horse-rug, regular cold water-cure fashion. Then, munching some of the contents of my wallet, and drinking my last glass of brandy, I lit a pipe. Before long, a bright star rose above the mountain, and out twinkled, by degrees, several other stars.

"The moon," my man said, "must soon follow;" but before her cold light was shed across the valley, I had dozed off. At four o'clock I was awake by Simon, begging me to rise, which I felt very loth to do. Awakened by the cold, he had got up, and by the grey dawn had discovered the saeter, not many hundred yards distant.

"My good Englishman, do get up, and dry yourself," he added, "they've lit a fire."

## CHAPTER XII.

The lonely chalet—The spirit of the hills—Bauta stones—Battle-fields older than history—Sand falls—Thorsten Fretum's hospitality—Norwegian roads—The good wife—Author executes strict justice—Urland—Crown Prince buys a red nightcap—A melancholy spectacle—The trick of royalty—Author receives a visit from the Lehnsmann—Skiff voyage to Leirdalsören—Limestone cliffs—Becalmed—A peasant lord of the forest—Inexplicable natural phenomena—National education—A real postboy—A disciple for Braham—The Hemsedal's fjeld—The land of desolation—A passing belle—The change house of Bjöberg—"With twenty ballads stuck upon the wall"—A story about hill folk—Sivardson's joke—Little trolls—The way to cast out wicked fairies—The people in the valley—Pastor Engelstrup—Economy of a Norwegian change-house—The Halling dance—Tame reindeer—A region of horrors.

BOBBING my head low, I entered the chalet. One side of the small interior was occupied by a bed, on which lay a woman with an infant in her arms, while at the other end of the couch—heads and

tails fashion—were a little boy and girl. The other side of the den was occupied by shelves covered with cheeses and vessels of milk, while near the door was the hearth, on which some dried juniper and willow bushes were crackling, under the superintendence of the stalwart Hans, who had left his helpmate's side. Of course the good folks bid me welcome, and bewailed my mischance; and I felt as secure here, though quite alone, and not a soul in England knew where I was, as if I had been in my native country.

Taking a seat on the end of a box, which I turned up for the purpose—the only seat in the place—I commenced warming my outer man with the blaze and smoke of the cabin, and my inner with a kettle of hot tea. How fortunate it was that I thought of taking a stock of it with me.

“Did not you hear me cry out, last night?” asked I, when I had thawed a little.

“We heard a noise outside, and peeped out. All the cattle sprang to their feet in great alarm; so we thought it might be some wild animal. Afterwards, we heard the sound repeated, and did not

know what to make of it. I didn't like to venture out."

"You thought it was a troll, no doubt," suggested I, but did not press him on this point.

Reader, if you lived the life of these people, I'll venture to say that, were you as matter-of-fact a body as ever lived, you would become infected with a tinge of superstition in spite of yourself.

Presently Hans and his wife got up to milk the cows, and we resumed our journey. There were trout of three pound weight, I learned, in the dark lake close by, but I had had quite enough of mountain sojourn for the present. The next two or three hours' travel presented the same scenes as before, savage in the extreme. Now snow, now ice, now rocks splintered, riven asunder, cast upon heaps, and ranged in fantastic groups, with now and then a delicate anemone, red or white, and other Alpine plants peeping modestly out of the ruins.

At last, emerging on a grassy slope, we saw, five or six miles below us, the arm of the Sogne Fjord, whither we were journeying. What a pleasure it was to tread once more on a piece of flat road,

which we did at a place called Flom. More than one Bauta stone erected to commemorate some event, about which nobody knows anything at all, is to be found here. Not long ago they were very numerous; but these relics of a heathen race have been gradually destroyed by the bonders. Offensive and defensive armour is not unfrequently picked up in the neighbourhood, so that this secluded valley must have been at one time the scene of great events.

Over the stream to the left, I see one of those sand-falls so frequent in this country, and more destructive to property than the snow avalanche.\* In an unlucky hour some sudden rain-storm washes off the outer skin—i.e., grass, or herbage, of a steep hill of loam or sand. From that hour the sides of the hill keep perishing—nothing will grow upon them, and every rain the earthy particles keep crumbling off from the slope: thus, not only curtailing the available land above, but damaging

\* To life also sometimes. Thus, King Ormud was overwhelmed, Snorro tells us, by a rush of stones and mud caused by rain after snow.



the crops below. Woe to the farmer who has a mud or sand-fall of this description on his property.

Not sorry was I to darken the doors of Thorsten Fretum, whose house stood on an eminence, commanding a view up the valley and the Fjord. Bayersk Oel and Finkel—old and good—raw ham, eggs, and gammel Ost—a banquet fit for the gods—were set before me. Thorsten Fretum is a man of substance, and of intelligence to boot. He has twice been member of parliament—one of the twenty peasant representatives out of the aggregate one hundred and four which compose the Storting. A person of enlightened views, he is especially solicitous about the improvement of the means of road-communication. At present, between the capital, Christiania, and Bergen there are no less than sixty miles of boating ; fancy there being sixty miles of sea voyage, and no other means of transit between London and Aberdeen.

Mr. Fretum is well acquainted with the mountains, and from him I learn that my guide has brought me some twenty miles out of the right way.

Mrs. Fretum, a nice-looking woman, wears the regular peasant cap of white linen stiffly starched, but of lighter make than those used in the Hardanger, while round the forehead is fastened a dark silk riband. She is the mother of fourteen sons, some of whose small white heads I could see now and then protruded through a distant door to get a sight of the stranger.

Mr. Fretum catches large salmon in the river, and exhibits flies of his own construction. A few of mine will serve him as improved patterns, and at the same time be an acknowledgment of his hospitality.

The lyster, I find, is used, but as the river is not of a nature to admit of boats, the weapon is secured by a string to the wrist of the caster. I must not omit to say that I deliberately fined my guide one dollar for the injury I had sustained by his carelessness, which he submitted to with a tolerably good grace, evidently thinking I had let him off very cheaply.

An old man and a young girl row me in the evening to that most pretty spot, Urland. Here I

find shelter at the merchant's, just close to the whitewashed church, which, according to tradition, was originally a *depôt* for merchandize, and belonged to the Hanse League. As I landed, a crowd of peasants stood on the beach taking farewell of a lot of drovers bound for the south. They wore, instead of the national red cap, one of blue worsted, adorned with two parallel white lines. This is peculiar to parts of the Sogne district. The Crown Prince, by-the-bye, enchanted the peasants by purchasing one of the aforesaid red nightcaps to take to Stockholm.

Didn't I get up a good fire in the iron stove which garnished one corner of the comfortable room up-stairs. With a palpitating heart I then opened my box to investigate the amount of damage done by the immersion. What a sight! Those carefully starched white shirts and collars which I had expressly reserved for the period when I should get back to towns and cities, limper than the flexible binding of the guide-book. The books, too, and maps humid throughout; the ammunition nearly in the same plight; while those captain-

biscuits, on which I counted, were converted into what I should imagine was very like baby-food, though I am not skilled in those matters.

There was no need of the cup of cold water, which travelling Englishmen so often insist on placing near the red-hot thirty-six pounders (*i.e.*, iron German stoves) for the purpose of neutralising the dryness of the atmosphere in the apartment, for I was soon in a cloud of steam rising from the drying effects.

The *Morgen-Bladt*, I see, still continues to give accounts of the Crown Prince's progress. He has been examining some extensive draining operations near Molde, much to the wonderment of the peasants.

"I trow the king's son knows as much about these things as the best farmer among us," said a red-capped bonder to another in the crowd.

"Ay, and a vast deal more, let me tell thee, neighbour Ole." And then a strapping youth exclaims,

"How sorry I am that I've served out my time under the king (*i.e.*, as a soldier); I finished last

year. It must be sheer holiday work to serve under such a bonny lad as that."

The Viceroy continually indulges in harmless pleasantries with the good folks, without any loss of dignity by thus unbending. Can any one tell me why things are so different in England? When Shakspeare said "that a sort of divinity hedges a king," he did not mean to say that royalty should be iced. I remember many years ago being at a public masked ball at a continental capital when the King, who was good humouredly sauntering all among the maskers, came up and asked me what character my dress represented, and then made some witty *apropos* as he passed on through the crowd.

The usual explanation given for the sharper distinction of ranks in Great Britain is the vulgarity and want of *savoir faire* of the less elevated classes, who, if they get an inch, will take an ell. If this is true, it is a great blot on the Anglo-Saxon, or whatever you call it, character, that an Englishman cannot take some middle place between flunkeyism and forwardness, sycophancy and rudeness.

During the evening I am favoured with a visit from the Lehnsmann, who informs me that the stream close by is rented by an Englishman, who never comes, although it holds good salmon. I also learn, that by a very wise regulation, which might be imitated with good effect in England, he has to report annually to the chief government officer of the district (1), upon the amount of grain sown ; (2), the prospects of the harvest ; (3), on the result of the harvest. This enables the authorities and merchants to regulate their measures accordingly, and neither more nor less grain is imported than is necessary.

Mons and Illing were the names of the two clever boatmen who manned our skiff the next day to Leirdalsören, distant nearly forty miles. Rounding a vast cliff, whose sides were so steep as not to afford a particle of foothold in case of need, the bark bounds merrily along before a regular gale, and we lose sight very soon of the peaceful Urland, and descry another little green spot, Underdal, with its black chapel of ease to the mother church. Lower down on the same side we open

the entrance to Neri Fjord, guarded by stupendous limestone bluffs; one of these is black with the exposure of many thousand years, and nearly perpendicular. But the most picturesque is the western portal, where in parts the white rock has become turned into a beautiful purple, diversified here and there by patches of green foliage.

I should not have liked to be here on a sunshiny day, just after dame Nature had completed the operation of opening the white limestone. A pair of green spectacles would have been much needed to take off the edge of the glare. That street in Marseilles (see *Little Dorrit*), the minute description of the glare and heat of which reminds one of the tautological pie-man, "all hot, hot—hot again!" must have been nothing to it.

Many eagles have made these fastnesses their dwelling-places, and I hear from the boatmen they commit frequent ravages among the sheep and goats.

Of aquatic birds, red-throated divers are the only ones we see. Indeed, in this part of Norway, the traveller misses the feathered multitudes that are to be seen within the Arctic circle.

But the wind has suddenly failed us, and the five hours, in which we were to accomplish the distance, will infallibly expand into ten; for to our left lies Simla Naze, which is only half way; and the sun resting on its arid peak tells us it is already five o'clock, P.M., although we started before mid-day. Hence we see far down the Fjord to seaward. Yonder is Fresvik, the snow lying on the mountain above illuminated in a wonderful manner by the shooting rays of the sun, which is itself hidden behind a mist-robe. Further seaward, at least a dozen miles from here, may be plainly seen the yellow corn-fields about Systrand, near which is Sognedal, famous for its large Bauta stones.

We now veer round sharp to the eastward, and enter another arm of the immense Fjord. To our right lies the farm-house of Froningen, and behind it a large pine-forest—a rare sight about here—where the timber has been ruthlessly exterminated by the improvident peasants. This forest, consequently, which is seven English miles square, and the property of a single peasant, is of great



value. Our mast, which has hitherto been kept standing, in the vain hope of the breeze revisiting us at this point, is now unshipped; and I unship that most astonishing contrivance, the rudder, with its tiller a yard and a-half long. It was with such an instrument that King Olaf split open the skull of the son of Hacon Jarl.

As we approach Leirdal, the boat takes the ground a good distance from the landing-place. The detritus brought down from the Fille-Fjeld by the rapid Leirdal river, is gradually usurping the place of what was, some years ago, deep water. And yet, notwithstanding the shallowness and the great mass of fresh water coming in, there is less ice here in winter than at Urland, where the water is immensely deep, and much more salt. Indeed, the natural phenomena of this country are frequently inexplicable.

The throng of great, ill-fed looking peasants, who crowded the humble pier of piles, eager for a job, told tales of a numerous population with little to do. Although it was already night in this dark defile, jammed in between overshadowing moun-

tains, I forthwith order a carriage, and drive up the road.

"Do you go to school?" I asked of my boy-attendant.

"Yes," replied Lars Anders. "We must all go for six years, from eight to fourteen; that is to say, for the six winter months, from Martinmas to Sanct Johann's Tid (Midsummer.) After that, we go to the clergyman's for six months, to receive religious instruction."

At Midlysne, where I spent the night, some hermetically sealed provision boxes indicate a visit from Englishmen, who have been catching salmon here. But the increased rate of charges would of itself have suggested something of the kind.

A boy met us on the road next morning with three fine salmon on his back. He had caught them in a deep hole, near Seltum Bridge, and offers them for sale at twopence a pound. The salmon go up as far as Sterne Bridge, and are then stopped by a defile, where the torrent is choked up by masses of fallen rock.

From Husum station my attendant is a very small boy, who with difficulty manages to clamber up on his seat behind. As we commence the ascent of the remarkable road which surmounts the tremendous pass beyond, a deep bass voice sounds close to my ear, startling me not a little. I'll tell you what, reader, you would have started too, if a voice like that had sounded in your ears on such a spot, with no person apparently near, or in sight, that could be the owner of it. Could it come from that tiny urchin? Yet such was the case. Halvor Halvorsen was sixteen years of age, although no bigger than a boy of eight. The cause of his emitting those hollow tones was, that he wished to descend from his perch and walk up the pass, which he cannot do unless the vehicle is stopped; as if such a shrimp as that would make any possible difference to the horse. I suppose he has heard that the last ounce will break the camel's back. His nickname is Wetle, the sobriquet of all misbegotten imps in this country. He cannot spell, and is nearly daft, poor child; but for voice, commend me to him. The whip he

carries is nearly as long as himself; while his dress is exactly of the fashion worn by adults.

Further on the road branches in two directions; that to the left goes over the Fille-Fjeld. We take that to the right, and mount the Hemsedal's Fjeld, and are soon on the summit. Some miserable-looking châteaux dot the waste. One of these, Breitestøl, professes to give refreshment; but I did not venture within its forbidding precincts. The juniper scrub has in many places been caught by the frost, studding the wilderness of grey rock, and yellow reindeer moss, with odd-looking patches of russet. A series of sleet showers, which the wind is driving in the same direction as I am going, ever and anon spit spitefully at me. High posts at intervals indicate the presence here, for many months in the year, of deep, deep snow, when everything is under one uniform white, wedding-cake covering; funeral crust, I should rather say, to the unfortunate traveller, who chances to wander from the road, and gets submerged. Everything looks dreary in the extreme; the very brooks seem no longer to laugh joyously

as they come tumbling down from the heights. There is a dull hoarse murmur about them to-day, whether it is the state of the atmosphere, or the state of the wind, or the state of my own spirit at the moment, I know not; perhaps they are loth to leave the parental tarns for the lowlands. The bosom of mamma yonder is also ruffled, I see, into uneasy motion. The writer of *Undine* ought to have been here to embody the imaginings suggested by the scene.

I was all alone, my attendant having gone back with another traveller. Presently, I meet a solitary peasant girl, sitting in masculine fashion on a white pony. The stirrups are too long, so she has inserted her toes in the leathers. It struck me that the lines in the nursery rhyme—

This is the way the ladies ride,  
This is the way the gentlemen ride,

will have to be inverted for the benefit of Norsk babies. The damsel stares at me with much astonishment, and I stare at her, and, as we pass each other, a "good morning" is exchanged. And

now the water-shed is passed, as I reach an old barrow, which appears to have been opened ; and I dart down hill in company with a swiftly coursing stream, the beginning of the Hemsedal River.

Yonder to the left, auspicious sight, stands the change house of Bjöberg. I am soon in the Stue, eating mountain trout, and regaling myself with Bayersk Öl, and then coffee. The biting cold, although August was not yet over, sharpened my appetite. The waiters, who alternately bustled in and out of the room, were a thickset burly man, wearing a portentously large knife, with a weather-beaten, "old red sandstone" sort of countenance ; and a female, dressed in the hideous fashion of the country, her waist under her armholes ; a fashion none the less hideous from her being in an interesting condition. These two were the landlord, Knut Erickson Bjöberg, and his spouse, Bergita.

Warmed by the repast, I have leisure to survey the apartment. There were the usual amount of carved wooden spoons, painted bowls and boxes, but the prints upon the log-walls were what chiefly

engaged my attention. One of these was "The Bible map of the way to Life and Death." A youth, in blue coat and red stockings, is beheld on the one side, bearing a cross. After a series of most grotesque adventures, he arrives at heaven's gate, and is admitted by angels, who crown him with a chaplet. On the other side of the picture is a sort of "Rake's Progress." A man is seen dancing with a lady in a flame-coloured dress. Garlands, drinking, and fighting, are the order of the day. At last a person in black, with red toes and red horns, appears. There is a door into a lion's mouth, and, amid flames burning, evil spirits are descried. In another picture the "Marriage of Cana," is described not less graphically, and with equal attention to costume. The *bizarre*—an educated person would pronounce it profane—treatment, one would think, must sadly mar the good moral of the story. Knut was a most intelligent fellow, as I detected at a glance, and so I prevailed upon him to schuss me to the next station, Tuf, instead of sending a stupid lad.

"This is a strange wild country you live in,

Knut," said I, when we had driven a little distance.

"Well, sir, it is rather. What countryman are you, if I may be so bold?"

"Guess."

"To judge from the fishing-rod and the gun, you must be an Englishman. I once guided an Englishman—let me see—one Capitan Biddul (Biddulph?) over the mountains to the Sogne Fjord. Capitan Finne, too, the Norwegian Engineer, when he was surveying, I was a good deal with him."

"Do the people hereabouts believe in the hill-folk?" (Haugefolk=fairies).

"To be sure. There used to be a strange man living at Bjöberg before my father took to the place; one Knut Sivardson Sivard. His head was full of those hill-people. He used to tell an odd tale of a circumstance that happened to him years ago. One Yule, when he was just going to rest, came a tap at the door. 'Who is there?' he asked. 'Neighbours,' was the reply. Opening the door, he let in three queer-looking people, with pointed



white caps and dark clothes. 'I'm Torn Hougessind,' said one, with a swarthy face and a hideous great tooth in the middle of his upper jaw. 'I'm your nearest neighbour.' 'I'm Harald Blaassind,' said another. 'I'm'—I forget what the other called himself, but it was like the other two names, the name of some of those mountains near by. 'Strange that I never saw you before,' said Sivard, doubtfully. 'But we don't live so far off; we've called in to see how you do this Yule time.' Sivard did not like the appearance of matters, but said nothing, and set before them some Yule ale in a large birch bowl, such as we use for the purpose in these parts. How they did drink, those three fellows! But Hougessind beat the rest hollow. Every now and then, as the ale mounted to his brain, the creature laughed, and showed his monster tooth."

"A modern *Curius Dentatus*," mused I.

"Presently, in mere wantonness, he bit the board, saying, he would leave a mark of his visit. Sivard's son, Knut, who was a determined young fellow, lay in bed all this while, and rightly judged that if

the ale flowed at this pace, there would be very little left for the remainder of the Christmas festivities. So he slily reached his gun, which hung on the wall, and taking good aim, fired right at Hougensind, him with the tooth, when the whole three vanished in a twinkling! Sivard used to show the mark of the tooth in the board, but I have heard that it looked just as if it had been made by a horse tooth hammered into it. However, the tale got all over the country, and folks used to come up from Christiania to see Sivardson Sivard, and hear the description of what he had seen.

“Fond of a joke was Sivard. There is a patch of grass you passed up the road—a very scarce article hereabouts. Drovers used to stop there unbeknown to him, and give their cattle a bellyful, and then came and took a glass at the house, and said nothing about it. He was determined to be even with them; so he dressed up a guy with an old helmet on, and a sword in his hand, and placed the figure close by a hovel there. Not many nights after, a drover came rushing into the house almost senseless with fright. ‘He is coming, he is coming!’

the Lord deliver me!’ ‘What now?’ exclaimed Sivard. The drover explained that he was coming along, when he spied a man in armour, with dreadful glaring eyes and sword, rushing after him. He ran for his life. It was one of the Hill folk. ‘Are you certain he moved?’ inquired Sivard, ready to burst with laughter. ‘Quite certain.’ ‘But where were you?’ ‘Oh! I had just turned out of the road a bit, to give the horses a bite of grass’—‘that did not belong to you,’ continued the other. ‘Serve you right for trespassing.’

“But we all believe in these people up here,” continued my companion. “Not so very long ago, Margit and Sunniva—two saeter girls—just when they were leaving with the cattle for home, at the end of the summer, saw two little trolls steal into the deserted hut. They observed them accurately. They were dressed in red; with blue caps, and each had a pipe and a neat little cane.”

“And do these people ever do harm?”

“Oh, yes! Sometimes they injure the cattle, and make people ill. There are some women who are skilled in breaking the charm. They are called

'Signe-kone' (from signe, to exorcise, and kone, woman). One or two such live in the valley. They are considered better than any doctor for a sore."

"And what is their method of cure?"

"Why, they smear something over the place, and say a few words, and blow (blaese). Blowing is an important part of the ceremony. They measure children, too, from head to foot; that is a good thing."

"And what sort of people," asked I, "are there in the valley?"

"Oh! I can't say much for them. I'm the vorstand (a kind of churchwarden or parish trustee), so I know something about it. The priest, not long ago, told them from the pulpit that there were more bastards born, than children in lawful wedlock. But they don't care. It's all Brantvun that does it. I've seen lads come to church with a bottle of brandy, and, directly it's over, give the girls a drink. Hard work for the clergyman, I believe you. But Pastor Engelstrup—you've heard of him no doubt;—he was the man to manage

them. Prodigiously strong he was. When he was building his gaard at Gool, there was a beam three of them were trying to lift on the roof, but couldn't. 'Let me try,' said he, and raised the timber without more ado. He is gone up to Aal, in Hal-lingdal now. We missed him very much. He was as good as he was strong."

"Is he a big man?"

"No, not so very; but he is very thickset, with curly black hair, now got grey."

I find that Knut gets pretty well paid for maintaining a change-house in such a solitary spot as Bjöberg. The Government allows him three hundred dollars per annum for keeping the house open for travellers through the year, besides thirty dollars for every horse. He and others, he tells me, are endeavouring to get the Storthing to advance money for the purpose of rendering the river navigable to Naes, which might be done at an inconsiderable expense.

After a continued descent, we arrive at Tuff. Here a pale-faced little tatterdemalion offers to dance the Halling dance for the sum of two skillings.

They have a marvellous way in this national dance of flinging their legs high up into the air (the Hal-lingkast), and twisting the body a couple of times round, horizontally, in the air. Some peasant girls in green skirts, with no cincture, fastened over their shoulders with braces,—their yellow hair surmounted by a red ‘buy-a-broom-girl’-shaped cap, are among the bystanders. The first course over, the lad tells me he is very poor, and begs me for some pig-tail tobacco to chew, which I was unable to give him.

I find that the peasants hereabouts keep two thousand tame reindeer, but they are not found to answer.

As we coursed down the road from Tuff to Ekre, a new station, my schuss, Ingval Olsen, points out by the waning light, to some large stones that strewed the Fjeld to the left.

“There was a gaard there, Gytogaard, under the mountain fifty years ago,” said he; “but one night, when all were a-bed, the mountain came down and buried them all. Some human voices were heard for a day or two, and the cock kept crowing for eight

days long, and then all was still. No human labour could have extricated them."

Further in the wood a spot was shown me where a man was found murdered some time back, and nobody ever found out who did it, or who the murdered man was—a region of horrors.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Fairy lore—A wrestle for a drinking horn—Merry time is Yule time—Head-dresses at Haga—Old church at Naes—Good trout-fishing country—A wealthy milk-maid—Horses subject to influenza—A change-house library—An historical calculation—The great national festival—Author threatens, but relents—A field-day among the ducks—Gulswig—Family plate—A nurse of ninety years—The Sölje—The little fat grey man—A capital scene for a picture—An amazing story—As true as I sit here—The goat mother—Are there no Tusser now-a-days—Uninvited guests—An amicable conversation about things in general—Hans saves his shirt—The cosmopolitan spirit of fairy lore—Adam of Bremen.

NEXT morning I found my schuss-karl was brimful of tales, which he firmly believed, about the trolls.

“You see that Fjeld,” said he, pointing to a magnificent abrupt mountain behind us. “A friend of mine was taken in there on Yule night, and feasted with the hill people.”



I hummed to myself, as I thought of *Young Tamlane*—

The queen of fairies keppit him  
In yon green hill to dwell.

“They wanted,” continued he, “to keep him altogether, but he got away notwithstanding. Cari Olsdatter, my sister, was changed in the cradle too when my mother had gone out one evening; but she came back just in time to see an old woman carrying off the baby, and made her give it up. There was a bag of stones left in the cradle instead.

“Torkil Hermandson, too, who lived among the hills, they say he was married to a troll-qvind (‘elf-queen,’ as a Lowlander would say), called Turi Hougedatter. She was to have for her dowry his fold, as full as it would hold, of fat troll-cattle. So he set to work the night before, and wattled in twice as much ground as his fold usually covered. Sly fellow was Hermandson.”

“Yes, indeed,” thought I, “it seemed almost as if he was taking a leaf out of dame Dido’s book, when she over-reached the simple aborigines of Africa with her ox-hide *double entendre*.”

My attendant has got in his harvest, so he has comparatively little for the horse<sup>7</sup> to do, and offers to schuss me all the way to Naes, which offer I accept. Presently we descend the hill at Gool, the former residence of the Samsonian Gielstrup.

"You see that hillock yonder, covered with firs," said my guide, pointing to a spot lying at the confluence of the Hemsedals Elv and that of Hallingdal. "There it was where Arne Hafthorn wrestled with a troll one Christmas Eve, and got from him the great drinking horn, which has been in the family ever since. But it brought him no good. There has always been one of the family stumm (dumb) or halv-vittig (half-witted); and it is not so many years ago that Arne was found dead close by the hill there. This horn is still to be seen at a farmhouse a little way up Hallingdal. It is made of ox-horn, and mounted with some unknown metal, and rests on a stand. Ah! you smile, but it is all virkelig sant (actually true)."\*

\* The famous Oldenburg horn was, according to Danish tradition, given by a mountain sprite to Count Otto of Oldenburg.

“And what do you do for the fairies at Yule?” said I.

“Oh! we always place some cake and ale on the board when we go to bed at night.”

“Well, and what then? Do they partake of it?”

“To be sure! It’s always gone in the morning. No doubt it is taken by the ‘hill people.’ Merry time is Yule. We brew ale for the occasion, and bake a large cake, which we keep till Twelfth Night. Everybody stops at home on Christmas Day; but on the day after everybody goes out to visit everybody, and if you meet a person you always say, ‘Glaedelig Jule’ (a happy Yule to you).”

At Haga a different sort of head-dress begins to prevail among the male peasants, being a skull-cap of red cloth, like that worn by the Kirghis chiefs, as sketched by Atkinson, with stripes of black velvet radiating from the crown to the edge. Instead of the usual jacket, a green frock is worn, with stand-up collar, and an epaulet of the same coloured cloth on the shoulders.

A grove of beautiful birches here overhangs the two streams, now joined in one fine river, which

abounds with trout, some of which reach the weight of six pounds and upwards. The fly and bait are both used, I understand. At Naes there is very good accommodation at the "Merchant's," including excellent wine and fresh meat. Part of the church here is seven hundred years old, and there are one or two old pillars and a trefoil arch at the east end worth observing. The altar piece, representing the crucifixion, is by no means contemptible.

From here boats may be procured right down the stream to Green, on the Krören Fjord, some fifty miles. Every now and then the stream widens into a lake, and at times narrows into a cataract, so that a skilful boatman is required. This is by far the best way of proceeding; but the peasants are not bound by law to forward you otherwise than on the high road; so, finding there was some difficulty, I took horse and gig, thereby missing some excellent shooting and fishing. Trout of ten pounds are taken here, and there are numbers of ducks. Oats begin now to be cultivated instead of the hardier barley.

The plump, red-faced damsel who routed me out of bed in the morning, at the wretched station

of Sevre, had actually a row of five silver brooches confining the shirt over her exuberant bust. But this is nothing to the jacket with fifty silver clasps, which one of the ancient Scalds is narrated to have worn.

As I journeyed along, on a most lovely quiet autumn morning, the road would every now and then pierce into a thick pine wood, and then emerge upon the banks of the stream. More tempting spots for trout-fishing I never saw. All the horses about here, I find, come from the north of the Fjeld, few being bred in the valley. They almost invariably get a kind of influenza on coming south. The horse I am driving, which was bought at Leirdalsören for fifty dollars in the spring, is only just recovering from an attack of this kind.

At Trostem I find a bear has been seen five or six times, but there is no shooter about.

While I wait for the horse, I eat breakfast, and look about me. Wonderful to relate, I find on a shelf—what do you suppose, reader?—a Bible! yes, that was there, but there was another volume, a cookery book, printed at Copenhagen, 1799. One might as well expect to meet with a book of

Paris fashions among the squaws of the Ojibbeways. Eating, it is true, forms the main part of a Norwegian's daily thoughts. The word *mad* (meat, food) is everlastingly in their mouths, and the thing itself almost as frequently, six meals a day not being uncommon. But then, what food! No cookery book surely required for that. So that no doubt this book got here by mistake.

The little almanac, edited by Professor Handsteen, of Christiania, who is known in England as the author of "Travels in Siberia," also lay on the table. A little note I found in it is very significant of the simple-minded superstition that still lingers among the peasantry, of which I have been giving indications above. It is to this effect:—

"The orbit of the moon (*maane-bane*), has the same position with regard to the equator every nineteenth year, and it possibly may influence the atmosphere. It has been supposed, in consequence, that there is some similarity in the weather on any day to that of the corresponding day nineteen years ago. For this reason, in one column under the heading '*veirliget*,' the weather is given as ob-

served at Christiania, nineteen years ago. This, however, must not be looked on as divination (ingen spaedom), but only as an historical calculation." This veirliget (weather) column having, notwithstanding the above caution, been turned by the peasants to superstitious uses, was, I hear, omitted for a time, but it had to be restored, as the bonders would not buy the almanac without it. I may here mention that the old dispute about the exact day on which St. Olaf fell at Stikklestad has been recently revived with great vigour. This great national festival has hitherto been kept on the 29th of July, "Olsok." Hakon Hakonson was crowned king on that day in 1247, and ever since it has been the coronation day of Norway. But the national mind was some time ago disagreeably disturbed by the discovery that the 29th could not after all have been the day of St. Olaf's death; for although tradition and Snorro assert that there was an eclipse of the sun on that day, it has been ascertained by astronomical calculation, that this eclipse did not take place on the 29th July, but on the 31st of August. One party, therefore, is contending for the observance of the festival on the actual day

(31st of August), while another insists upon adhering to the former date. Upon the whole, it would seem preferable to observe the day hallowed by the traditional recollections of the people. If we may be permitted such a comparison, who would like to see the festival of the Nativity altered from December 25th to some other day in the calendar?

Meantime, after an unusual delay, the fresh relay arrives; a fine black stallion, dripping wet.

"I must write a complaint in the book for this," said I. "You are long after your time. I shall never get to the end of my journey at this rate. You'll be fined a dollar, and serve you right."

"Oh! pray don't, sir; it's not my fault; the landlord's son is to blame; he never comes straight to tell us. And then the horse was over the river. I've had to swim him across, and the water is bad just now for swimming. He shall go fast, and make up for lost time."

Somewhat mollified, I did not put my threat in execution, much to the satisfaction of Svend.

Svend was a simple-minded individual in shooting matters, as I presently had occasion to see.



On the sedgy shallows of a lake, just before the river began again to contract into rapids, a score of ducks were assembled; some motionless, others busily employed in standing on their heads in the water. Leaving the carriage, I stole with much circumspection towards them, managing to keep some bushes between me and the birds, until I got within shot. Bang went one barrel, and then another, and four ducks were *hors de combat*. When I returned to the vehicle with my prize, Svend expressed great astonishment that I had fired the barrels separately, as he thought they both went off at once.\* He had never seen a double-barrelled gun before. Another peasant who was by, speedily cut some birch twigs with his toll-knife, and packed up the birds, taking care to stick the bills inside, that the flies might not get into the gape (Gapë).

At length we descend upon Gulsvig, at the head of the Kroren Fjord. I at once perceived, from a glance at the interior of the house, that the station-

\* The robber chief, Kombaldos, in Chinese Tartary, is related by Atkinson to have entertained a similar idea.

keeper was a man of some importance. In fact, he turned out to be the Lehnsmann of the district. In the inner room there were a large quantity of silver spoons, and a huge tankard of solid silver, pegged inside, and of great weight, which at once bespoke the owners to be people of substance.

"Ah ! that was left me by my grandfather," said the landlord. "It has been a very long time in the family."

"Have you got any curious remains about here ?" inquired I ; "any bauta-stones, for instance, or do you know any legends ?"

"There is a bauta-stone up yonder in the field ; but as for legends, old Moer can tell you a lot of stories about the hill-folk, but she is not always in the humour."

Gamle Moer (old mother), as he called her, Anna Olsdatter Gulsvig, just then entered the room with a pipe in her mouth. An excellent portrait of her, by a Norwegian artist, hung against the wall. Her tall figure was still erect, her eye undimmed, while her face, the complexion of which years had failed to sear, preserved traces of much

former beauty. A neat white cap, bound tight round with a red silk kerchief, confined her grey locks. On her bosom were two or three pairs of silver studa, and the national ornament, the sölje. The one which she wore was of the size and shape of a small saucer. It was of silver filigree-work, with a quantity of silver saucers (or bracteates), each about half an inch in diameter, hung to it. Similar ornaments have been found, I believe, in barrows; the pattern of them having probably been imported hither by the Varangian guard from Byzantium and the East; in the same way that these Northern mercenaries probably gave the first idea of the Scandinavian-looking trinkets which have been recently discovered in the tombs at Kertch.

"How do you do, Mrs. Anna?" so I accosted the old lady, propitiating her by the offer of some tobacco. "I hear you have some old stories; will you tell me one?"

"I can't awhile now; besides, I've forgotten them."

"Oh! but now do, Moer," supplicated a little boy, her grandson. But the old lady left the room.

Presently, however, she came in again. There was a look of inspiration in her clear grey eye, which seemed to betoken that my desire would be granted.

"It's some Huldra stories ye were wanting to hear?" said she in an odd dialect; "well, I'll just tell you one before I go and cook your dinner; you must be hungry. Let me see; yes, I once did see one of the Hounge-folk."

"Indeed! how was that?"

"Well, you see, it's many years ago. I am an old woman now, over seventy. Then I was a lass of eighteen. It was one Thursday evening in September, and I was up at the saeter. Two other girls had come in, and we thought we would have a dance—and so we danced up and down the floor. The door was open, when suddenly I saw outside, staring fixedly at us, a little man, with brown breeches, grey coat, and a red cap on his head. He was very fat, and his face, it looked so dark, so dark. What a fright I was in to be sure, and the other girls too. As soon as we saw him, we left off dancing, you may depend upon it, directly. The next moment he was gone, but the other girls durst

not go to their saeters, though they were only a few yards off. We all sat crouching over the fire for the rest of the night." Rapt into days of old, the intelligent eye of the old lady gleamed like a Sibyl's, as she told her story, with much animation. At the same time, she placed her hand, half unconsciously, as it seemed, on mine, the little boy all the while drinking in the tale with suspended breath and timid looks; reminding me of the awful eagerness with which Béranger, I think, describes the grandchildren listening to some old world story of grand-mamma's. A capital scene it was for a picture—the group is still before me.

"You must have been mistaken," said I.

"Not at all. That's not the only time I've seen a Tuss."

"Indeed! How was that?"

"One time I was up at the saeter with Turi, another girl. We were just going to bed, when a stave was put through the little window-pane (glug-gen), and moved gently backwards and forwards. We were frightened at first, but we heard a titter outside, and then we knew directly what it meant. It was two Friers (lovers) come, so we got up and let

them in, and we were soon all four in bed together."

"What!" exclaimed I, in amazement.

"Oh, that's the way we have here. Of course, you know we were dressed."

"And were you married to the man afterwards?"

"No; I married quite another person."

"I did just the same," put in her son, the Lehnsman, who had just entered. "We see no harm in that. A young farmer's son often sleeps with a companion in this way, but she must be of the same rank of life as he is. If it was with a servant girl, it would be considered a disgrace."

"Well, but go on with your story," said I to the narrator.

"Where was I? Let me see. Yes, we were in bed all snug, chatting away, when suddenly I heard a noise at the window. 'Hush!' whispered I—'what's that? Listen.'

"We saw at this moment a pole put through the window, just like before. What a fright we were in. But we lay quite still. Presently the pole was drawn back, and a minute after there was a terrible noise in the fiös among the cattle—a loud

lowing and bellowing, just as if one of them was being killed. Up we all got in a trice, and rushed out, and I saw a tuss stroking a black cow. It was in a muck sweat ; this is as true as I sit here. It was at Nor-saeter, a mile from the farm in Signedal, where I lived before I was gift (married) up here."

"What is that tale about the goat, mother?"

"Oh, ah! At Fagerlid, in Eggedal, a woman came one evening with a white female goat, and begged the master to change it for a buck. He declined. She came again three Thursday evenings running, till at last he consented. They knew pretty well who she must be, for they saw something like the end of a tail behind her. So, when she went away, they cast a toll-knife after her, to prevent any evil consequences. They never repented the change; the female goat she left gave such an astonishing quantity of milk. As for the person who brought her, they never saw her again."

"But there are no tusser now-a-days?" inquired I.

With a mysterious look the old lady took a pinch of snuff, and started off talking again, to the great delight of the small urchin ; and so fast did she talk,

that it was only by extraordinary attention, and stopping her now and then for an explanation of her antique dialect, that I succeeded in mastering the story.

“To be sure there are; people are seeing them constantly. It is only ten years ago, that on the evening after Christmas, Hans Östenson, of Melbraten-gaard, three-quarters of a mile above Tros-tan, which you passed, heard a terrible noise in the fiös (byre). He thought that the cows and sheep must have got together. So he lit a torch, and went out to see; but directly he came into the byre all was quiet in a moment, and the cattle were in their right places. The man, suspecting glamour, took effectual means to put a stop to it, by immediately striking his axe into the beam over the door of the cattle-shed.\* Meantime Hans' wife, who was sick in bed, observed a crowd of little people hustle into the house as soon as her husband was

\* In the Isle of Man, so long occupied by Norwegians, we find a similar legend. At the good woman's second accouchement, Waldron relates, a noise was heard in the cow-house, which drew thither the whole assistants. They returned, on finding that all was right among the cattle, and lo! the second child had been carried from the bed, and dropped in a lane.



out of it, and lay dunen (bedding of eider-down) for themselves on the floor, and betake themselves to repose. She kept quite still. Presently the master returned with the news that 'It's all right; no harm done;' at the same moment he claps his eyes on the little people stretched on the floor. 'Holloa, my masters! What now?' said he, in a jovial tone, having drunk a tolerable quantity of Yule ale that evening. 'Who are you, and whither bound?' 'We've had a long journey of it,' replied one of the little people, rousing up, in somewhat shrill tones. 'We've come all the way from Kongsberg town. We've been to the doctor there.' 'Why so?' 'Why, Mars Hulte (the servant of the gaard), when he was pouring the ale from the vat into the barrel, the other evening, let the cullender drop on the leg of one of our people, who happened to be near, though Hulte did not see him, and hurt it sorely. We want to stop here to-night; besides which, we wish to have a talk with you.' 'Very good,' said Hans, not a whit disconcerted; 'make yourselves at home; you seem to be acquainted with the house already. Just look out there, while I step into bed!' And

forthwith he picked his way, with much circum-spection, between the prostrate forms of the tiny people. This was no easy matter, as they lay so close together upon the floor. But he gained the bed, fortunately without doing any more damage than treading on the tip of one oldish fellow's toe, who set up a sharp scream.

“‘Well, and where do you live?’ said Hans, resuming his place under the skin (fell) by the side of his better half, who was perfectly astonished at her good man's boldness. ‘We live just below here, under Melbraten Hatte; but we are a good deal annoyed by one of your horses, that stables near there. The sewage leaks through, and drops on our table. The request we have to make is, that you'll be so good as to move his quarters.’ ‘Besides which,’ said a Huldre, larger than the rest, who, at this moment, came from a corner, and stood bolt-upright by the bed-side, ‘one good turn deserves another. You were making a coat for the lad, just before Yule—you remember?’ At this Hans started. ‘And you thought you should not have enough cloth, but you had. Do you know why? It was I who stretched out the cloth, so that you had

enough, and to spare. There was a bit left for me too. Look here, this coat I have on was made of it !

“ On this, Hans said he should have no objection to comply with their request. The conversation then dropped, and from odd noises, a sort of miniature snore, which Hans heard about, he perceived that the little men in grey were dropping off to sleep again. It would never do, however, for the master of the house to follow their example, with such outlandish guests in the house. So he took care to keep his eyes well open. Before long, by the flickering embers of the fire, he saw the tallest gentleman take his (Hans's) shirt, which his wife had put out for the morrow, and begin tearing it into shreds. ‘ Hold hard there ! ’ exclaimed Hans, whose wife, overcoming her fears, had jogged him, when she saw the produce of her industry thus impudently destroyed. ‘ Hold hard ! I say. ’ ‘ We're short of linen, ’ answered the Huldre, soothingly, ‘ and this shirt of yours will make up into a great many shirts for us. ’ ‘ Hold hard ! ’ again screamed Hans, whose mettle was thoroughly roused, his spouse also being in a great state of pucker, ‘ or I'll cock the rifle, by the rood ! ’

“Whether it was his gesture to reach down the rifle, or whether the name of Cors (Rood or Cross) did it, Hans could not say; but they were all off in a moment. It was quite a treat to see them bundling out, helter-skelter, as hard as ever they could get out,” added the ancient dame, whose upraised eyebrows, and a twitch at the corner of her mouth, showed that she was no foe to mirth, and enjoyed the rapid exit of the Trolls extremely.

“Such lots of them,” continued she, excitedly, as if she saw them there and then, “he could not count them. He hurried after them to the doorway, and got a sight of them, by the light of the snow and the stars, mounting on their horses, and riding away as fast as they could lay legs to ground. On examining his shirt, he found it was quite whole again. So no damage was done after all. He took care, however, to move the horse, in order to abate the nuisance complained of, and the animal throve remarkably well in his new quarters. But I must get your dinner ready.”

And so out the old lady went, in due time returning with some pancakes and fried siek, a sort

of fresh-water herring, which, with perch and trout, abounds in the lake close by.

While the repast was digesting, I began to ruminate on these stories, and the remarkable likeness, nay, even identity, some of them exhibit to the superstitions of that part of Great Britain where the Northern invaders mostly frequented, Fairy lore is traced by some authors to the Pagan superstitions of Greece and Rome, and to the superstitions of the East. But we prefer to regard these supernatural beings in Scandinavia rather as in the main of home-growth than as exotics; the creations of a primitive people, who, living among wonderful natural phenomena, and being ignorant of their cause, with the proverbial boldness and curiosity of ignorance, were fond of deriving an origin for them of their own manufacture, and one stamped with the impress of their own untutored imaginations. And what a country they live in for the purpose!\* None fitter could have been devised for the residence and operations of mysterious and frightful beings. Plod along the calm, friendly landscape of England,

\* Faye, Norske Folkesagn.

dotted thickly with houses and steeples, with the church bells ringing merrily, or the station bell clanging imperatively (bells are the *bête noire* of Trolls), and the scene alive with people,—a chaw-bacon, with no speculation in his eye, driving along the heavy wain, or a matter-of-fact “commercial” labouring along with his loaded four-wheel over the dusty *strata viarum*,—and I’ll defy you to be otherwise than common-place and unimaginative. But let even a highly-educated man wander alone through the tingling silentness of the mighty pine-woods of the North, broken at one time by the rumble of an earthslip, at another by the roar of a waterfall, seething in some weird chasm. Let him roam over the grey fjeld, and see through the morning mist a vast head bent threateningly over him, and, unless he be a very Quaker, his imagination will turn artist or conjuror, and people the landscape with the half-hidden forms of beings more or less than human. And so it was with the old heathen Norskman, living all alone in the wilderness. When he heard the tempest howl through the ravine, and saw the whirlwind crumple up the trees, it must be the spirits of Asgaard

sweeping by with irresistible force. If in autumn evenings strange gabblings were heard aloft, caused by the birds of passage moving southward, it must be troll-wives on their airy ride. If lights were seen on the stream at night, they were "corpse lights," though in reality only caused by some fellow burning the water for salmon. If the ice split with sudden and fearful sound, engulfing the hopeless wayfarer, it was an evil spirit, requiring a human sacrifice. Those pot-looking holes and finger-marks in the rocks—those mysterious foot-marks, whence were they? Those strange, grotesque figures, as like as they can be to human forms and faces—they must once have been evil beings or demons, now turned to stone by some superior power—a power that at one time revealed itself in the hissing race aloft of the Borealis; at another time blasted and shivered the rocks in thunder and lightning. The sea naturally would be a special locality for these sprites. Did not they often see phantom-ships, which a modern would explain by the natural phenomenon of the mirage? Did not sea-monsters from time to time show themselves to the lone fisherman? Did not

they often see strange sights at the bottom of the transparent deep? Did not the calm surface suddenly rise into ruffian, crested billows, while dismal shrieks would echo at the same time from the rock-piercing caverns?

But other causes were at work. The more ancient inhabitants of Scandinavia, some of them of giant size and prodigious strength, others small of stature but very agile, like the Fins or Laps, were driven into the mountains by Odin and his Asiatics. From these hiding-places they would at times emerge—the former to do deeds of ferocity and violence, the latter to practise some of their well-known tricks, such as thieving, changing children, kidnapping people away with them. And this would, in process of time, give rise to the fancy of the existence of supernatural beings, gigantic Jotuls and tiny Trolls (in the Edda Finnr is the name for dwarfs), endued with peculiar powers. In the same way the vulgar Scotch ascribed superhuman attributes to the Picts, or Pechts.

Adam of Brömen, in the eleventh century, says that Sweyne Estridson, King of Denmark, told him that in Sweden people used to come from the



hills and do great damage, and then disappear. The same author relates that in Norway there were wild women and men, who lived in the woods, and were something between men and beasts. The existence of these creatures, by whatever name called, being once assumed, all sorts of explanations were given of their origin. Thus, there is an odd Swedish superstition, that when God hurled down Lucifer and his host from heaven, they did not all fall into the burning lake, but that some fell into the sea, others upon the earth, and became the various spirits proper to those places. Another not less quaint Danish legend is to this effect :—When Eve was washing her bairns one day in a spring, the Almighty suddenly called to her. Alarmed, she threw those of her bairns that she had not washed aside, when God asked her whether all her children were there. She replied, “ Yes.” Whereupon he said, “ What thou hast tried to hide from God shall be hidden from men.” In a moment the unwashed children were separated from the others, and disappeared. Before the flood, God put them all into a hole, the entrance of which he fastened. From them all the underground people spring. Others again, say

that they descend from Adam, by his first wife, Lileth, while others pronounce them to be a mixed race of the sons of God and daughters of men. Even Hermann Ruge, the pastor of Slidre, in Norway, in 1754, gravely talked of underground people who were something between men and beasts. While that strange compound of superstition and enthusiasm, Luther himself, speaks of changelings as a matter of course.

But it is time to think of another sort of changeling, I mean the fresh horse, which, after a long delay, has arrived at the door. "Good bye, Mrs. Anna, many thanks."

"Farvel, farvel! if you meet with Tidemann on your travels, say Anna Gulsvig sends him her greeting. Bless you, sir, we knew him well; he was at my son's wedding, and pictured us all."

She was alluding to the celebrated painter of that name, who resides in Düsseldorf, but visits his native country, Norway, every summer, returning home rich with pictorial spoils, gained in scenes like these. Professor Gude, the eminent painter, also of Düsseldorf, is the son of a gentleman who held a government office in this neighbourhood.

## CHAPTER XIV.

A port-wine pilgrimage—The perfection of a landlady—Old superstitious customs—Levelling effects of unlevelled roads—A blank day—Sketch of an interior after Ostade—A would-be resurrectionist foiled—The voices of the woods—Valuable timber—A stingy old fellow—Unmistakable symptoms of civilization—Topographical memoranda—Timber logs on their travels—The advantages of a short cut—A rock-gorge swallows a river—Ferry talk—Welcome—What four years can do for the stay-at-homes—A Thelemarken manse—Spæwives—An important day for the millers—How a tailor kept watch—The mischievous cats—Similarity in proverbs—"The postman's knock"—Government patronage of humble talent—Superannuated clergymen in Norway—Perpetual curates—Christiania University examination—Norwegian students—The Bernadotte dynasty—Scandinavian unity—Religious parties—Papal propagandists at Tromsø—From fanaticism to field-sports—The Linnæa Borealis.

DRIVING through the woods on the shores of the lake, after a good deal of up and down hill, I at length arrived at the ferry, twenty miles from

Gulsvig, where the Krorenfjord contracts into a river. Green, the station for the night, affords excellent accommodation; so much so, that the notorious Danish Count (See *Oxonian in Norway*), so addicted to bear-hunting, has been up as far as here on purpose to taste the port-wine. By-the-bye, I encountered a Norsk proverb to-day, which if it were not ancient, would almost seem to have been made for the Count: "Han har skut Björn," literally, "he has shot a bear," is said of a man who is drunk. People in that state not only see double, but shoot with the longbow.

Gunild Green was the perfection of a landlady, putting meat and good bread before the wayfarer, and beer of the best. Her blue jacket, with its odd gussets behind, and broad edging of red and yellow braid, did not, it is true, reach nearly down to the place where a woman's waist ought to be. But that was no matter, for the skirt made up for the omission by advancing to the jacket. Her Quaker-like, quiet face was framed in a neat cap, and the forehead bound in with a silk kerchief. All about the house betokened considerable wealth.

But notwithstanding that these people are of the Upper Ten Thousand of Norway, I hear that the old superstitious customs still obtain at the gaard. A cross in chalk, or an axe or a toll-knife is placed over every cattle-shed at Yule. The old lady gave no reason further than it was skik (custom). A cake with a cross of juniper berries made on the top of it is baked at Christmas against Candlemas-day (Kyndel-misse). In other parts of Norway a small cake is baked for each person, and not eaten till twenty days after. Again, the sledges are never allowed at Christmas to lie flat on the ground, but are reared up against the wall. If anybody goes thrice round the house, then looks in at a window through a black kerchief and sees anyone at the board without a head, that person will die before next Yule.

The day after Yule the men go out with the cowhouse ordure very early, before light. They never, if they can help it, bring in water for the copper on Yule, but get a supply into the house the day before. On Christmas Eve every person of condition has a mess of rice-porridge, and the servants in better class houses come into the room and receive a glass of something comfortable. The

cattle are not overlooked on this great Christian festival. "Come, Dokkero," says the milkmaid, just like some girl in Theocritus, to her cow, "you shall have some good food to-day."

Finding that I can go some five miles by water, I select that method of conveyance. Indeed, I should prefer this species of locomotion for the rest of the journey, for I find, on examination, that in consequence of the jolting motion of the country carts, my effects are pounded up as if they had been brayed in a mortar. One or two silk kerchiefs have turned into tatters, and the sand of the cartridges has oozed out and become mixed up with the contents of the broken Macassar oil bottle, which I had destined for my elf-locks on again reaching civilization. The boat was long and narrow, and easily rowed, but the stalwart rower was hardly a match in speed for some little black and white ducks to which we gave chase. At last we got among them. Down they dived, and, as they re-appeared, off went my gun; but in consequence of the crankness of the boat, it was impossible to take aim quick enough, and, after a few unavailing shots, I gave up the game, fairly beaten. My fishing tackle likewise

did no execution among the trout, which now begin to get smaller. The boatman mentioned two other kinds of fish to be found here, "scad" and "jup."

In fact we are now getting out of the wild sporting of the upper valleys, although six rifles suspended in the passage of the next station-house, Vassenrud, betokened the existence of large fowl, and probably beasts of prey, in the forests around. Countless logs float down this river, and I see here a list of the different brands used by the Drammen merchants to distinguish the several owners.

As the horse I was to have lived across the Sound, I had ample time to look about me, and observe the peculiarities of the establishment. The best room floor was painted in figures, around it were ranged a score of high-backed, old-fashioned leather chairs, stamped with a pattern. I wish the author of the Sketch-book could have seen them; he would have made them all tell a history at once. Leaving this room, I followed my nose, and entered the door facing. A very fat man, with a heavy, sleepy eye, quite a tun of a fellow, a red skull-cap striped with black on his head, sat in his shirt sleeves eating a leg of veal, which was

flanked by some nice-looking bread and a bottle of brandy. It was only nine, A.M., but the opportunity was not to be lost, so I fell to also. Beside me, on a shelf, was a tankard of massive silver, weighing one hundred and twenty lod = about sixty-five ounces English. Pretty well to do, thought I, these peaceful descendants of the Vikings.

In reply to my query whether there were any old memorials about, the obese Boniface moved his lack-lustre eye slowly, and shook his head. Old memorials, forsooth! were not the newly-killed calf and its appetizing adjuncts subjects much more worthy of attention? Presently, however, after an interval of seemingly profound thought, he observed that there was something like a coffin or two in the forest a mile off.

"Had they been opened?"

"No. People thought it unlucky to touch them. They were near his hûsman's, and the hûsman would show me them if I mentioned his name."

At the hûsman's I found nobody but his wife, who was ignorant on the subject. So, after a fatiguing search, I returned without having accomplished my purpose, and the horse having arrived,



I had to start. The fat man was now recumbent on the bed within, looking uncommonly like a barrel of beer. All Norwegians take a siesta at noon. The charge made for my sumptuous repast was twelve skillings = five-pence English. As we roll along gaily through the sombre pine-forests, the odour of which the Norwegians, I think wrongly, compare to that of a "dead house" (Liighus). I fall, as a matter of course, into conversation with Knut, my schuss.

"Had he ever seen these trolls which people talked of so much higher up the valley."

"No; I never *saw* one; but I've *heard* one."

"Indeed, where?"

"When I was hewing wood in the forest."

"What did he say?"

"He only said 'Knut' three times."

"And did you speak?"

"No—that would have been unlucky. They are not such bad people, folks say, if you only become well acquainted with them."

In the forest we passed some splendid trees near Snarum. "Valuable timber about here," I observed.

“ Yes, very. It's not long ago that some sold for a hundred dollars a-piece (twenty pound sterling) ; they were seventy feet long, and more than four in diameter. Vassenrud (the fat station-master, no wonder, with all this property, he is fat) has a deal of forest. He sold some lately. He got sixteen thousand dollars for giving leave to fell the timber on a square mile (seven English), none to be cut smaller than nine inches in diameter, eighteen feet from the ground. These trees just here belong to a stingy old fellow, who lives down there by the side of the river, Ole Ulen. A man came from the By (town) to see them, and make a purchase.”

“ ‘ I have come to look at the trees,’ said he.

“ ‘ Oh, yes,’ said Ole Ulen ; ‘ we'll go and see them.’

“ Arrived in the forest, the stranger measured the big trees with his eye, and thought they would suit exactly.

“ ‘ Fine trees, aren't they ?’ said Ole Ulen, adjusting his spectacles, and almost breaking his neck to look up at the trees. ‘ So tall and so thick,’ he continued, like a miser gloating over his treasure.

“ ‘Not bad,’ replied the proposing buyer, in a careless tone, chuckling inwardly at the thought of the bargain he was going to drive with the plainly-dressed, simple-looking old bonder, but careful not to betray his admiration of the magnificent timber, for fear of sending up the prices.

“ ‘No, not so bad,’ said Ole Ulen, as they walked homeward.

“ ‘Well, what’s to be the price?’ asked the merchant, while they were drinking a glass of brandy.

“ ‘Price!’ replied the other; ‘I’m not going to sell them—never thought of it. You asked to look at them, and so you have, and welcome, and well worth seeing they are.’

“ ‘Well, no doubt,’ said Knut; ‘he might do what he liked with his own trees. Sell them or not, as he thought proper.’

“ ‘But he’s so fond of his money, he wont help his own kith and kin. There was his son-in-law, over the river, had just completed a purchase, and went to him to borrow three hundred dollars.

“ ‘Very sorry,’ was his reply, ‘but he had got no cash in the house.’

“The young man went and got accommodated at another farm, and then returned to Ule’s.

“ ‘ Well, how have you fared ? ’

“ ‘ All right; I got the loan. They were the more willing to lend, for they had some notes of old date, which are to be called in by the bank at Trondjem, before the month’s out, and it will save them the trouble and expense of sending them up there.’

“ ‘ Ay, so,’ replied Ule, meditatively. ‘ What is the date of the notes that are to be called in? Perhaps I may have some.’ And going to an old cupboard, he produced from a coffee-pot seven hundred dollars.”

We now get into an enclosed and more cultivated country, and see symptoms of civilization as we approached Vikersund, in the shape of a drunken man or two staggering homewards; and, at the merchant’s, where I stop to make some small purchase, there is a crowd of peasants clustering round the counter, or sitting in corners, imbibing corn brantviin.

At Vikersund the road forks. That to the left

leads to Christiania, by the shores of the beautiful Tyri Fjord and the pass of Krog-Kleven; the other crossing the wide sound, the only vent of the Tyri, Hols, and Rand fjords, by a very long bridge, goes to Drammen and Kongsberg.

In the stream lie thousands of logs that have been cut down in the mountains and along the feeders of this glorious waterway, to the very foot of the Fillefeld. Some of them have, perhaps, left their native grove two or three years ago, and would never have got here were it not for certain persons jogging their memories and goading them into unwilling activity. One of the most characteristic features of a Norwegian valley are gangs of burly broad-chested men, armed with huge poles, the ends of which are shod with a hook and spike. Directly there are symptoms of the water rising after rain, these fellows appear suddenly, and are seen pushing the stranded timbers from the shore, dashing through the water in their great jack-boots, to islands or shoals, for the like purpose, or boating across the river to set afloat some straggling laggard; and, forthwith, all these, like so many great cadises,

just disengaged from their anchor, and soon to take wing, go swarming down the stream. The boat, by-the-bye, used by these Norsk equivalents to the Far West lumber-men, is never destined to return to its mountain home, but will be sold below for what it will fetch.

In Norway scenes are constantly meeting the traveller's eye, whether it be such as that just described, or the rude log-huts, or the countless tree stumps, the work of the axe, or the unthinned density of forests which are not near any water-course, which forcibly bring to one's mind Oliphant's description of Minnesota and the Far West. But there is this trifling difference, that whereas there you may as likely as not be bulletted, or your weasand slit by a bowie-knife, you are safer in this country than in any land in Europe.

As it was my purpose to visit a clergyman in the neighbourhood, I left the main route, and took a short cut, by which I saved six miles in distance, though not in time. For the short way was a pleasant alternation of ledges of rock and mud-pits. Fortunately I was provided with an air-

cushion to sit upon, or the jolting must have proved fatal, at all events to my teeth. If there is no dentist here—such a thing I never heard of in Norway—there ought to be.

After four or five miles up and down, we descended in good earnest through a straggling grove of pines, their dark foliage now rendered darker by the fast approaching night. To our left I could see something white, and heard fierce roarings. The broad expanse of water at Vikersund had narrowed into a mere fissure, only a few yards across, with splintered walls of overhanging rock. What! that small-throated boa-constrictor going to swallow up such a monstrous lump of water at a mouthful? Choked it will be, and no mistake. See, what a chattering, and frothing, and smoking! That lot of trees, too, they must stick in his gizzard; half-a-dozen have lodged there already, firm and immovable, as if riveted by the strongest bolts. A few steps more, and behold! the strife has ceased; the logs, together with the boiling soapsuds, have shot through the tunnel or funnel, and lie heaving and panting on the waters of

another river of no little breadth and volume, which, swiftly gliding through the forest, cuts in here, and joins the narrow outlet of the great Drammen river at right angles.

After their prodigious tussle, it must be quite a relief to those much battered logs to rock in the comparatively tranquil lap of the Hallingdal river; for it is my old friend of Hemse-Fjeld reminiscence—who kept now rollicking and roaring like a school-boy, now floating lightly and whispering softly, like a miss in her teens, as we journeyed along together—that here clubs its fortunes with the lusty progeny of the Fille-fjeld.

At the fork made by the two streams dwelt a ferryman, who speedily transferred my effects from the carriage to his frail boat. It required careful navigation to get over; as the surge of the Vikersund river—which, as the ferryman told me, albeit it had come through such an eye of a needle, was by far the bigger of the two—was of such momentum and so sudden in its dash that the crowding waters of the Halling were struck all of a heap by the concussion, and fairly turned round



and fled. After recovering the first shock, however, it gradually established a nearer intimacy with the boisterous stranger, and they presently made a fresh start forward, and vaulted together over a rugged rapid below, which I could just see gleaming through the dusky shades of the evening, and the forest. The first struggles with the world of the new-married couple.

“We have only to get up the hill,” said the ferryman, shouldering my pack, as we safely reached the opposite shore, “and we shall be soon at the parson’s house.”

A warm welcome did I get from my friend the pastor. He recognised my voice directly, as he opened the door in the dark.

“Vilkommen, Vilkommen, Metcalfe! Hvor staae til? (welcome, Metcalfe! how are you?) Det fornoie mig meget, at de har ikke glemt os (I’m glad you’ve not forgotten us).

And I was speedily in the Stuë, shaking hands with the Frue (clergymen’s wives have by law this title; merchants’ wives are only madame). Her fair, good-humoured face fatter, and her figure

rounder than when I saw her four years ago at the mountain parish in the west. Lisa, too, the hobbledehoy girl, all legs and arms, like a gible pie, has now become quite a woman, and more retiring. The baby, Arilda, too, runs about bigger and bonnier, while Katinka, another and elder sister, whom I have never seen before, comes forward to greet her father's friend. There are also some ladies from the "by" (town), with the latest news, foreign and domestic.

I spend a day or two with my kind and intelligent host and his family. Much of his income is derived from land, so that he farms on a large scale. The house is beautifully situate. Beneath us may be seen the river playing at hide and seek among umbrageous woods. On the hills opposite is the mother church of the district, with large frams clustering about it. The neighbourhood abounds in minerals. Not far off is a cobalt-work, now under the auspices of a Saxon company, and which is said to be productive. If the old derivation for cobold be from cobalt, because that particular sort of sprite's favourite

*habitat* is a mine of this description, I shall, no doubt, pick up a goblin story or two at the manse.

Katinka, the eldest girl, is very well read; better certainly than any I have met with in the country, for they are not a reading people. She sings a national song or two with much feeling, and explains to me the meaning of them, which, as they are written in old Norsk, would be otherwise difficult of comprehension.

"But how do you know the meaning of this outlandish lingo?—it's not a bit like the written Norsk of the present time."

"It was not for nothing," replied she, "that I lived from a baby in the mountain parish where we first saw you. The inhabitants of those sequestered dales still use many of the old words and forms of speech."

I was soon on my hobby—legends and superstitions.

"Have you any witches or spae-wives, as they are called in Scotland?" asked I.

"Signe-kierringe, you mean. Oh, yes. They

are still to be found. My aunt there, when she was a girl, was measured by one."

"How so?"

"They take a string, which they pretend has been prepared in some wonderful manner, and measure round the waist, and along the arms, and so on most accurately, and there is supposed to be some wonderful virtue in the operation. It is a sure recipe against all harm from the Nisser. But I have a book here, with a tale of one Mads, a warlock. He was cutting timber in the forest; it was about midday. He had just got the wedge into a fallen tree, when he saw his old woman come up with his dinner. It was romme-gröd (a peculiar sort of porridge). She sat down, when he just spied a tail peeping out behind her, which she chanced to stick in the cleft that he had made in the tree. Mads bade her wait a bit, and he would sit down and eat directly. The cunning fellow meantime managed to get the wedge out. The crack closed, and the tail was fast. At the same time he uttered Jesus' name. Up started the hag, and snapped off the end of her tail. What a scream

she gave. On looking at the dinner, he found it was nothing but some cow-dung in a bark basket."

"Have not the peasantry here," I inquired, "some odd notions about the fairies stopping the wheel of the water-mill?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Miss Katinka. "September 1st is an important day for the millers. If it is dry on that day it will be dry, they say, for a long time. This is owing to the Quernknurre (mill sprite).

"There is a tale in Asbjørnsen of a miller near Sandok Foss, in Thelemarken (I visited this place afterwards), whose mill-wheel would not go, although there was plenty of water. He examined the machinery accurately, but could not discover what was amiss. At last he went to the small door that opened into the wheel-box. Opening it a very little he spied a most vicious-looking troll poking about inside. Closing the door with all speed, before the troll caught sight of him, he went to his hut and put on the fire a large pot full of tar. When it was boiling hot he went to the wheel door and opened it wide. The troll inside, who was

busy scotching the wheel, faced round at him in a moment, and opened his mouth (or rather his head) wider than a warming pan, indeed so wide that his gape actually reached from the door sill to the top of the door, 'Did you ever see such a gape as that in all your life?' said he to the miller. Without a moment's delay the miller poured the hot pitch right into the monster's throat (which might be called pitching it into him), and answered the inquiry by asking another, 'Did you ever get such a hot drink before?' It would appear that the miller had effectually settled the creature, for he sunk down into the water with a fearful yell, and never was heard of more. From that day forward the miller thrrove, and much grist came to him, actually and figuratively."

Miss Katinka was not a classical scholar, so I suppressed certain illustrations which rose to my tongue, as she told the story, such as "hians immane," and the miller having used a most effectual digamma for stopping the hiatus; and I told her instead, that in the Scottish highlands there is a kindred being called Urisk, a hairy sprite,

who sets mills at work in the night when there is nothing to grind, and that he was once sent howling away by a pan full of hot ashes thrown into his lap when asleep.

"I have read another curious story of a mill," continued my fair informant.

"There was a peasant up in the west whose mill (quern) was burned down two Whitsuntides following. The third year, on Whitsun Eve, a travelling tailor was staying with him, making some new clothes for the next day. 'I wonder whether my new mill will be burnt down to-night again?' said the peasant. 'Oh, I'll keep watch,' exclaimed the tailor; 'no harm shall happen.' True to his word, when night came on, the knight of the shears betook himself to the mill. The first thing he did was to draw a large circle with his chalk on the floor, and write 'Our Father' round it, and, that done, he was not afraid, no not even if the fiend himself were to make his appearance. At midnight the door was suddenly flung open, and a crowd of black cats came in. The tailor watched. Before long the new comers lit a fire in the chimney-

corner, and got a pot upon it, which soon began to bubble and squeak, as if it was full of boiling pitch. Just then, one of the cats sily put its paw on the side of the pot, and tried to upset it. 'Mind, nasty cat, you'll burn yourself,' said the tailor, inside his ring. 'Mind, nasty cat, you'll burn yourself, says the tailor to me,' says the cat to the other cats. And then all the cats began dancing round the ring. While they were dancing, the same cat stole sily to the chimney-corner and was on the point of upsetting the pot, when the tailor exclaimed, 'Mind, nasty cat, you'll burn yourself.' 'Mind, nasty cat, you'll burn yourself, says the tailor to me,' says the cat to the other cats. And then the whiskered crew began to dance again round the tailor. Another attempt at arson was made with no better success. And all the cats danced round the tailor, quicker and quicker, their eyes glowing, till his head spun round again. But still he luckily kept his self-possession and his sense. At last the cat, which had tried to upset the pot, made a grab at him over the ring, but missed. The tailor was on the alert, and next time the cat's paw



came near he snipped it off short with his shears. What a spitting and miauling they did make, as they all fled out of the mill, leaving the tailor to sleep quietly in his ring for the rest of the night. In the morning he opened the mill door and went down to the peasant's house. He and his wife were still in bed, for it was Whitsun morning, and they were having a good sleep of it. How glad the miller was to see the tailor. 'Good morrow to you,' he said, reaching out his hand, and giving the tailor a hearty greeting. 'Good morrow, mother,' said the tailor to the wife, offering her his hand. But she looked so strange and so pale, he could not make it out. At last she gave him her left hand, and kept the other under the sheepskin. Ay, ay, thought the tailor, I see how the ground lies.

"The miller-wife was one of the subterranean people, then," I put in.

"No doubt of it," said Miss Katinka.

"If the tailor had been an Englishman," observed I, "we should have said that he 'knew which way the cat jumped ;'" and then I had to explain, and

this elicited the remark, that the Norwegians are by no means deficient in proverbs.

“Have you a Norwegian equivalent to our commonest of English proverbs—‘to carry coals to Newcastle?’”

“Yes,” put in the worthy pastor, “but with a difference. We say, ‘to carry the bucket over the brook to fetch water.’”

“Well, we have another, not less common—‘to reckon upon your chickens before they are hatched.’”

“That’s our ‘you must not sell the skin till you’ve shot the bear.’ It’s just the same as yours, but with a local colouring.”

“All these proverbs, by the way, are not true,” continued I. “There is an English proverb that it requires nine tailors to make a man: as if a tailor was inferior to the rest of mankind in courage. That last story of Miss Katinka’s is a proof to the contrary. I remember being in Berlin, just after the revolution of 1848, and visiting the cemetery of those who had fallen. There was one monument to the memory of one Johann Schwarz, with an in-

scription to the effect that he fought like a hero, and received nine, or maybe nineteen wounds. Indeed, at the London police-offices, whenever a man is brought before his Worship for assault and battery of the worst description, or for drubbing the policemen within an inch of their lives, the odds are that it will be a tailor with a little body and a great soul."

But my last observations were quite lost on my fair informant. For at this moment a letter was put into her hands, and she escaped from the room, her colour rising, and her thoughtful eye assuming a softer and more-conscious expression.

"It's Katinka's weekly letter from her betrothed," explained her father, when she had gone; "they always correspond once a week, and this is the day when the post arrives."

As I was walking about the house, in company with my clerical friend, I had a fresh proof of the facilities afforded in this country to clever artisans to improve themselves. Thus, one Ole, who is driving the hay-cart up the steep inclined plane to the hayloft, over the cow-house, has shown a strong turn for mechanics, and on the clergyman's recommendation

has obtained from the government three hundred dollars to defray the expense of a journey to England, that he may be further initiated and perfected in the mysteries of his trade. Another man about the farm, who has exhibited much natural talent as an engraver, is going to be sent to Christiania, to a craftsman in that line.

Among other things, I hear from my host of a regulation, in respect to ecclesiastical matters, which is well worth mentioning. In England, as we all know, no provision is made by the law for pensioning off a superannuated clergyman, or for the support of a clergyman's widow; nay, the very sensible proposal to pension a bishop, the other day, was decried as simony. Not so in Norway. The widow of a beneficed clergyman here has a proportion of the income of the benefice (from twenty to sixty dollars) during her life. Besides this, there is attached to most parishes what is called an *Enkesæde* (widow farm). Formerly she cultivated this herself; but, by a late regulation, these places have been sold, and she has the profits, which vary, in different cases, in amount.

Besides the beneficed clergy, there are in Norway

another class of clergy called *Residerende Capellan*. He holds a chapel of ease in some large parish, with land and house attached, but is quite independent of the rector. His appointment, like that of the beneficed clergy generally, is vested in the king. On a vacancy, the applications are received by the government, and sent to the king, marked 1, 2, 3, in order of merit. He generally chooses the first, but not always. The number of these chaplains is small—not above ten in all Norway. In some respects, the *Residerende Capellan* has less work than the *Sogne Prest*, or rector. Thus the *Fattig-wesen*, or arrangement for the relief of the poor, is chiefly managed by the *Sogne Prest*.

The *Personal Capellan* corresponds to an English curate. Whenever a rector requires a curate, he is bound to take one who is out of employment; and he cannot get rid of him, but must retain his services as long as he is rector. His successor in the living, however, is not similarly bound. It is conceivable that the rector and curate may have differences, and that this perpetuity of connexion may in some instances become irksome to both.

Generally, however, it is found to work well—they make the best of it, like a sensible man and wife. And the curate is not exposed, as he sometimes is in England, to the caprices of a rector, or a gynæco-cratical rectoress. Nor, again, is the public eye offended in this country with those unpleasant advertisements of curates holding the views of Venn, with strong lungs, or of Anglicans skilful in intoning and church decoration.

“What examinations have you at the University of Christiania?” I asked.

“There are three. First, the *Philosophisk*, i.e., a mixed classical examination; second, one in mathematics, physics, theology, and other subjects; and, three years later, there is what is called an *Embeds examen* (faculty examination), which, for the future clergyman, is in divinity; for the lawyer, in law; and so on. After this examination, however, a clergyman is not compelled to be ordained directly—indeed, he can put this off for some years.”

“And are the Norwegian students such ardent spirits as their brethren in Germany?”

“Ardent enough, but blessed, I hope, with more

common sense. They are intense lovers of liberty, and their minds are full of the idea of Scandinavian unity—i.e., a junction not only moral, but political, of the three kingdoms, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. It was only the other day that a thousand Norwegian students paid a visit to Upsala and Stockholm, and then went over to Copenhagen. They were received with open arms by the Danes. The shopkeepers would have no money for the articles they disposed of to them, begging them to take what they had asked for as a *souvenir* of Denmark. They lived in private houses, and partook of the best during their stay, entirely gratuitously; the King himself bore his share of the *Leitourgia*, lodging and boarding them in the palace. This Scandinavian party is gaining ground. It would be a great thing for Norway if the Bernadotte dynasty could succeed to the throne of the three kingdoms. They are of a much better stock than the descendants of Christian the First. Look at Oscar and his eldest son, the free-hearted, outspoken soldier; and then look at the throne of Denmark—a king who first marries a respectable princess and divorces her

for another, and does the same by her for no reason but because he has set eyes on a sempstress at a fire one night in the capital, and is determined to be possessed of her—and there she is, the Countess Danner. But he is blessed with no offspring, and when he dies the Danes get a Russian for their king; or what's next to it. No wonder, then, that the Scandinavian idea finds favour in Denmark: Even the king favours the idea; his toast, 'Denmark, Sweden, and Norway—three lands in peace, one in war,' shows that, selfish as he is, and careless of trampling on the feelings of those he has sworn to love and cherish, he has some little regard for the future of his people, and has not so far forgotten Waldemar and Knut, as to wish Denmark to be a mere appanage of Russia—in short, he has always aimed at being a popular monarch."

"A grand idea," said I, "no doubt, this of Scandinavian unity. I hear that Worsaae, and many of the Danish professors, have taken it up. But I don't think professors, generally, are practical men—at least, not in Germany, judging from what they did in Frankfort in 1848. They were with



child for many months, big with an ineffable conception, but they only brought forth wind after all."

"Ay! but we Norwegians don't manage in that way. Look at Eideswold, in 1814, and say whether we are not practical men."

"Don't you think Norway has anything to fear from the jealousy of Sweden?" I went on, changing the subject.

"No. There have been two or three times when we have been in a klem (hitch); but the good, sturdy common sense, and quiet resolution of us Norwegians has won the day. And now I think of it, this appointment of the Crown Prince to be viceroy at Christiania will be of inestimable benefit to the country. Our future ruler will get to understand the people, and know their worth. He will see what our freedom is doing for us. He makes himself quite at home with all, gentle and simple: dances with the parsons' wives and daughters, and smokes cigars with the merchants, but he is observing all the while very narrowly; and he sees we are all united in our attachment to our liberal institutions, and thriving under them wonderfully; while, at the same time, all are most loyal to the kingly house."

"But don't you think these religious schisms, Lammers on the one hand and the Roman Catholics on the other, will be causing a split in your national unity?"

"Oh! no. It is true the Roman Catholics have a great cathedral at Christiania; but they don't number more than a couple of hundred in all."

"Ah! but there are some more in the North. It was only the other day I heard that some Papists are engaged in an active propaganda about Tromsö."

"No doubt; the people up there have always been peculiarly inclined to be carried about by every wind of doctrine. It is there that the Haugianer made way; and it is there that these Papists have pitched their tents. They are going to work very systematically. They have purchased an estate at Alten. Every Sunday they preach to whoever will come. One of their addresses begins with the following attractive exordium:—'Beloved brethren, we have left father and mother, brothers and sisters, fatherland and friends, from affection

to you.' Again, they boldly talk of bringing into the country light for semi-darkness. The poor Laps much want some little book to be distributed gratis to explain to them the subtilty of these people. I wish you could make the case known to the excellent English Bible Society. And whereas the Haugians were always reputed to be cold and indifferent to the poor, these missionaries are very kind to them, visiting the sick, and offering food, clothing, and instruction gratis. The whole plan is most subtly contrived, especially when the fanatic character of the Laps, and their poverty is considered. If the Government does not take care, and see after their spiritual and temporal wants, they may fall, I grant, into the hands of those people. But I don't think the Norwegians will ever listen to them. There is an independence in our character that rebels against all priestly domination."

"So there is in England. But even there it is astonishing to see how far matters are going. Why! it is only the other day that a petition to our Queen, to restore the

'Greater Excommunication,' was put into my hands to sign."

But our conversation now turned from the vanities and vagaries of man to another topic.

The woods around are not deficient, I find, in capercaillie and black cock. Woodcocks, also, from the priest's description, must be here at times. It was a brown bird, he said, larger than a snipe, which at dusk flies backwards and forwards through an alley in the wood.

"That is the *Linnæa borealis*," said my host to me, pointing to a beautiful little white flower. "A strange thing happened to me," he said, "when I was at my mountain parsonage in the West. One Baron von Dübner, a Swedish botanist, drove up one day to my house. I found that he had journeyed all the way thither to make inquiries about a peculiar plant which grows, he said, just under the *Iisbrae*, on a particular spot of the *Dovre Fjeld*, and produces berries something like a strawberry, which ripen at the time when the snow melts in spring. I made particular

inquiries, and at last found a lad who said he knew what the stranger meant. He had seen and eaten these berries while tending cattle on that particular part of the Fjeld. I gave him a bottle, and he promised next spring to get me some; the baron promising to give a handsome reward. But alas! poor Eric did not survive to fulfil his promise. He was drowned that winter by falling through the ice. Now, do ask your botanists at Oxford about it."\*

\* I have not succeeded in obtaining any satisfactory information about this plant.

## CHAPTER XV.

Papa's birthday—A Fellow's sigh—To Kongsberg—A word for waterproofs—Dram Elv—A relic of the shooting season—How precipitous roads are formed in Norway—The author does something eccentric—The river Lauven—Pathetic cruelty—The silver mine at Kongsberg—A short life and not a merry one—The silver mine on fire—A leaf out of Hannibal's book—A vein of pure silver—Commercial history of the Kongsberg silver mines—Kongsberg—The silver refining works—Silver showers—That horrid English.

ON the morning of my departure, I find the Norsk flag hoisted on a tall flagstaff, on the eminence in front of the house.

"What is the meaning of this, Miss Lisa?"

"Oh! that's for papa's birthday," said she, in high glee.

"I wish you many happy returns of the day," was my greeting to the pastor, who was evidently not a little pleased at receiving the compliment in English.

Each of the ladies had something pretty to say to him on the occasion, and the Fruë produced a very

handsome new meerschaum pipe mounted with silver, which, by some magic process, she had obtained from the distant By against this auspicious morning.

As we are off the high road, there is no change-house near ; but, by my host's assistance, I have procured the services of an excellent fellow, who agrees to take me with his own horse in my friend's carriage all the way to Kongsberg, twenty miles off, where I am to visit the silver mines, and return by the same conveyance to Hougessund, on my way to Drammen. How very kind these people are.

Seeing I took an interest in legends, the two elder sisters had routed out some tracts on the subject, and the little Arilda presented me with some Norwegian views, and a piece of ore from the neighbouring mine. Miss Lisa blushed and smiled, and did not know what to make of it, when I wickedly proposed that she should come with me to Oxford.

"No," said mamma, "if you were twenty years older, perhaps."

"And I hope, when next you visit us," said the priest, "you'll be married, and bring Mrs. M."

"Married ! you know what I've told you about Fellowships. We are Protestant monks."

"Well," retorted his reverence, "I always say England is a great and enlightened country ; but if you wish to see an *effete* custom clung to with desperate tenacity, go to England."

What torrents of rain poured down that day, as we journeyed along towards Kongsberg.

Poor Sigur was speedily soaked through, his wadmél coat mopping up the deluge like a sponge. But he took the thing quite as a matter of course. As for the horse, he went on quite swimmingly. Being encased in lengthy Cording's fishing boots, a sou'-wester on my head, and a long mackintosh on my shoulders, I was quite jubilant, and could not help defying the storm with certain exclamations, such as,

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks, &c.

Sigur, astonished at my spouting, asked for an explanation, and on getting it, looked anything but an assent to my proposition.

Truth be told, I was sorry for Sigur. But, at the same time, waterproofed as I was, I had a sort



of self-reliant and independent feeling, as the rain pattered off my caoutchouc habiliments, pretty much the same, I should think, as the water-fowl tribe must have, when they are having a jolly sousing, but keep perfectly dry withal.

"Well," said I, "Sigur," remembering it was September 1, "it will be fine weather for the millers, at all events. No Quernknurre to be feared this autumn." Sigur smiled curiously through the fringe of rain-drops that bugled his hat-rim. He was evidently astonished that the Englishman had found out that.

"That elv is called Dram Elv," said he, pointing to the river tearing along with its fleet of logs. "Once, that farm-house which you see yonder, a couple of hundred feet above the river, was close to the water's edge, but the water burst through some rocks below, and now it's a river instead of a lake. There is some old story about it," continued he, scratching his grizzled locks, "but I forget it now. They say that the river takes its name from that Gaard."

At Hougessund I remarked what I had never seen before out of the towns in Norway—an inti-

mation over the merchant's door that travellers would find accommodation there. This will give a very good notion of the amount of hotel competition in this country. I had a bag of shot, No. 5, and as all shooting was now over, Sigur received directions to sell the same to the merchant for what he could get. The merchant took it, loudly protesting the while that he should never be able to sell it again. "Our shooters," said he, "use the largest hagel, not such dust as this." I can imagine that people accustomed to shoot game sitting, would do so.

It was pitch dark long before we reached Kongsberg. There was nothing left for it but to let the horse take his own course; but as he was unacquainted with the road, this was pretty much that of a vessel without a compass.

As good luck would have it, we overtook a traveller in a carriage, or these lines would mayhap never have been written. "Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease," are perhaps not aware, that in Norway, excepting on two or three pieces of newly-constructed road, there is no such a thing as posts and rails to fence the highway from danger. Now

and then, as in Switzerland, the edge of a sheer precipice is supposed to be guarded by blocks of granite, placed two or three yards apart, but ordinarily fences are only used to keep in cattle. It was not till the next day on returning that I became aware what I had escaped. It is true that there was no great depth to fall, but quite enough to break all my bones. But I might console myself with the thought, that I should have had an opportunity of talking to the doctor at Kongsberg, and obtaining from him some more information about his brownie patient, mentioned at page 232 above.

The object of my detour to Kongsberg was to have a sight of the celebrated silver mine in its neighbourhood. I had brought an introduction to the Director, Lammers (brother of the Dissenting Lammers of Skien), whom I found, next morning, deeply engaged in studying a plan of the workings. Provided by him with a note to the Superintendent, I put myself on my carriage, and started with Sigur for the mine. The excellent Larsen, at whose comfortable caravansary I put up, had indoctrinated Sigur that it was usual for strangers

to take a carriage from the inn; for which, of course, I should have had to pay pretty smartly. But I was determined to be eccentric for once, and did the most obvious thing—take my own vehicle and attendant. The Lauven, the best salmon river in the south of Norway, cuts the town in two with a stream of great width. The old wooden bridge, being worn out, is now being superseded by a new one, built exactly over it; so that we have the novel sight of two bridges one above the other. I could not learn that the good old Northern custom of burying a child under the new bridge, to make it durable, has been observed. At all events, the Kongsbergers, if they did so, kept their own counsel about it.

In Germany, too, this custom prevailed. Nay, within the last twenty years (see Grimm, “*Deutsche Mythologie*”), when a new bridge was built at Halle, the people said that a child ought to be built into it. Thiele, also, in his “*Danmark’s Folkesagn*,” relates as follows:—“A wall had to be built in Copenhagen, but as fast as they built it up, it sank into the swampy ground. In this dilemma, a small, inno-

cent child was set upon a stool with a table before it, on which were playthings and sweetmeats; and while it was amusing itself with these, twelve masons set to work and built a vault over it, and, at the same time, set up the wall again to the sound of music. Since that time the wall has never sunk the least."

Nothing noticeable caught my eye on the road, except a Thelemarken peasant-girl, in her quaint costume, dragging a little cow to market; but as on our return we again encountered both of them, it was clear that, with the dogged obstinacy of these people, rather than bate the price, she was marching back with the cow to her distant home in the mountains. A roundabout ascent of nearly four miles English brought us to the principal mine, which, as the crow flies, can be reached by a foot-path in half that distance. The device of a hammer and pick, set crosswise over a door, with the German motto, "Gluckauf," reminded me that these mines were first worked by miners from that country.

Presenting my credentials, I was ushered into a

room in the superintendent's house, and equipped with the toggery worn on those occasions—a dark green blouse, a leather apron fastened by a broad belt, and worn on the opposite side of the person to what aprons usually are; and lastly, an uncommonly stout black felt hat, with no brim—in shape, I should imagine, just like those worn by the Armenian priests. Such was the disguise which I assumed, and very suitable it was. The apron and blouse protected my clothes from dirt, and, if a piece of silver ore had attempted to fall upon my head, the hat would have acted as a helmet, and warded it off. My guide into “the bowels of the harmless earth” now approached, and we entered the level—commenced in 1716 by Frederick the Fifth—and progressed for nearly two miles along the tramway, lighted by a flaring torch, the ashes of which the conductor ever and anon knocked off into a vessel of water on the route. All was still, except that now and then a sound as of rushing waters jarred upon the ear. I found that it was the water pumped out of the mine by the engine, which usually glides quietly along in its wooden

channel; but in places where there was a slight ascent, got very angry, and shot along with increased velocity. At the end of this passage we came upon a group of miners, cooking their porridge for the mid-day meal. They are on duty, I understood, twenty-four hours at a stretch, so as to save the loss of time in getting to their work and back again, the distance in and out being so considerable. The men looked prematurely old, as far as I was able to judge from the very unfavourable light; and that, no doubt, has a great deal to do with looks at all times. The prettiest girl that ever joined in a Christmas revel, would be shocked if she could see a faithful representation of her face as it looked by the blue flickering light of the envious snapdragon.

But, to speak seriously, I find that though there is no explosive air in the mine, yet there is a closeness in the atmosphere which is prejudicial to health. At a comparatively early age the men become "ödelagt"—i. e., worn out. After a certain number of years of service they are pensioned. Their wages are, for one class of men, 24 skillings to 30 skillings

per diem ; for another, 30 skillings to 36 skillings ; so that the lowest is about 10*d.*, and the highest rate about 1*s.* 3*d.*, English. In this mine, which is called the Kongengrube (King's Mine), two hundred are employed. Where we now stood was about the centre of the mine ; above us was a perpendicular ascent to the top of the mountain, which we had avoided by entering the level. But we now had to descend, perpendicularly, a series of ladders, lighted by the dim light of a candle, which the guide, for fear of fire, had taken instead of the torch. We now descended fifty-five perpendicular ladders, of unequal lengths, but averaging, I understood, five fathoms each ; so that, according to Cocker, the "tottle" we descended was 1650 feet, though, when we stood at the bottom of the perpendicular shaft, we were in reality 3120 feet from the upper mouth. Each ladder rests on a wooden stage, and the top of it against a sort of trap-door let into a similar stage above. This perpendicularity of the shaft is its chief danger. Should a large piece of rock become loosened above, there is nothing but these wooden stages to prevent it smashing through to



the bottom of the shaft; and as no notice, such as "Heads below—look out," is given, not a few dreadful accidents have taken place in consequence. Again, from the construction of the mine, it is peculiarly dangerous in case of fire.

It was only in May last that a fire broke out suddenly in the Gotteshülfe in der Not (God's help in time of need) Mine, where there are eighty-eight ladders. The fire raged with such fury that four unfortunate men were choked before they could escape. A fifth got out alive. The burning continued eight days. The bodies have only just been found, August 18th.

Fire, I find, is used to make new horizontal shafts. We went into one of these side shafts to see the operation. Arrived at the end of the gallery, which was as symmetrical as a railway tunnel, and very hot, our further progress was barred by a great iron door; this being opened, I saw a huge fire of fir poles blazing away at the far end of a kind of oven. After the fire has thus burned for several hours, it is suffered to go out; and the miners, approaching with their picks, can

with very little effort chip off several inches of the hard rock, which has become as brittle as biscuit from the action of heat. The biscuit being cleared away, a fresh fire is lit, and another batch baked and removed ; and so on, day by day, till the miners come to ore.

At the bottom of the mine I was rewarded by the sight of a vein of pure silver. At first it seemed to me very like the rest of the rock, except that it was rougher to the touch ; but with a little beating, like a dull schoolboy, it brightened up wonderfully, and I saw before me a vein of native silver, two or three inches in width, and descending apparently perpendicularly. The native silver thus found, together with the argentiferous rock, is packed up in a covered cart, under lock and key, and driven into Kongsberg, where the smelting works are situate.

“ How does the refined silver go to Christiania ? ” I inquired.

“ In a country cart,” was the reply, “ driven by a simple bonder.” Even Queen Victoria’s baby-plate might pass in this manner through the country without danger of spoliation.”

No specimens are permitted to be sold in the mine; the men, I understand, are searched each time that they leave work.

The fortunes of these celebrated silver mines, which were discovered in 1623, have been like the mines themselves. There have been many ups and downs in them. At one time they have been worked by the State; at another, they have been in private hands; and sometimes the exploration stopped altogether. After thus lying idle for some years, the works were, in 1814, if I am rightly informed, offered for sale by the Danish Government to our present consul-general at Christiania, and the purchase was only not completed in consequence of that gentleman declining to keep up the full amount of workmen, a condition which the Government insisted on. Be this as it may, they were set a-going by the Government in 1816, and the Storthing voted 21,000 dollars for the purpose, and even greater sums in subsequent years. And yet, in 1830, the mine was not a paying concern. Just about this time, however, the miners hit upon a rich vein, and ever since 1832 it has paid. The greatest yield

was in 1888, when about 47,000 marks of pure silver were obtained. At present, about 400 marks are obtained weekly, or about 21,000 per annum. There is an actual profit of nearly 200,000 dollars a year. Notwithstanding this brilliant state of affairs, there has, reckoning from first to last, been a loss of several millions of dollars on the venture.

At one time Kongsberg was a city of considerable importance. At present, there are less than 5000 inhabitants; but in 1769, when Christiania had only 7496 inhabitants, Trondjem 7478, and Bergen 18,735, Kongsberg had over 8000. But it must be always considered important, as being the great mining school of the country—a country which contains, no doubt, vast mineral treasures under its surface.

Tough work it was ascending the ladders, and very hot withal. But as I intended to be in Drammen that evening, distant five-and-twenty miles, no time was to be lost. My climbing on the fjeld had been capital practice; and such was the pace at which I ascended, that the superintendent, who joined us, broke down or bolted midway.

We were soon at Kongsberg, it being down hill all the way. People told me I must by no means omit going to see a monument on the hill, between the mines and the town, where the names of ten kings, who had come to see the mine, were recorded, including Bernadotte. But I preferred devoting the rest of my spare time to what I considered much more instructive, viz., a visit to the establishments for reducing and refining the silver ore. As good luck would have it, I had an opportunity of witnessing the process for refining silver. About 2000*l.* worth of the precious metal was in an oven, with a moveable bottom, undergoing the process of refinement by the intense heat of a pine-wood fire, blown upon it from above.

Schiller's magnificent "Song of the Bell" rose to my mind—

Nehmet Holz von Fichtenstamme,  
Doch recht trocken laast es seyn,  
Dass die eingepresste Flamme  
Schlage zu dem Schwalch hinein !

The mynte-mester, a fat man, of grave aspect, illuminated by large spectacles, ordered one of

the Cyclopes around to put what looked like a thin, long poker, with a small knob at the end, into the boiling mass. It came out coated with a smooth envelope of dead metal. This the director examined, and shook his head; so away went the blow-pipe as before. Presently the same process was repeated. On the poker-knob being inserted a third time, the director scrutinized it carefully, and then said, "færdig!" On examining it, I found projecting, like a crown of airy thorns, a coating of exceedingly fine spicula of frosted silver. That was the signal that it was sufficiently purified.. Never till now had I known so exactly the force of the words of the Psalmist, "Even as silver which from the earth is tried and purified seven times in the fire."

It was desired to have the silver in small nodules for silversmiths, as more easily workable than in a lump. For this purpose, a vessel of cold water was placed under the furnace-spout. Another Cyclops stationed himself in front of the said spout, holding in his hand the nozzle of some hose connected with a water-engine. With this he took aim at the orifice (reminding me much of

a Norskman shooting game sitting, but in this case it was flying, as will be seen). A signal is given, a cock turned, and out rushes the white-hot molten metal; but at the moment of its escape from the trap, the fireman discharges a jet of cold water at it; the consequence is, that, instead of descending in a continuous stream, the blazing jet is squandered, and falls into the vessel below in a shower of silver drops. Danaë could have explained the thing to a nicety, only her shower was one of gold; while the metal most predominant in her own composition would seem to have been brass.

The gentleman who had been conversing with me in German, and apparently considered me a Teuton, said he could talk French also; but as for that horrid English, those people began a sentence and rolled it in their mouths, spit it half out, and the rest they swallowed. I strongly recommend any Englishman, who wishes to hear what people on the Continent think of John Bull and his wife, not to betray his nation if he can help it, and then he has some chance of getting at the true state of opinion without flattery. This rule will apply to

general society, such as one meets abroad. But there is a no less golden exception, which is this: never at a custom-house or police-office know the language of the officials; if you do, they are sure to badger you, especially if you are above suspicion. If, on the other hand, you shrug your shoulders, and keep replying to their remarks in English, you will completely foil their efforts at annoyance, and they will not be able to make anything of you, and look out for other prey.

Another remarkably polite and intelligent official now proceeded to show me some beautiful specimens of pure silver in another part of the building. Some of these "Handstene," as they are called, I purchased. Here, too, were those splendid specimens that appeared at the Great Exhibition in London, and also in Paris; and gained a medal in both instances. The bronze medal, designed by Wyon, with the busts of Victoria and Albert, and likewise the silver one of Napoleon, were side by side; the latter pretty, doubtless, but, to my thinking, and also that of the inspector, vastly inferior to the former, which, he said, was a real work of art.



My companions at dinner were the engineer of the new road out of Kongsberg, and a Hungarian refugee, getting his living by portrait-painting. All things considered, I should think that the engineer's trade was the better of the two. But the artist was a good-looking fellow, and twirled his moustache with great complacency; so that, perhaps, he got sitters. At all events, he could have no competition.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A grumble about roads—Mr. Dahl's caravansary—"You've waked me too early"—St. Halvard—Professor Munck—Book-keeping by copper kettles—Norwegian society—Fresh milk—Talk about the great ship—Horten the chief naval station of Norway—The Russian Admiral G——Conchology—Tönsberg the most ancient town in Norway—Historical reminiscences—A search for local literature—An old Norsk patriot—Nobility at a discount—Passport passages—Salmonia—A tale for talkers—Agreeable meeting—The Roman Catholics in Finmark—A deep design—Ship wrecked against a lighthouse—The courtier check-mated.

THE new road, which avoids some fearful hills, will soon be finished; and that is the excuse for not repairing the old one, which was something like what Holborn Hill would be with all the paving-stones up.

Prince Napoleon, who has just returned from his voyage to Spitzbergen and the Arctic regions, is about to visit Kongsberg in company with one

of the Royal Princes of Sweden, to-morrow. It is lucky for the highway surveyors that it is not the King of Oude. They doubtless would have been put into the ruts to fill them up, or smelted in the smelting-houses, or have had to undergo some other *refined* process.

Sigur and I parted company at Hougessund; he proceeding homewards, and I crawling along to Drammen, by the side of the elv, with the worst horse I ever drove in Norway. Fortunately, the road is a dead level, and good. The river abounds in salmon, which cannot get up higher than Hougessund.

On the other side of it, I saw several lights, which I learned were at saw-mills, which are working night and day. I suppose they are taking time by the forelock. Hitherto, saw-mills have been in the hands of a few privileged persons; but in 1860 the monopoly expires, and anybody may erect one.

I had been strongly recommended to one Mr. Dahl. His caravansary I found both comfortable and reasonable. The St. Halvard steam-boat,

which was to convey me next morning to some station in the Christiania Fjord, started at seven o'clock, I found, so I requested to be called at a little before six. The damsel walked into my bedroom, without any preliminary knock, long before that hour,

"You've come too early," said I; "the boat does not start till seven."

"Oh, yes; but the passengers are accustomed to assemble on board half an hour before."

So much for the Norwegian value of time.

At five minutes to seven I found myself on board the boat, much to the astonishment, no doubt, of the numerous passengers; who, with the patient tranquillity of Norwegians, had long ago settled in their places.

"St. Halvard—who was St. Halvard?" said I to a person near me, as we scudded along through the blue waves, glistening in the morning sun, and curled by a gentle breeze. He did not know, but he thought a friend of his on board knew. The friend, an intelligent young lieutenant in the army, from Fredrickshall, soon produced a book of Professor

Munck's, but the volume made no mention of the enigmatical personage. Seeing, however, that I looked over the pages with interest, nothing would content the young *militaire* but that I should retain possession of it; which I accordingly did, with many thanks. It may be as well to mention, that there are two Muncks in Norway; A. Munck, the poet, and Professor A. P. Munck, the historian, a person of European reputation, who is now engaged on a comprehensive work, "*Norske Folks Historie*," "*History of the Norsk People*." He is also author of several other works of antiquarian research.

"You have been in Thelemarken?" inquired the lieutenant. "That's the county for old Norsk customs and language. With all their dirt and rude appearance, some of the bonders are very rich, and proud of their wealth. I remember being at a farm some miles above Kongsberg, where I saw a number copper kettles ranged on a shelf, as bright as bright could be; I found that these were the gauge of the bonder's wealth. For every thousand dollars saved a new copper kettle was added. You

have no idea how tenacious these people are of their social position. When the son and daughter of two bonders are about to be married, a wonderful deal of diplomacy is used, the one endeavouring to outwit the other. It is surprising with all the chaffering and bargaining between the elders that the marriages turn out so well as they do.

Yet even the wealthiest of them live in the meanest manner. I don't suppose you would get any fresh milk in your travels in Thelemarken, except at the manors. You would not believe it, but they are in the habit of keeping their milk from spring to autumn. To prevent it becoming stale or maggoty, they stir it every day. In process of time it assumes a very strong scent, which the people inhale with great gusto. It is a filthy affair, but people accustomed to it like it, and, above all things. A curious case in point occurs to my mind: A Voged, who had been for some years stationed up in a wild part of Thelemarken, was translated to Drammen, which is an agreeable place, and by no means

deficient in good society. But, with all this improvement in neighbourhood, and the appliances of life; in spite of his increased pay and higher position, the Voged sickened and pined; in short, became a regular invalid. What could it be? He missed the thick, stinking milk of the Thelemarken wilds. He petitioned to return to the old Fogderie, where he would have less pay, but more milk; and, from the last accounts, he is fully restored to health, and enjoying himself amazingly."

As we approached Horten, the chief naval station of Norway, I saw a new church, apparently built in red stone, and in the Gothic style; which, as far as I could judge, reflected no little credit on the architect. At this moment, a Norskman tapped me on the shoulder, and asked—

"Are you an Englishman? Do you live in London? Have you seen the great ship that is building on the banks of the Thames? They say it is twice as long as the magazine at Horten yonder; but I can't believe it."

"You mean the *Great Eastern*, as they call it?

I don't know how long the magazine is; but the ship is 680 feet long."

"Virkelig! det er accurat dobbelt" (Really! then it is exactly double, just as I heard.)

The daily steamer from Christiania to Fredricks-hall met us here, *Halden*, by name; and separated me from the intelligent lieutenant, with whom I exchanged cards.

As we steamed out of Horten, past the gun-boats and arsenals, a naval-looking man said—

"We have had a great man here lately, sir: the Russian Admiral G——. The newspapers were strongly against his being allowed to pry about our naval station; but he was permitted by the Government. After examining everything very accurately, he said, 'It's all very good, too good: for England will come and take it away from you.'"

"And what did the dockyard people think of that? Did they agree with him?"

"Heaven forefend! They knew whom they had to deal with. As he walked through the arsenal, he saw some shells lying about. 'What is that?"



some new invention?' 'Oh! no,' said the officer; 'it is only shells, after the old fashion.' The Russian admiral seemed contented with the reply; but he was not going to be put off the real scent by a feint of this kind. In fact, a Norwegian captain, not long ago, did invent a peculiar kind of shell, which, with unerring precision, can be so managed as to burst in a vessel's side after effecting an entrance. The Russian knew this, but kept his counsel then. Subsequently, he found an opportunity of drawing a subaltern officer aside, to whom he offered two hundred dollars to reveal the secret. But the Norskman would not divulge the secret (shell out), only telling his superior, who took no notice, but merely chuckled at the Russian's duplicity."

"It is an old Russian trick, that," replied I; "if I remember rightly, the Muscovites obtained the secret of the Congreve rocket by some such underhand manœuvre."

The admiral's curiosity will remind the reader of the facetious *Punch's* "Constantine Paul Pry," who visited England and France for a similar object.

As we steered down the vast Fjord, which is here of great width, and ramifies into various arms, we see the *Nornen*, a new Norsk frigate, in the offing, on her trial trip.

A little after noon, we were steaming down a shallow bay, surrounded by low wooded islets, to Tonsberg, the most ancient town in Norway. The harbour for shipping is in the Tonsberg Fjord, distant a bowshot from where we land; but to get there by water would require a detour of several miles. The isthmus is low and flat, and presents no engineering difficulties whatever. In any other country, a ship canal would long since have joined the two waters. At present, there is only a ditch between.

The ruins of the old fortified castle are still discernible on the elevation to the north of the town; and a sort of wooden building, something between a summer-house and an observatory, has lately been erected on the spot. The old castle (Tonsberg-hus) suffered a good deal from an attack of the Swedes in 1503; and was totally destroyed in 1532, in the disturbances that ensued on the

return of King Christian II. to Norway. As early as the close of the ninth century, the city was a place of resort for merchants, and the residence of the kings in the middle ages. At one time there were half a score of churches in the place ; but of these none remained fifty years ago, except one very ancient one, in the Pointed style ; but this was pulled down by some Vandal authorities of the place. During the troubles of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the town was taken and plundered more than once ; but it received its finishing blow from the Union of Calmar.

An eminence to the east of the town is called the Mollehaug, where in the middle ages the renowned Hougathing, or Parliament, was held, and the kings received homage. There being nothing left in the town to indicate its former importance, I mounted up the Castle-hill, and took a look of the surrounding country and Fjords, with the blue mountains of Thelemarken far in the distance. The ancient seat of the Counts of Jarlsberg is near at hand ; from which family the surrounding district bears the name of Grefskabet (county).

Afterwards I strolled into the cemetery. Some of the tombs were of polished red granite, which is obtained in the neighbourhood ; most of them had long inscriptions. Under two relieve busts in white marble was the short motto, " Vi sees igjen," (we shall meet again,) and then a couple of joined hands, and the names of So-and-so and his Hustru (gudewife). On an obelisk of iron I read—" Underneath rests the dust of the upright and active burgher, the tender and true man and father, merchant Hans Falkenborg. His fellow-burghers' esteem, his survivors' tears, testify to his worth. But the Lord gave, the Lord took. Blessed be the name of the Lord." On another stone was written—" Underneath reposes the dust of the in-life-and-death-united friends, Skipper F. and Merchant B. Both were called from the circle of their dear friends December 10, 1850, at the age of 28. Short was their pilgrimage here on earth ; but who hath known the mind of the Lord, who hath been his councillor ? Peace be with their dust." Altogether there was much good taste exemplified in these memorials of the dead.

As I returned towards the inn, I called at the only bookseller's in this town of nearly three thousand inhabitants, in hopes of obtaining some local literature in reference to a place of such historical celebrity; Madame Nielsen, however, only sold school-books of the paltriest description. After my walk, I was by no means sorry to sit down to a good dinner at the inn. Opposite me sat a fine old fellow, with grey streaming locks, while two bagmen and the host completed the company. Under the influence of some tolerable Bordeaux, the old gentleman became quite communicative; he had been in arms in '14, when Norway was separated from Denmark, and the Norskmen recalcitrated against the cool handing them over from one Power to another.

"That was a perilous time for us; one false step, and we might have been undone; but each man had only one thought, and that was for his country. In this strait," continued he, his eyes sparkling, "one hundred Norskmen met at Eidsvold on May 1, and on May 17 the constitution was drawn up which we now enjoy. Please God it may last. The Norwegians may well be proud

of it, and no wonder that the Swedes are jealous of us with their four estates, and their miserable pretence of a constitution—the worst in Europe. Their shoals of nobility are the drag-chain; we got rid of them here in 1821. That was a great blessing; Carl Johann was against it, and three thousand Swedish soldiers were in the vicinity of Christiania. Count Jarlsberg, our chief noble, was for the abolition; its chief opponent was Falsing. He said in the Storthing, that if our nobility were abolished he would say farewell to Norway. Another member took him up short, and said, ‘And the Norsk hills would echo well.’ ”

Dinner over, I drove through the woods back to Vallö, where I was to meet the steamer. Two Swiss gentlemen possess a large establishment here for the manufacture of salt by the evaporation of salt water; a cotton mill is also adjoining, belonging to the same proprietors.

On applying for my ticket at the office—where it may be had a trifle cheaper than on board—my passport is demanded and examined, and the office-keeper informs me that it is against the rules to give a ticket for an outward-bound steamer to any

one whose passport has not been countersigned by the Norwegian authorities. Now, on leaving Norway by way of Christiania, as I was aware, it is required to be shown to the police, and *viséd*, but as I had never been near the capital this year, and, from the moment I had landed to this, the passport had never been demanded, it did not occur to me that a *visé* would be required. For the moment I was disconcerted, as nobody was to be found at Vallö who could remedy the defect.

On inquiry, however, I found that the naval officer in command of the coming vessel was my old friend Captain H., and so I felt secure. There were plenty of faces that I knew on board, among the rest some Oxford Undergraduates returning from a delightful excursion up the country; there were also some "Old Norwegians," who had been fishing in the north, and complained loudly of the unfavourableness of the season. There had been an unusual amount of rain and cold, and the rivers had been so full of snow-water, that the salmon had stuck at the mouths, a prey to nets, &c., in preference to braving the chills of the Elv.

Among other small talk, I began to recount as I

sat in the Captain's room, how I had seen the old gentleman with the star and diplomatic coat. (See *ante*). Just then somebody came and called out the first lieutenant by name, which was, I perceived, the very same as that of the last baron whom I was engaged in taking off.

"Is he any relation?" I inquired in alarm.

"Only his son," was the reply.

Fortunately I had not said anything derogatory to the papa, or I might have placed myself in an awkward fix. This is only another proof how cautious you ought to be on board one of these steamers of talking about whom you have seen, and what you think, for the coast being the great high road, everybody of condition takes that route—you may have been, perhaps, for instance, abusing some merchant for overcharges—and after speaking your mind, *pro* or *con*, the gentleman with whom you are conversing may surprise you with a—

"Ja so! Indeed! That's my own brother."

"Were you ever up beyond the North Cape?" said a Frenchman to me, at dinner.

"Oh! yes; I once went to Vadsö."



"And what sort of beings are they up there? Half civilized, I suppose?"

"Not only half, but altogether, I assure you," said I. "I met with as much intelligence, and more real courtesy and kindness, than you will encounter half the world over." At this moment my neighbour to the left, a punchy, good-humoured-looking little fellow, with a very large beard and moustache, which covered most of his face, and who had evidently overheard the conversation, said, in English:

"You not remember me? You blow out your eyes with gunpowder upon the banks of the Neiden. What a malheur it was! Lucky you did not be blind. I am Mr. —, the doctor at Vadsö. We went, you know, on a pic-nic up the Varanger Fjord. Count R——, the bear-shooter, who was such a tippler, was one of the party."

"Opvarter (waiter), bring me a bottle of port, first quality, strax (directly)," said I, remembering the little gentleman perfectly well, and how kindly he and his companions had on that occasion drunk skall to the Englishman, and

made me partake of the flowing bowl. We had a long chat, and presently he introduced me to his wife; who, I found, was, like himself, a Dane. They were journeying to their native country, after several years' absence.

"What are those Roman Catholics doing up in Finmark?" said I.

"The people hardly know yet what to make of them," he replied. "The supposition generally is, no doubt, that they wish to convert the Fins. But I don't think so. They are aiming at higher game."

"How so?"

"Russia!—That's their object. They can't get into that country itself. But a vast quantity of Russians are continually passing and repassing between the nearest part of Russia and Finmark. And they will try to indoctrinate them. Their *point d'appui* is most dexterously selected. There is no lack of funds, I assure you. They have settled on an estate at Alten, which they have bought."

"And so clever and agreeable they are," put in

the Dane's lady. "Mr. Bernard especially. He has a wonderfully winning manner about him."

"The chief of the mission," continued the doctor, "is M. Etienne, a Russian by birth, whose real name is Djunkovsky, and who has become a convert from the Greek faith. He is styled M. le Préfet Apostolique des Missions Polaires du Nord, de l'Amerique, &c.; and proposes, he says, to operate hereafter on parts of North America. On St. Olaf's day, he invited forty of the most respectable people in the neighbourhood to a banquet, and, in a speech which he made, said that the Norsk religion had much similarity with the Roman Catholic; and that Saint Olaf was the greatest of Norsk kings. Still, I think they have higher game in view than Norway."

A master-stroke of policy, thought I. The Propaganda will have surpassed itself if it should succeed in setting these people thinking. The children of the autocrat will cast off their leading-strings yet; and the strife between the Latin and Greek Church rage, not between the monks at the Holy City, but in the heart of holy Russia.

At this pause in the conversation, the Frenchman, who did not seem a whit disconcerted at his former *faux pas*, recommenced his criticisms. The fare, and the doings on board generally, evidently did not jump with his humour. "What is this composition?" he inquired of the steward. "Miös-Ost?" (a sort of goat's-milk cheese, the size and shape of a brick, and the colour of hare-soup). "It's very sweet," observed the Frenchman, sarcastically; "is there any sugar in it?"

"No!" thundered the captain, who did not seem to relish these strictures. "No. It's made of good Norsk milk, and that is so sweet that no sugar is required."

This remark had the effect of making the Gaul look small, and he gulped down any further satire that he might have had on his tongue.

I heard, by-the-bye, an amusing anecdote of these cheeses. They are considered a delicacy in Norway; and a merchant of Christiania sent one as a present to a friend in England. The British custom-house authorities took it for a lump of diachylon, and charged it accordingly, as drugs, a great deal more than it was worth.

As we sail through the Great Belt, the masts of a wrecked vessel appear sticking out of the water near the lighthouse of Lessö. It has been a case of collision, that dreadful species of accident that threatens to be more fatal to modern navies than storms and tempests. In this case, the schooner seemed determined to run against something, so she actually ran against the lighthouse, in a still night, and when the light was plain to see. The concussion was so great, that the vessel sank a few yards off, with some of her crew. The lighthouse rock is in *statu quo*.

Run your head against a wall,  
It will neither break nor fall.

On board was Mr. D——, a chamberlain at the Court of Stockholm. This gay gentleman professed to be terribly smitten by the charms of a Danish lady, and wished very much to know whether she was married. I heard that she was, but she apparently desired to relieve the monotony of the voyage by a little flirtation, and kept her secret. On awaking from a nap on one

of the sofas, a friend informed me that the chamberlain, whom I saw sketching a dozing passenger, had done the like by me. I quietly got out my sketch-book, and took him off as quickly as possible. Happening to look my way, he saw what was going on, and sprang up, as if shot. "Those who live in glass houses," &c. I begged him to look at the caricature I had made;—eyes staring out of head, hair brushed up, &c. This counterfeit presentment seemed to strike him all of a heap; he shut up his sketch-book, and walked out of the cabin; while a Swedish Countess, very young and pretty, who had been smoking a very strong cigar on deck, and had to abide the consequences of her rashness, came downstairs, and took refuge in the ladies' apartment.

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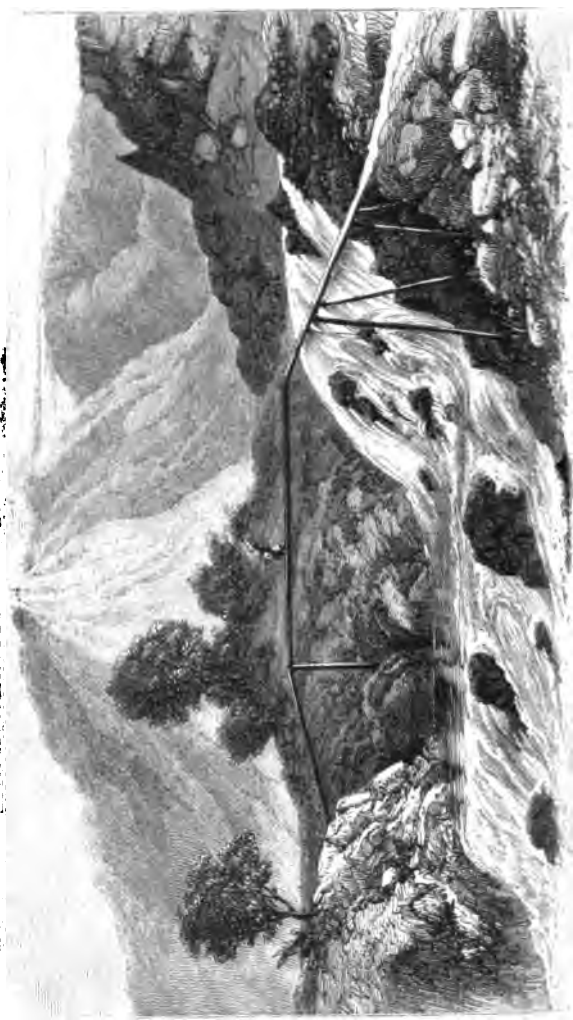
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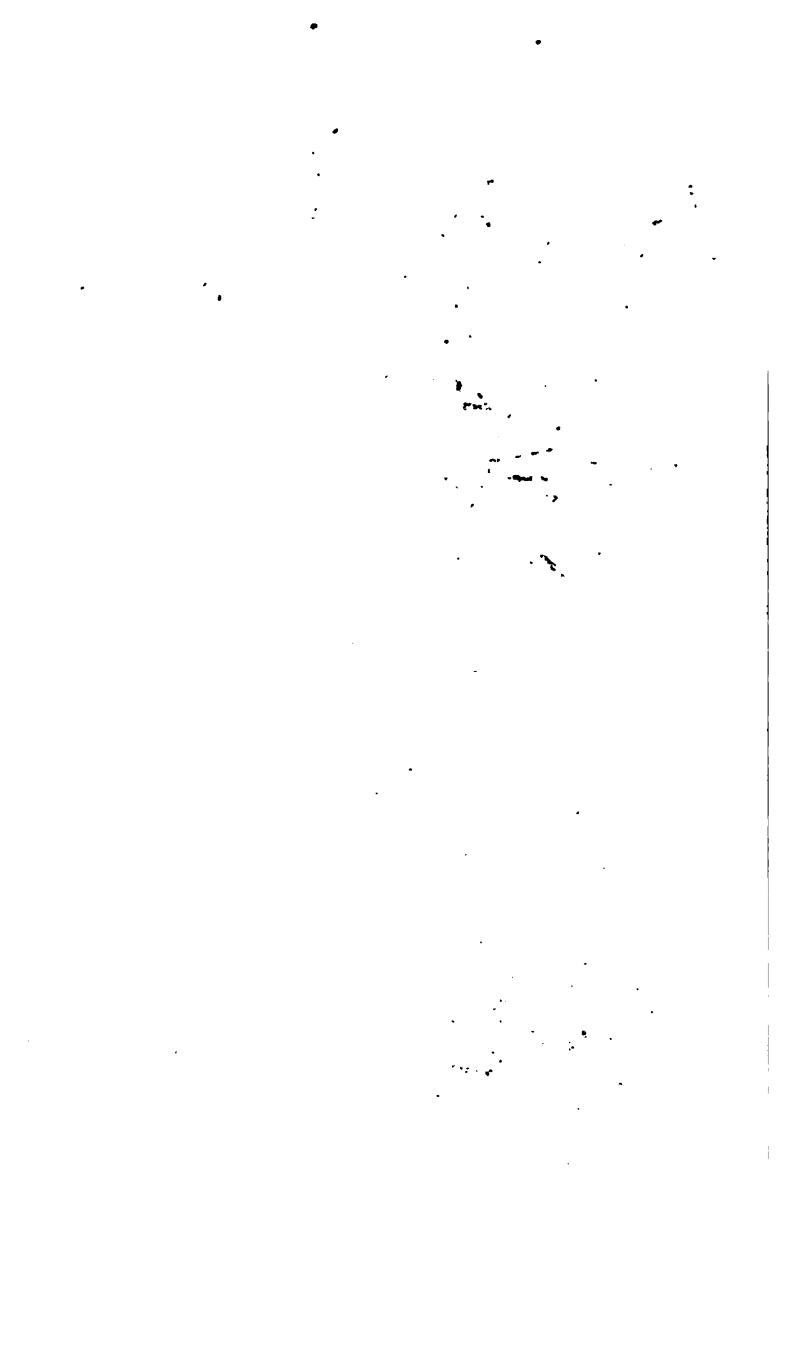
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# THE OXONIAN

IN

## THELEMARKEN;

OR,

### NOTES OF TRAVEL IN SOUTH-WESTERN NORWAY

IN THE SUMMERS OF 1856 AND 1857.

WITH GLANCES AT THE LEGENDARY LORE  
OF THAT DISTRICT.

BY

THE REV. FREDERICK METCALFE, M.A.,

FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD,

AUTHOR OF

"THE OXONIAN IN NORWAY."

"Auf den Bergen ist Freiheit; der Hanch der Gräfte,  
Steigt nicht hinauf in die schönen Lüfte,  
Die Welt is vollkommen überall.  
Wo der Mensch nicht hinein kömmt mit seiner Qual."

"Tu nidum servas: ego laudo ruris ameni  
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# THE OXONIAN IN THELEMARKEN.

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BEING desirous of proceeding to Copenhagen, I landed at Nyeborg ; together with the Dane and his lady.

The steamer across to Korsör will start at four A.M., and so, it being now midnight, we must

sleep as fast as we can till then. The politeness of the Danish custom-house officials surpassed everything of the kind I ever encountered from that class. We put up at Schalburg's hotel. Mine host cozened us. I recommend no traveller to stop at his house of entertainment.

"Morgen-stund giv Guld i Mund," said the fair Dane to me, quoting a national proverb, as I pointed out to her the distant coast of Zealand, which a few minutes before was indistinctly visible in the grey dawn, now gilded with the sun.

She was quite in ecstasies at the thoughts of setting foot on her dear Zealand, and seeing its level plains of yellow corn and beechen groves, after the granite and gneiss deserts of Lapland and Finmark. Sooth to say, the Danish ladies are not infected with that deadly liveliness which characterizes many of the Norwegians; while, on the other hand, they are devoid of that bland facility and Frenchified superficiality which mark many of the Swedes. How is it that there is such a wide distinction between the Swede and the Norskman? Contrast the frank bluntness of the one; strong,

sterling, and earnest, without artifice and grace : and the supple and insinuating manner of the other. The very peasant-girl of Sweden steps like a duchess, and curtsies as if she had been an *habitué* of Almack's. Pass over the Borders, as I have done, from Trondjem Fjord through Jemteland, and at the first Swedish change-house almost, you are among quite a different population, profuse of compliments and civilities which they evidently look upon as all in the day's work, and very much disposed withal to have a deal with you—to sell you, for instance, one of their grey dog-skin cloaks for one hundred rix dollars. One is reminded, on the one hand, of the sturdy, blundering Halbert Glendinning ; and on the other, of the lithesome, adroit Euphuist, Sir Piercie Shafton. And yet, if we are to believe the antiquarians and ethnologists, both people are of pretty much the same stock : coming from the countries about the Black Sea, two centuries after Christ, when these were overrun by the Romans, and supervening upon the old Gothic or second migration. It may be said that the Norsk character caught

some parts of its colouring from the stern, rugged nurse in the embrace of whose mountains their lot has been cast; with the great backbone of primæval rock (Kiölen) splitting Norway in two, and rendering intercourse difficult. So that now you will hear a Norskman talk of Nordenfjelds (north of the mountains), and Söndenfjelds (south of the mountains), as if they were two distinct countries. But then, if the Swedes did live on a flatter country, and one apparently more adapted for the production of the necessaries of life, and so more favourable to the growth of civilization; yet it, too, presented obstacles almost equally insurmountable to the spread of refining arts and tastes.

They also used to talk, not like the Norwegians, of their north of the mountain and south of the mountain, but of their north of the forest (norden-skovs) and south of the forest (söndenskovs), in allusion to the impenetrable forests of Kolmorden and Tiveden, which divided the district about the Mälar Lake from the south and south-west of Sweden. And is it much better now? True, you have the canal that has pierced the country and

opened it out to culture and civilization ; but even at the present day the climate of Sweden is less mild than that of Norway, and four-sevenths of the whole surface of the country are still covered by forests. In travelling from the Trondjem Fjord to the Gulf of Bothnia, I found myself driving for four consecutive days through one dense forest, with now and then a clearing of some extent ; and as for the marshes, they are very extensive and treacherous. One day I saw two cranes not far from the road along which I was driving, and immediately stepped, gun in hand, off the causeway, to try and stalk them. But I was nigh becoming the victim ; for at the first step on what looked like a grassy meadow, I plunged deep into a floating morass. A Swede who was my companion luckily seized me before I had played out the part of Curtius without any corresponding results.

The nation which has to fight with a cold climate and such physical geography as this, is not much better situated than the one which in a milder climate has to wring a subsistence from rocks, and which, to advance a mile direct, has to go up and down twain. Like those heroes and



pioneers of civilization in the backwoods, they both of them have to clench the teeth, and knit the brow, and stiffen the sinews, if they want to hold their own in the stern fight with nature. And this sort of permanent, self-reliant obduracy which by degrees gets into the blood, is by no means prone to foster those softer graces that bud forth under the warmth of a southern sky and in the lap of a richer soil, where none of the asperities generated by compulsion are requisite, but Dame Nature, with the least coaxing possible, listens to and rewards her suitors.

Why is it, then, that the manners of these two people are so different? People tell me it did not use to be so. The first and great reason, then, appears to be the different governments of the two countries; the absence of liberty and the excessive powers and number of the nobility in the one, and the abundance of liberty and absence of nobles in the other. The influence of rule upon the inhabitants of a country is, in the long run, as mighty as that of breed and blood.

Improbable as it may appear to some, I am inclined to lay great stress on the influence of a

French Court. Bernadotte, it is true, was the son of a plebeian, a notary of Pau; but he was a Frenchman, and every Frenchman is versatile, and gifted with external polish, at all events; and his Court was French, and Court influence did its work, penetrating to the very roots of society; so that by degrees the graces of the capital became engrafted on the obsequious spirit already engendered by long servitude among the Swedish population. At Christiania, on the contrary, there is no Court; the nobility are not, and the country is all but a republic. This is, I believe, a partial solution of the problem—a “guess at truth.” While on this subject, I may as well refer to the difference between the pronunciation of Danish and Norwegian, though they are at present the same language. The vapid sweetness which your Dane affects in his articulation, is most distasteful after the rough and strenuous tongue of Norway. It is a case of lollipop to wholesome gritty rye-bread. The Dane, especially the Copenhagenner, rolls out his words in a most lackadaisical manner, as if he were talking to a child. *Mammas* and *papas* will talk thus, we know, to their babies, the

language of endearment not being according to the rules of the Queen's English. At times I thought great big men were going to blubber, and were commiserating their own fate or that of the person addressed, when perhaps they were only asking what time the train started to Copenhagen, or whether the potato sickness had reappeared.

Going to the fore part of the steamer to get some English money turned into Danish, I find two of those Swiss of the North, Dalecarlian girls, on board. They are from Mora, and one is very pretty. The most noticeable feature in their costume is their short petticoats and red stockings. That most sprightly girl, Miss Diana Redshank, will at once perceive whence it is that we borrow the fashion now prevailing in England. As a matter of course, they were artists in hair, and they immediately produced their stock-in-trade—viz., specimens of bracelets, necklaces, and watch-chains, very well worked and very cheap. They have been from home all the summer, and are now working their way back. In winter they weave cloth and attend to the household duties. I bought a hair bracelet for three shillings.

As an instance of Norwegian slowness, I may mention that although the railway is opened from Korsör to Copenhagen, distant three hours, the Norwegian steamer still continues to stop at Nye-borg, on the further side of the Belt, thereby necessitating this trip across, and much additional delay, trouble, and expense.

The novels of Ingemann have made all these places classic ground. The Danes look on him as the Walter Scott of their country. He is now past seventy, and living in repose at the Academy of Sorö. Denmark sets a good example in the reward of literary merit.

Well do I remember, years ago, meeting a goggle-eyed young man, with lanky, dark hair, ungainly figure, and wild countenance, and nails just like filberts, at a table-d'hôte in Germany. All the dinner he rolled about his large eyes in meditation. This was Hans Christian Andersen, now enjoying a European reputation, and holding, with a good stipend, the sinecure of Honorary Professor at the University of Copenhagen. Hitherto he had been candle-snuffer at the metropolitan theatre, but his hidden talents had

been perceived, and he was being sent to Italy to improve his taste and get ideas at the public expense.

If we contrast the fate in England and in Denmark of genius in rags, we may be reminded of the *märchen*, told, if I remember, by Anderson himself, how that once on a time a little dirty duck was ignored by the sleek fat ducks around, when it meets with two swans, who recognised the seemingly dirty little duck, and protected it. Whereupon the astonished youngster happens to see himself in a puddle, and finds that he is a genuine swan.

What a contrast between these flat plains of Zealand, with the whitewashed cottages and farm-houses—the ridge of the thatched roof pinned down with straddles of wood—and the rocky wilds of Norway, its log-houses, red or yellow, with grass-covered roofs, nestling under a vast impending mountain. In Denmark, the highest land is only a few hundred feet above the sea. How immensely large, too, the cows and horses look after the lilliputian breeds of Norway. There being hardly any fences, the poor creatures are

generally tethered: yonder peasant girl with the great wooden mallet is in the act of driving in the iron tethering-pin.

No wonder that in a country so open, superstition was had recourse to to terrify the movers of their neighbour's landmarks. Thus the Jack-o'-Lanterns in the isle of Falster are nothing but the souls of dishonest land-measurers running about with flaming measuring-rods, and crying, "Here is the right boundary, from here to here!" Again, near Ebeltoft, there used to live a rich peasant, seemingly a paragon of propriety, a regular church-goer, a most attentive sermon-hearer, one who paid tithes of all he possessed; but somehow, nobody believed in him. And sure enough when he was dead and buried, his voice was often heard at night crying in woful accents, "Boundary here, boundary there!" The people knew the reason why.

Instead of those dark and sombre pine-forests so thoroughly in keeping with the grim, Dantesque grandeur of the Norwegian landscape, or the ghost-like white stems of the birch-trees, the only trees

visible are the glossy-foliaged, wide-spreading groves of beech, with now and then an oak.

I descend at Ringstedt to see the tombs of the great Valdemar (King of Denmark), and his two wives, Dagmar of Bohemia, and Berengaria of Portugal. The train, I perceive, is partly freighted with food for the capital, in the shape of sacks full of chickens (only fancy chickens in sacks!) and numbers of live pigs, which a man was watering with a watering-can, as if they had been roses, and would wither with the heat.

Having a vivid recollection of Ingermann's best historical tale, *Valdemar Seier*, it was with no little interest that I entered the church, and stood beside the flag-stones in the choir which marked the place of the King's sepulture. On the Regal tomb was incised, "Valdemarus Secundus Legislator Danorum." On either side were stones, with the inscriptions, "Regina Dagmar, prima uxor Valdemari Secundi," and "Regina Berengaria, secunda uxor Valdemari Secundi." The real name of Valdemar's first wife was Margaret, but she is only known to the Dane as little Dagmar, which means "dawning," or "morn-

ing-red." Her memory is as dear to the people as that of Queen Tyra Dannebod. She was as good as she was beautiful. The name of "Proud Bengard," on the contrary, is loaded with curses, as one who brought ruin upon the throne and country.

At this moment a gentleman approached me with a courteous bow; he was dressed in ribbed grey and black pantaloons, and a low-crowned hat. I found afterwards that he was a native of Bornholm, and no less a personage than the Probst of Ringstedt; he was very polite and affable, and informed me that these graves were opened not long ago in the presence of his present Majesty of Denmark. Valdemar was three ells long; his countenance was imperfect. Bengard's face and teeth were in good preservation. Dagmar's body had apparently been disturbed before.

In the aisle near, he pointed out the monument to Eric Plugpenning, the son of Valdemar. He had the nickname of Plugpenning (Plough-penny), for setting a tax on the plough. He was murdered on a fishing excursion by his brother. The fratricide's name was not Cain but Abel. There was no



luck afterwards about the house ; the curse of Atreus and Thyestes rested upon it. Of course, after such an atrocity King Abel "walks," or more strictly speaking he "rides." Slain in a morass near the Eyder in 1252, his body was buried in the cathedral of Sleswig. But his spirit found no rest ; by night he haunted the church and disturbed the slumbers of the canons ; his corpse was consequently exhumed, and buried in a bog near Gottorp, with a stake right through it to keep it down ; the peasants will still point out the place. But it was all to no purpose ; a huntsman's horn is often heard at night in the vicinity, and Abel, dark of aspect, is seen scouring away on a small black horse, with a leash of dogs, burning like fire.

Here, then, in Denmark, we see the grand Asgaardsreia of Norway localized, and transferred from the nameless powers of the invisible world to malefactors of earth ; while in Germany it assumes the shape of "The Wild Huntsman."

Returning to the inn, I amused myself till the next train arrived by looking at the Copenhagen paper, from which I learn that twenty pairs were

copulerede—married—last week, and that there has been a great meeting of Mormons in the capital. Such has been the effect of the mission of the elders in Jutland, that that portion of Denmark is becoming quite depopulated from emigration to the city of the Salt Lake. There is also a list of gold, silver, and bronze articles lately discovered in the country, and sent to the museum of Copenhagen, with the amount of payments received by each. In the precious metals these are according to weight. One lucky finder gets 72 rix dollars.

By the next train I advance to Roeskilde, which takes its name from the clear perennial spring of St. Roe, which ejects many gallons a minute. Baths and public rooms are established in connexion with it. But it was the Cathedral that drew me to Roeskilde. A brick building, in the plain Gothic of Denmark, it has not much interest in an architectural point of view ; but there are monuments here which I felt bound to see. Old Saxo Grammaticus, the chronicler of early Denmark, the interior of whose study is so graphically described by Ingermann in the beginning of *Valdemar Seier*—he rests under that humble stone. Here, too, is buried in one of

the pillars of the choir, Svend Tveskjaeg, the father of Canute the Great, who died at the assize at Gainsborough, in 1014.

Queen Margaret (the Northern Semiramis), who wore the triple crown of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, sleeps behind the altar, under a full-length monument in white marble more than four centuries old. It were well if the Scandinavian ideas, now absorbing the minds of thinking men in the North, were to find a more happy realization than in her case—the union, instead of allaying the hostility with which each nation regarded the other, only serving to perpetuate embroilments. Some good kings and great repose here ; also some wicked and mean. Among the former, it will suffice to mention Frederick IV., whom the Danes look upon as their greatest monarch. A bronze statue of him by Thorwaldsen is to be found in one of the chapels. In the latter category we unhesitatingly place Christian VII., to whom, in an evil hour, was married our Caroline Matilda, sister of George III., who died at the early age of twenty-three.

“ And what do the Danes think now of Matilda ?”  
quired I of a person of intelligence.

“ Oh, they say ‘ Stakkels Matilda !’ ” (unfortunate Matilda), was the touching but decisive reply. So that by the common voice of the people her memory is relieved from the stain cast upon it by those who were bound to protect her, the vile Queen-mother and the good-for-nothing King.

## CHAPTER II.

Copenhagen—Children of Amak—Brisk bargaining—Specimens of horn fish—Unlucky dogs—Thorwaldsen's museum—The Royal Assistenz House—Going, gone—The Ethnographic Museum—An inexorable professor—Lionizes a big-wig—The stone period in Denmark—England's want of an ethnographical collection—A light struck from the flint in the stag's head—The gold period—A Scandinavian idol's cestus—How dead chieftains cheated fashion—Antiquities in gold—Wooden almanacks—Bridal crowns—Scandinavian antiquities peculiarly interesting to Englishmen—Four thousand a year in return for soft sawder—Street scenes in Copenhagen—Thorwaldsen's colossal statues—Blushes for Oxford and Cambridge—A Danish comedy—Where the warriors rest.

It was late in the evening when the third train of the day whisked us into Copenhagen, where I took up my abode at a quiet hotel near the ramparts.

What a strange place this is. Works of art, and museums superior to anything in Europe, and streets, for the most part very paltry, and infamously paved. Traveller, be on your guard. The

trottoirs of granite slab, worn slippery by the perambulating hobnails of those children of Amak, are very treacherous, and if you are supplanted, you will slide into a gutter nearly a foot deep, full of black sludge.

These people are a Dutch colony planted by King Christian II. in the neighbouring island of Amak.

The original female costume, which they still retain, consists of little black coalscuttle Quaker bonnets, very large dark-blue or white aprons, which almost hide their sober-coloured stuff gowns with their red and yellow edgings. Their ruddy faces, at the bottom of the said scuttles, look like hot cinders got there by mistake. Altogether they are a most neat, dapper, and cleanly-looking set of bodies. The men have also their peculiar costume. These people are the purveyors of vegetables for Copenhagen. Yon lady, standing in a little one-horse shay, full of flower-pots and bouquets, is another specimen of the clan, but seemingly one of the upper-crust section. Locomotive shops appear to be the fashion. Near the Church of our

Lady are a lot of butchers' carts drawn up, with meat for sale. They come from the environs of the city. Much life is concentrated round the bridge near the palace. In the canal are several little stumpy sailing boats at anchor, crammed full of pots and crockery. These are from Bornholm and Jutland. Near them are some vessels with awnings: these are depôts of cheeses and butter from Sleswig and Holstein.

Look at yon row of women with that amphibious white head-dress spotted brown. In front it looks like a bonnet; behind, it terminates in a kerchief. You are reminded by the mixture of another mongrel, but picturesque article of dress, worn by the Welsh peasant-women, the *pais a gwn bach*. How they are gabbling to those ladies and house-keeper-looking women, and sparring linguistically about something in the basket. Greek contending with Trojan for the dead body of Achilles.

Their whole stock in trade consists of specimens of "hornfish," an animal like a sand eel, with long spiky snout, and of a silvery whiteness. They are about two feet long, and twenty skillings the pair. These women are from Helsingör, which is the

whereabouts of the said fish. They come from thence every day, if the wind serves ; and if it does not, I fancy they manage to come all the same.

Look at these men, too, in the street, sawing and splitting away for dear life, a lot of beech logs at that door. Fuel, I find, is very dear, from seventeen to twenty dollars the fathom.

Alas ! for the poor dogs, victims of that terrible fear of hydrophobia which seems to infect continental nations more than England ; they are running about with capacious wire muzzles, projecting some inches beyond the snout, which renders them, it is true, incapable of biting, but also of exchanging those amiable blandishments and courtesies with their kind, so becoming and so natural to them, and forming one of the great solaces of canine existence.

Yonder is Thorwaldsen's museum, with its yellow ochre walls, and frescoes outside representing the conveyance of his works from Italy hither. But that is shut up to-day, and besides, everybody has read an account of this museum of sculpture. An Englishman is surprised to learn that the sculptor's body rests, at his own request, under some ivy-



covered mould in the quad inside. But the ground, if not consecrated episcopally, is so by the atmosphere of genius around.

Let us just pop into this large building opposite. There is something to be seen here, perhaps, that will give us an insight into Copenhagen life.

"What is this place, sir?"

"This, sir, is the Royal Assistenz Huus."

"What may that be?"

"It is a place where needy people can have money lent on clothes. It enjoys a monopoly to the exclusion of all private establishments of the kind. If the goods are not redeemed within a twelvemonth, they are sold."

A sale of this kind, I found, was now going on. Seated at a table, placed upon a sort of dais, were two functionaries, dressed in brown-holland coats, who performed the part of auctioneers. One drawled out the several bids, and another booked the name and offer of the highest bidder, and very hot work it seemed to be; the one and the other kept mopping their foreheads, and presently a Jewish-looking youth, who had been performing the part of

jackal, handing up the articles of clothing, and exhibiting them to the buyers, brought the two brown-holland gents a foaming tankard of beer, which being swallowed, the scribe began scribbling, and the other Robins drawling again. A very nice pair of black trousers were now put up : " Better than new ; show them round, Ignatius." A person of clerical appearance seized them, and examined them thoroughly ; then a peasant woman got hold of them ; she had very dark eyes and a very red pippin-coloured face. A broad scarlet riband, passing under her chin, fastened her lace-bordered cap, while on her crown was a piece of gold cloth. One would have thought that the way in which her countenance was swaddled would have impeded her utterance ; but she led off the bidding, and was quickly followed by the motley crowd round the platform. But the clerical-looking customer who had been lying by, now took up the running, and had it easy. He marched off in triumph with his prize, and I feel no doubt that he would preach in them the next Sunday.

Leaving these daws to scramble for the plumes, I passed into another large room, where I saw some

nice-looking, respectable persons behind a large counter, examining different articles brought by unfortunates who were hard up. There was none of that mixture of cunning, hardness, and brutality about their demeanour which stamps the officials of the private establishments of the sort in England.

Hence we go to an old clothes establishment of another sort—I mean the Ethnographic Museum. Here you find yourself, as you proceed from chamber to chamber, now *tête-à-tête* with a Greenland family in their quaint abode; anon you are lower down Europe among the Laplanders, and among other little amusements you behold the get-up of a Lap wizard and his divining drum (*quobdas*). Hence you proceed eastward, and are now promenading with a Japanese beau in his handsome dress of black silk, now shuddering at the hideous grimaces of a Chinese deity. All this has been recently arranged with extraordinary care, and on scientific principles, by the learned Professor Thomsen.

“Herr Professor,” exclaimed a bearded German, “can’t we see the Museum of Northern Antiquities to-day? I have come all the way from Vienna to see it, and must leave this to-morrow.”

"Unmöglich, mein Herr," replied the Professor. "To-morrow is the day. If you saw it to-day you would not see the flowers of the collection ; and we will not show it without the flowers. The most costly and interesting specimens are locked up, and can't be opened unless all the attendants are present."

"Mais, Mons. Professeur," put in a French savan.

"C'est impossible," replied the Professor, shrugging up his shoulders.

"Could not we just have a little peep at it, sir?" here asked some of my fair countrywomen, in wheedling accents.

"I am very sorry, ladies, but this is not the day, you know. I shall be most happy to explain all to-morrow, at four o'clock," was the reply of the polyglot Professor.

It would be well if the curators of museums in England would have the example of Professor Thomsen before their eyes. There is no end to his civility to the public, and to his labours in the departments of science committed to his care. Speaking most of the European languages, he may

be seen, his Jove-like, grizzled head towering above the rest, listening to the questions of the curious crowd, and explaining to each in their own tongue in which they were born the meaning of the divers objects of art and science stored up in this palace. Next day, I found him engaged in lionizing a bigwig; at least, so I concluded, when I perceived that, on either breast, he wore a silver star of the bigness of a dahlia flower of the first magnitude; while his coat, studded with gold buttons, was further illustrated by a green velvet collar. Subsequently I learned, what I, indeed, guessed, that he was a Russian grandee on his travels. He is the owner of one of the best antiquarian collections in Europe. Professor Thomsen, not to be outdone, likewise exhibited four orders. While the Muscovite examined the various curiosities of the stone,\* the bronze, and the iron period, I heard him talking with the air of a man whose mind was thoroughly

\* According to Worsaae, the "stone" period in Denmark preceded the Celts, who possessed settled abodes in Europe 2000 years ago, by about a thousand years. The "bronze" period must have prevailed in the early part of the Christian era, when the Goths were inhabitants

made up about the three several migrations from the Caucasus of the Celts, Goths, and Solavonians.

An Englishman, when he sees this wonderful collection, cannot but be struck with astonishment, on the one hand, at the industry and tact of Professor Thomsen, who has been the main instrument in its formation; and with shame and regret, on the other, that Great Britain has no collection of strictly national antiquities at all to be compared with it; and, what is more, it is daily being increased. The sub-curator, Mr. C. Steinhauer, informed me, that already, this year, he had received and added to the museum one hundred and twenty different batches of national antiquities, some believed to date as far back as before the Christian era. And then, the specimens are so admirably arranged, that you may really learn something from them as to the

of the country. The "iron" period can first be traced in Norway and Sweden with any certainty in the fourth and fifth centuries. In Denmark the use of iron superseded the use of bronze altogether about 700 A.D. But it is hardly necessary to observe, that there is still much controversy among antiquarians on this difficult subject.

state of civilization prevailing in Scandinavia at very remote periods: the collection being a connected running commentary or history, such as you will meet with nowhere else. Observe this oak coffin, pronounced to be not less than two thousand years old; and those pieces of woollen cloth of the same date. Look at that skeleton of a stag's head, discovered in the peat.

"There is nothing in that," says an Hibernian, fresh from Dublin. "Did you ever see the great fossil elk in Trinity College Museum?"

Ay! but there is something more interesting about this stag's head, nevertheless. Examine it closely. Imbedded in the bone of the jaw, see, there is a flint arrow-head; the bow that sped that arrow must have been pulled by a nervous arm. This "stag that from the hunter's aim had taken some hurt," perhaps retreated into a sequestered bog to languish, and sunk, by his weight, into the bituminous peat, and was thus embalmed by nature as a monument of a very early and rude period.

Presently we get among the gold ornaments.

There the Irishman is completely "shut up." "The Museum of Trinity College," and "Museum of the Royal Irish Academy," are beaten hollow. Nay, to leave no room for boasting, facsimiles of the gold head and neck ornaments in Dublin are actually placed here side by side with those discovered in Denmark. The weight of some of the armlets and necklets is astonishing. Here is a great gold ring, big enough for the waist; but it has no division, like the armlets, to enable the wearer to expand it, and fit it to the body; moreover, the inner side presents a sharp edge, such as would inconvenience a human wearer.

"That," said Professor Thomsen, seeing our difficulty, "must have been the waistband of an idol; which, as there was no necessity for taking it off, must have been soldered fast together, after it had once encircled the form of the image.\*"

\* There must have been an air of barbaric grandeur about these heathen temples. On the door of that at Lade, near Trondjem, was a massive gold ring. Olaf Trygvesson, when wooing Sigrid the Haughty, made her a present of it. Having an eye to the main chance, she put it in the hands of the Swedish goldsmiths to be tested (Becky



"What can be the meaning of these pigmy ornaments and arms?" said I.

"Why, that is very curious. You know the ancient Scandinavian chieftain was buried with his sword and his trinkets. This was found to be expensive, but still the tyrant fashion was inflexible on the subject; so, to comply with her rules, and let the chief have his properties with him in the grave, miniature swords, &c., were made, and buried with him; just in the same way as some of your ladies of fashion, though they have killed their goose, will still keep it; in other words, though their diamonds are in the hands of the [Jews, still love to glitter about in paste."

"Cunning people those old Vikings," thought I.

Sharp would not have done worse). They grinned knowingly. The weight was due in a great measure to a copper lining. No wonder after this that she flatly refused to be baptized, the condition Olaf had laid down for wedding her. Upon this he called her a heathen ———, and struck her on the cheek with his glove. "One day this shall be thy death," she exclaimed. She kept her word. Through her influence Sweyne was induced to war with Olaf, who lost his life in the memorable battle of the Baltic.

"Yes," continued our obliging informant, "and look at these," pointing to what looked like balls of gold. "They are weights gilt all over. The reason why they were gilt was the more easily to detect any loss of weight, which a dishonest merchant, had discovery not been certain, might otherwise have contrived to inflict on them." Those mighty wind-instruments, six feet long, are the war-horns (Luren) of the bronze period ; under these coats of mail throbbed the bosoms of some valorous freebooters handed down to fame by Snorro. "Look here," continued he, "these pieces of thick gold and silver wire were used for money in the same way as later the links of a chain were used for that purpose. Here is a curious gold medal of Constantine, most likely used as a military decoration. The reverse has no impress on it." This reminded me of the buttons and other ornaments in Thelemarken, which are exact copies of fashions in use hundreds of years ago. Here again are some Bezants, coins minted at Byzantium, which were either brought over by the ships of the Vikings, or were carried up the Volga to

Novgorod, a place founded by the Northmen, and so on to Scandinavia, by the merchants and mercenary soldiers who in early times flocked to the East. Gotland used to be a gathering-place for those who thus passed to and fro, and to this Wisby owes its former greatness. Many of these articles of value were probably buried by the owner on setting out upon some fresh expedition from which he never returned, and their discovery has been due to the plough or the spade, while others have been unearthed from the barrows and cromlechs. Here, again, are some primstavs, or old Scandinavian wooden calendars. You see they are of two sorts—one straight, like the one I picked up in Thelemarken, while another is in the shape of an elongated ellipse. If you compare them, you will now find how much they differed, not only in shape, but also in the signs made to betoken the different days in the calendar. “You have heard of our Queen Dagmar.” Here is a beautiful enamelled cross of Byzantine workmanship which she once wore around her neck. You have travelled in Norway? Wait a moment,”

continued the voluble Professor, as he directed an attendant to open a massive escritoir. "You are aware, sir, that it is the custom in Norway and Sweden for brides to wear a crown. I thought that, before the old custom died, I would secure a memento of it. I had very great difficulty, the peasants were so loth to part with them, but at last I succeeded, and behold the result, sir. That crown is from Iceland, that from Sweden, and that from Norway. It is three hundred years old. That fact I have on the best authority. It used to be lent out far and near for a fixed sum, and, computing the weddings it attended at one hundred per annum, which is very moderate, it must have encircled the heads of thirty thousand brides on their wedding-day. Very curious, Excellence!" he continued, giving the Russian grandee a sly poke in the ribs.

The idea seemed to amuse the old gentleman of the stars and green velvet collar wonderfully.

"Sapperlot! Potztannsend noch ein mal!" he ejaculated, with great animation, while the anti-

quarian dust seemed to roll from his eyes, and they gleamed up uncommonly.

In the same case I observed more than one hundred Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian spoons of quaint shape, though they were nearly all of what we call the Apostle type.

But we must take leave of the museum with the remark that, to see it thoroughly, would require a great many visits. To an Englishman, whose country was so long intimately connected with Scandinavia,—and which has most likely undergone pretty nearly the same vicissitudes of civilization and occupancy as Scandinavia itself—this collection must be intensely interesting, especially when examined by the light thrown upon it by Worsaae and others.

Indeed, if England wishes to know the facts of her Scandinavian period, it is to these people that she must look for information.

“Ten per cent. for my money!” That, alas! is too often an Englishman’s motto now-a-days; “and I can’t get that by troubling my head about King Olaf or Canute.”

While I write this I am reminded of an agreeable, good-looking young Briton whom I met here; he is a physician making four thousand a-year by administering doses of soft sawder. Thrown by circumstances early on the world, he has not had the opportunity of acquiring ideas or knowledge out of the treadmill of his profession. He is just fresh from Norway, through which he has shot like a rocket, being pressed for time.

"How beautiful the rivers are there," he observed; "so rapid. By-the-bye, though, your river at Oxford must be something like them. The poet says, 'Isis rolling rapidly!'"

Leaving the museum, I dined at the great restaurant's of Copenhagen, Jomfru Henkel's, in the Ostergade; it was too crowded for comfort. Dinner is *à la carte*.

Some convicts were mending the roadway in one of the streets; their jackets were half black, half yellow, trousers ditto, only that where the jacket was black, the inexpressibles were yellow on the same side, and *vice versa*. Their legs were heavily chained. Many carriages were assembled round

the church of the Holy Ghost ; I found it was a wedding. All European nations, I believe, but the English, choose the afternoon for the ceremony.

Thorwaldsen's colossal statues in white marble of our Saviour and his Apostles which adorn the Frue Kirke, are too well known to need description.

At the Christianborg, or Palace of King Christian, the lions that caught my attention first were the three literal ones in massive silver, which always figure at the enthronization of the Danish monarchs. Next to them I observed the metaphorical lions, viz., the sword of Gustavus Adolphus, the cup in which Peter the Great used to take his matutinal dram, the portrait of the unhappy Matilda, and of the wretched Christian VII.

Blush Oxford and Cambridge, when you know that on the walls of this palace, side by side with the freedom of the City of London and the Goldsmiths' Company (but the London citizens are of course not very particular in these matters), hang your diplomas of D.C.L., engrossed on white satin, conferred upon this precious specimen of a husband and king.

That evening I went to see a comedy of Holberg's at the theatre, *Jacob von Tybö* by name. It seemed to create immense fun, which was not to be wondered at, for the piece contained a rap at the German customs, and braggadocio style of that people in vogue here some hundred years ago. The taste for that sort of thing, as may readily be imagined, no longer exists here. Roars of laughter accompanied every hit at Tuskland. The two Roskilds and Madame Pfister acquitted themselves well. The temperature of the building was as nearly as possible that of the Black Hole of Calcutta, as far as I was able to judge by my own feelings compared with the historical account of that delectable place. A lady next me told me that they had long talked of an improved building.

Next day I visited the Seamen's Burial Ground, where, clustering about an elevated mound, are the graves of the Danish sailors who fell in 1807. I observed an inscription in marble overgrown with ivy:—

Kranz som Fadrelandet gav,  
 Den visner ei paa falden Krieger's Grav.  
 The chaplet which their fatherland once gave  
 Shall never fade on fallen warrior's grave.



True to the motto, the monuments are decked every Saturday with fresh flowers. Fuchsias were also growing in great numbers about. The different spaces of ground are let for a hundred years; if the lease is not renewed then, I presume the Company will enter upon the premises. There were traces about, I observed, of English whittlers. Our countrymen seem to remember the command of the augur to Tarquinius, "cut boldly," and the King cut through.

## CHAPTER III.

The celebrated Three Crowns Battery—Hamlet's grave—The Sound and its dues—To Fredericksborg—Iceland ponies—Denmark an equine paradise—From Copenhagen to Kiel—Tidemann, the Norwegian painter—Pictures at Düsseldorf—The boiling of the porridge—Düsseldorf theatricals—Memorial of Dutch courage—Young heroes—An attempt to describe the Dutch language—The Amsterdam canals—Half-and-half in Holland—Want of elbow-room—A New Jerusalem—A sketch for Juvenal—The museum of Dutch paintings—Magna Charta of Dutch independence—Jan Steen's picture of the *fête* of Saint Nicholas—Dutch art in the 17th century—To Zeeland—Traces of Peter the Great—Easy travelling—What the reeds seemed to whisper.

THE name of the steamer which took me past the celebrated Three Crowns Battery, and along to the pretty low shores of Zealand to Elsineur (Helsingör), was the *Ophelia*, fare three marks. In the Marielyst Gardens, which overhang the famed Castle of Kronborg, is a Mordan's-pencil-case-shaped pillar of dirty granite, miscalled

“Hamlet’s grave.” Yankees often resort here, and pluck leaves from the lime-trees overhanging the mausoleum, for the purpose of conveyance to their own country.

But this is not the only point of interest for Brother Jonathan. Look at the Sound yonder, refulgent in the light of the evening sun, with the numberless vessels brought up for the night, having been warned by the bristling cannon to stop, and pay toll. I don’t wonder that those scheming, go-a-head people, object to the institution altogether—albeit the proceeds are a vital question for Denmark. On the steamer, I fell into conversation with a Danish pilot about this matter. I found that he, like others of his countrymen, was very slow to acknowledge that ships are forced to stop opposite the castle. He said that only ships bound to Russia do so, because the Czar insists on their having their papers *viséd* by the Danish authorities before they are permitted to enter his ports.\*

Finding there was no public conveyance to

\* These tolls, as is well known, have since been redeemed.

Fredericksborg, which I purposed visiting, I must fain hire a one-horse vehicle at the Post. It was a sort of mail phaeton, of the most cumbrous and unwieldy description—I don't know how much dearer than in Norway—so slow, too. On the road we pass the romantic lake of Gurre, the scene of King Valdemar's nightly hunt. Some storks remind the traveller of Holland. Right glad I was when we at length jogged over divers drawbridges spanning very green moats, and through sundry gates, and emerged upon a large square, facing the main entrance to the castle.

The private apartments, I found, were, by a recent regulation, invisible, as his Majesty has taken to living a good deal here. But I was shown the chapel, in which all the monarchs of Denmark are crowned, gorgeous with silver, ebony, and ivory; and the Riddersaal over it, one hundred and sixty feet long, with its elaborate ceiling, and many portraits: and, marvellous to relate, the custodian would have nothing for his trouble but thanks. In the stable were several little Iceland ponies, which looked like a cross between the Norsk and Shetland races. They were fat and

sleek,' and, no doubt, have an easy time of it; indeed, Denmark is a sort of equine paradise. What well-to-do fellows those four strapping brown horses were that somnambulized with the diligence that conveyed us to Copenhagen. That their slumbrous equanimity might not be disturbed, the very traces were padded, and, instead of collars, they wore broad soft chest-straps. The driver told me they cost three hundred and fifty dollars each. That flat road, passing through numerous beech-woods was four and a-half Danish miles long, equal to twenty English, and took us more than four hours to accomplish.

Bidding adieu to Copenhagen, I returned by rail to Korsör, and embarked in the night-boat *Skirner*, from thence to Kiel. As the name of the vessel, like almost every one in Scandinavia, is drawn from the old Northern mythology, I shall borrow from the same source for an emblem of the stifling state of the atmosphere in the cabin. "A regular Muspelheim!" said I to a Dane, as I pantingly look round before turning in, and saw every vent closed. A fog retarded our progress, and

it was not till late the next afternoon that I found myself in Hamburg. Some few hours later I was under the roof of mine host of the "Three Crowns," at Düsseldorf, where I purposed paying a visit to Tidemann, the Norwegian painter. Unfortunately, he was not returned from his summer travels, so that I could not deliver to him the greeting I had brought him from his friends in the Far North. His most recent work, which I had heard much of, the "Wounded Bear-hunter returning Home, having bagged his prey," was also away, having been purchased by the King of Sweden. At the Institute, however, I saw several sketches and paintings by this master.

Anna Gulsvig is evidently the original of the "Grandmother telling Stories."

Bagge's "Landscape in Valdres," and Nordenberg's "Dalecarlian Scenes," brought back for a moment the land I had quitted to my mind and vision. "The Mother teaching her Children," and "The Boiling of the Porridge," also by Tidemann, proclaim him to be the Teniers of Norway. Though while he catches the national traits, he manages to

represent them without vulgarity. But perhaps this lies in the nature of the thing. The heavy-built Dutchman anchored on his square flat island of mud can't possibly have any of that rugged elevation of mind, or romance of sentiment, that would belong to the child of the mountain and lake.

The school of Düsseldorf—if such it can be called—has turned out some great artists, *e.g.*, Kaulbach and Cornelius; but the place has never been itself since it lost its magnificent collection of pictures, which now grace the Pinacothek at Munich.

As I sipped a cup of coffee in the evening, I read a most grandiloquent account of the prospects of the Düsseldorf Theatre for the ensuing winter. The first lover was perfection, while the tragedy queen was “unübertrefflich” (not to be surpassed). The part of tender mother and matron was also about to be taken by a lady of no mean theatrical pretensions. This self-complacency of the inhabitants of the smaller cities is quite delightful.

On board the steamer to Emmerich was a family of French Jews, busily engaged, not in looking about them, but in calculating their expenses, though dressed in the pink of fashion.

Here I am at Amsterdam. In the Grand Place is a monument in memory of Dutch bravery and obstinacy evinced in the fight with Belgium. This has only just been erected, with great fêtes and rejoicings. Well, to be sure! this reminds me of the Munich obelisk, in memory of those luckless thirty thousand Bavarians who swelled Napoleon's expedition to Russia, and died in the cause of his insatiable ambition. "Auch sic starben für das Vaterland" is the motto.

V. Buyter and V. Speke are both monumented in the adjoining church. The former, who died at Syracuse from a wound, is described in the inscription as "Immensi tremor Oceani," and owing all to God, "et virtuti suæ."

The warlike spirit of Young Amsterdam seems to be effectually excited just now. As I passed through the Exchange at a quarter to five P.M., the merchants were gone, and in their room was an obstre-



perous crowd of *gamins*, armed "with sword and pistol," like Billy Taylor's true love (only they were sham), and thumping their drums, and the drums thumping the roof, and the roof and the drum together reverberating against the drum of my ear till I was fairly stunned. "Where are the police?" thought I, escaping from the hubbub with feelings akin to what must have been those of Hogarth's enraged musician, or of a modern London householder, fond of quiet, with the Italian organ-grinders rending the air of his street. Dutch is German in the Somersetshire dialect; so I managed to comprehend, without much difficulty, the short instructions of the passers-by as to my route to various objects of interest. By-the-bye, here is the house of Admiral de Ruyter, next to the Norwegian Consulate. Over the door I see there is his bust in stone.

As I pass along the canals, it puzzles me to think how the Dutchman can live by, nay, revel in the proximity of these seething tanks of beastliness and corruption. That notion about the pernicious effects of inhaling sewage effluvia must be a myth, after all, and the sanitary commission a

regular job. Indeed, I always thought so, after a conversation I once had with a fellow in London, the very picture of rade health, who told me he got his living by mudlarking and catching rats in the sewers, for which there was always a brisk demand at Oxford and Cambridge, in term time. Look at these jolly Amsterdammers. I verily believe it would be the death of them if you separated them from their stinking canals, or transported them to some airy situation, with a turbulent river hurrying past. Custom is second nature, and that has doubtless much to do with it: but the nature of the liquids poured down the inner man perhaps fortifies Mynheer against the evil effects of the semi-solid liquid of the canals. Just after breakfast I went into the shop of the celebrated Wijnand Fockink, the Justerini and Brooks of Amsterdam, to purchase a case of liqueurs, when I heard a squabby-shaped Dutchman ask for a glass of half-and-half. It is astonishing, I thought with myself, how English tastes and habits are gaining ground everywhere. Of course he means porter and ale mixed. The attendant supplied him with the article he wanted, and it was bolted at a gulp.

Dutch half-and-half, reader, is a dram of raw gin and curaçoa, in equal portions.

What a crowd of people, to be sure. "Holland is over-peopled," said a tradesman to me. "Why, sir, you can have a good clerk for 20*l.* per annum. The land is ready to stifle with the close packing."

"Yes," said I, "so it appears. That operation going on under the bridge is a fit emblem of the tightness of your population."

As I spoke, I pointed to a man, or rather several men, engaged in a national occupation: packing herrings in barrels. How closely they were fitted, rammed and crammed, and then a top was put on the receptacle, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

We are now in the Jewish quarter. "Our people," as the Israelites are wont to call themselves, formerly looked on Amsterdam as a kind of New Jerusalem. Indeed, they are a very important and numerous part of the population. The usual amount of dirt and finery, young lustrous eyes, and old dingy clothes, black beards and red beards, small infants and big hook noses, are jumbled about the shop-doors and in the crowded

thoroughfares. Here are some fair peasant girls, Frieslanders, I should think, or from beyond the Y, judging by their helmet-shaped head-dresses of gold and silver plates, with the little fringe of lace drawn across the forehead, just over the eyebrows, the very same that Gerárd Dow and Teniers have placed before us. If they were not Dutch women, and belonged to a very wide-awake race, I should tremble for them, as they go staring and sauntering about in rustic simplicity, for fear of that lynx-eyed Fagan with the Satyr nose and leering eye fastened upon them, who is clearly just the man to help to despoil them of their gold and silver, or something more precious still, in the way of his trade.

As we walk through the streets, the chimes, that ever and anon ring out from the old belfries, remind us that we are in the Low Countries; and if that were not sufficient, the showers of water on this bright sunny day descending from the house-sides, after being syringed against them by some industrious abigail, make the fact disagreeably apparent to the passer-by. This will prepare me for my visit to Broek; not that there is so much

to be seen there—and Albert Smith has brought the place bodily before us—but if one left it out, all one's friends that had been there would aver, with the greatest possible emphasis and solemnity, that I had omitted seeing *the* wonder of Holland. So I shall *do* it, if all be well.

Here is the Trippenhuus, or Museum of Dutch paintings, situated, of course, on a canal. Van der Helst's picture of the "Burgher Guard met to celebrate the Treaty of Münster"—the Magna Charta of Dutch independence, pronounced by Sir Joshua to be the finest of its kind in the world—of course claims my first attention. The three fingers held up, emblematic of the Trinity, is the continental equivalent to the English taking Testament in hand upon swearing an oath. But as everybody that has visited Amsterdam knows all about this picture, and those two of Rembrandt's, the "Night-watch," and that other of the "Guild of Cloth Merchants," this mention of them will suffice.

That picture is Jan Steen's "Fête of St. Nicholas," a national festival in Holland. The saint is supposed to come down the chimney, and shower

bonbons on the good children, while he does not forget to bring a rod for the naughty child's back.

De Ruyter is also here, with his flashing eye, contracted brow, and dark hair. While, of course, the collection is not devoid of some of Vandervalde's pictures of Holland's naval victories when Holland was a great nation.

There must have been great genius and great wealth in this country wherewith to reward it, in the seventeenth century. In this very town were born Van Dyk, Van Huysum, and Du Jardin ; in Leyden, G. Douw, Metzu, W. Mieris, Rembrandt, and J. Steen. Utrecht had its Bol and Hondekoeter ; while Haarlem, which was never more than a provincial town with 48,000 inhabitants, produced a Berghem, a Hugtenberg, a Ruysdael, a Van der Helst, and a Wouvermans.

In proof of the *sharpness* of the Amsterdammers, I may mention that most of the diamonds of Europe are cut here.

Next day, I took the steamer to Zaandam, metamorphosed by us into Saardam, pretty much on the

same principle, I suppose, that an English beef-steak becomes in the mouths of the French a "biftek." The tumble-down board-house, with red tile roof, built by the semi-savage Peter, in 1632, will last all the longer for having been put in a brick-case by one of the imperial Russian family. I always look on Peter's shipwright adventures, under the name of Master Baas, as a great exaggeration. He perhaps wanted to make his subjects take up the art, but he never had any serious thoughts of carpentering himself. He only was here three days, and, as the veracious old lady who showed the place told me, he built this house himself, so what time had he for the dockyards? When some of your great folks go to the Foundling Hospital, and eat the plum-pudding on Christmas-day, or visit Woolwich and taste the dietary, and seem to like it very much, that is just such another make-believe.

"Nothing is too little for a great man," was the inscription on the marble slab over the chimney-piece, placed there by the very hand of Alexander I. of Russia. In the room are two cupboards, in one of which Peter kept his victuals, while the other

was his dormitory. If Peter slept in that cupboard, and if he shut the door of it, all I have to say is, the ventilation must have been very deficient, and how he ever survived it is a wonder. The whole hut is comprised in two rooms. In the other room are two pictures of the Czar. In the one, presented in '56 by Prince Demidoff, the Czar, while at work, axe in hand, is supposed to have received unwelcome intelligence from Muscovy, and is dictating a dispatch to his secretary. The finely chiselled features, pale complexion, and air of refinement, here fathered on this ruffian, never belonged to him. The other picture, presented by the munificent and patriotic M. Van der Hoof, is infinitely more to the purpose, and shows you the man as he really was, and in short, as he appears in a contemporary portrait at the Rosenborg Slot. Thick, sensual lips—the very lips to give an unchaste kiss, or suck up strong waters—contracted brow, bushy eyebrows, coarse, dark hair and moustache—that is the real man. He wears broad loose breeches reaching to the knee, and on the table is a glass of grog to refresh him at his work.



Ten minutes sufficed for me to take the whole thing in, and to get back in time for the returning steamer, otherwise I should have been stranded on this mud island for some hours, and there is nought else to see but a picture in the church of the terrible inundation; the ship-building days of Zaandam having long since gone by, and passed to other places.

By this economy of time I shall be enabled to take the afternoon treckshuit to Broek. A ferry-boat carries us over the Y from Amsterdam, a distance of two or three hundred yards, to Buiksloot, the starting-place of the treckshuit, when, to my surprise, each passenger gives an extra gratuity to the boatman. This shows to what lengths the fee-system may go. And yet Englishmen persist in introducing it into Norway, where hitherto it has been unknown. Entering into the little den called cabin, I settled down and looked around me. On the table were the Lares, to wit, a brass candlestick, beyond it a brass stand about a foot high, with a pair of snuffers on it, and then two brasiers containing charcoal, the whole shining wonderfully bright. Opposite me, sitting on the puffy cushions,

was a substantial-looking peasant, immensely stout and broad sternal, dressed in a dark jacket and very wide velveteen trousers. He wore a large gold seal, about the size and shape of a half-pound packet of moist sugar, and a double gold brooch, connected by a chain. As the boat seemed a long time in starting, I emerged again from this odd little shop to ascertain the cause of the delay, when I found to my surprise that we were already under way. So noiselessly was the operation effected, that I was not aware of it. Dragged by a horse, on which sat a sleepy lad, singing a sleepy song, the boat glided mutely along. The only sound beside the drone of the boy was the rustling of the reeds, which seemed to whisper, "What an ass you are for coming along this route. You, who have just come from the land of the mountain and the flood, to paddle about among these frogs." Really, the whole affair is desperately slow, and there is nothing in the world to see but numerous windmills, with their thatched roof and sides, whose labour it is to drain the large green meadows lying some feet below us, on which numerous herds of cows are feeding.

## CHAPTER IV.

Broek—A Dutchman's idea of Paradise—A toy-house for real people—Cannon-ball cheeses—An artist's flirtation—John Bull abroad—All the fun of the fair—A popular refreshment—Morals in Amsterdam—The Zoological Gardens—Bed and Breakfast—Paul Potter's bull—Rotterdam.

I WAS not sorry when the captain, who of course received a fee for himself besides the fare, called out "Broek!" The stagnation of water, and sound, and life in general, on a Dutch canal, is positively oppressive to the feelings; it would have been quite a relief to have had a little shindy among the passengers and the crew, such as gave a variety to the canal voyage of Horace to Brundisium.

To enliven matters, supposing we tell you a tale about Broek, which I of course ferreted out of a drowsy Dutch chronicle, but which the ill-natured Smelfungus says has been already told by Washington Irvine. In former times, the people of the place were sadly negligent of their spiritual duties, and turned a very deaf ear

to the exhortations of the clergyman. A new parson at last arrived, who beholding all the people given to idolatry in the shape of washing, washing, washing all the day long, and apparently thinking of nothing else, hit upon a new scheme for reforming them. He bid them be righteous and fear God, and then they should get to Paradise, and he described what joys should be theirs in that abode of bliss. This was the old tale, and the congregation were on the point of subsiding into their usual sleep.

“The abode of bliss,” continued the preacher, “and cleanliness, and everlasting washing.” The Dutchmen opened their eyes. “Yes,” proceeded the preacher; “the joys of earth shall to the good be continued in heaven. You will be occupied in washing, and scrubbing, and cleaning, and in cleaning, and washing, and scrubbing, for ever and ever, amen.”

He had hit the right chord; the parson became popular, the church filled, and a great reformation was wrought in Broek.

Sauntering along the Grand Canal, from which, as from a backbone, ribbed out divers lesser canals,

I entered, at the bidding of an old lady, one of the houses of the place, with the date of 1612 over it. Of course its floor was swept and garnished, and the little pan of lighted turf was burning in the fireplace; and there was the usual amount of china vases, and knickknacks of all descriptions scattered about to make up a show. And then she showed me the bed like a berth, which smelt very fusty, and the door, which is never opened except at a burial or bridal. After this, I walked into a little warehouse adjoining, all painted and prim, and saw eight thousand cannon-ball-shaped cheeses in a row, value one dollar a piece, each with a red skin, like a very young infant's. This colour is obtained, I understand, by immersing them in a decoction of Bordeaux grape husks, which are imported from France for the purpose. I next went to the bridge over the canal, and tried to sketch the avenue of dwarf-like trees and the row of toy-houses, and the old man brushing away two or three leaves that had fallen on the sward. At this moment came by a buxom girl in the genuine costume of the place, who exclaimed, "Lauk, he's

sketching!" (in Dutch) and stood immovable before me, and so of course I proceeded incontinently to sketch her in the foreground, she keeping quite still, and then coming and peeping over my shoulder, to see how she looked on paper.

Finding it was late, I hurried back to catch the return boat, faster, I should think, than anybody ever ventured before to go in Broek; at least, I judged so from the looks of sleepy astonishment and almost displeasure which seemed to gather on the Lotos-eater-like countenances of the citizens I met. As it was, I just saved the boat, and am now again gliding smoothly back to Amsterdam.

As I look through the windows of the cabin, I perceive a few golden plover and stints basking listlessly among the reeds, undisturbed by our transit. This time, however, there was more bustle on board. There were two foreigners who were very full of talk, and who, though they were speaking to a Dutchman in French, I knew at once to be English. As I finished up my sketch, I heard one of these gentlemen say, "Ah! I am an

Englishman ; you would not have thought it, but so it is. Few English speak French with a correct accent, but I, maw (moi?); jabbeta seese ann ong France, solemong pour parlay lar lang, ay maw jay parl parfaitmong biong." I differed from him. It has seldom been my lot to hear French spoken worse. John Bull abroad is certainly a curiosity.

That evening I sallied out to see the Kirmess, or great annual fair. Its chief scene was round the statue of Rembrandt, in the heart of the city. Hogarth's "Southwark Fair" would give but a faint idea of the state of things. There was the usual amount of wild beasts and giants ; there was a pumpkin of a woman and her own brother, as thin as if he were training to get up the inside of a gas-pipe, to be seen inside one show, and their faithful portraits outside on a canvas, painted after the school of Sir Peter Paul Rubens. A mechanical theatre from Bamberg was apparently doing an immense trade under the auspices of an unmistakable Jewish family, who appeared from time to time on the platform. Close by was a picture of Sebas-

topol, which professed to have arrived from London. But the undiscerning public seemed to care very little about it; it was in vain that they were summoned to advance to the ticket-office by the sound of fife and drum—one could almost imagine, that the person of rueful and despairing aspect who was waiting for the people to ascend the parapet, had been spending some weeks in the trenches before the devoted city. The crowds, that surged about in serried masses, had their wants well seen to in the refreshment way. One favourite esculent was brown smoked eels, weighing perhaps half a pound each, and placed in large heaps on neat-looking stalls, kept by neat-looking people. The eels were stretched out full length as stiff as pokers, and I saw several respectable looking sight-seers solacing themselves with a fish of the sort.

But the most popular refreshment remains to be mentioned. Ranged along the street, in a compact row, were a number of gaudily painted temples; in front of each sat the priestess. Mostly, she was young and pretty, but here and there, blowsy and obese. By her side was a large



bright copper caldron, steaming with a white hasty-pudding-looking substance. In front of her was a fire, over which was a broad square plate of iron, studded with small holes like a bagatelle-board. The female held in her hand a wand, or rather a long iron spoon, which she dabbed into the caldron, and then delivered a portion of the contents into the little holes above-mentioned. This required great adroitness; but custom appeared to have brought her to the pinnacle of her art, and she hardly ever missed her mark. In a second or two, the hasty-pudding became transformed into a sort of small pancake, and was whipped out of its *locus in quo* by a light-fingered acolyte of the male sex. I observed that behind the priestess were sundry little alcoves, shaded by bright-coloured curtains; in these might be seen loving pairs, feasting on the handiworks of the lady of the spoon. The repast was simple, and was soon dispatched, for a constant succession of votaries kept entering and issuing from the alcoves. If I was correctly informed, it would have been possible to have got as high as the top button

of your waistcoat for the small sum of a few stivers.

I was sorry to hear that this national festival—a sort of Dutch carnival, which is visited by all classes—is ruinous to what is left of morals in Amsterdam.

Before leaving the city, I must not omit to mention the Zoological Gardens. If you wish to find them, you must ask for the “Artis;” that is the name it is known by to every gamin and fisherman in Amsterdam. The Dutch are very classical, and the inscription over the entrance is, “Naturæ artis magistra.” Half-a-dozen other public places go by Latin names. Thus, the Royal Institution of Literature and Art is called “Felix Meritis,” from the first words of a legend on the front of the building.

Next day, I take leave of my room in the hotel, with its odd French-shaped beds, closed in by heavy green stuff curtains, and great projecting chimney-piece. In my bill, the charge for bed tacitly includes that for breakfast; these two items being, seemingly, considered by the Dutch all one

thing. Cheese appears to be invariably eaten by the natives with their morning coffee, which is kept hot by a little spirit-lamp under the coffee-pot.

After this, I stopped at Shravenhagen (the Hague), to see Paul Potter's Bull. On the Sunday, attended a Calvinistic place of worship, where I was horrified to behold the irreverent way in which the male part of the congregation, who looked not unlike your unpleasant political dissenter at a church-rate meeting, gossiped with their hats on their heads until the entrance of the clergyman.

Next day, I found myself at Rotterdam. The steamer for London managed, near Helvoetsluys, to break the floats of her paddle-wheel; the engine could not be worked; and as there was a heavy sea and strong wind blowing on-shore, we should soon have been there, had not another steamer come to our assistance, and towed us back into a place of safety. After repairing damages, we proceeded on our voyage, and eventually arrived unharmed in London.

## CHAPTER V.

Oxford in the Long Vacation—The rats make such a strife  
 —A case for Lesbia—Interview between a hermit and  
 a novice—The ruling passion—Blighted hopes—Nor-  
 wegian windows—Tortoise-shell soup—After dinner—  
 Christiansands again—Ferry on the Torrisdal river  
 —Plain records of English travellers—Salmonia—The  
 bridal crown—A bridal procession—Hymen, O Hy-  
 menæe !—A ripe Ogress—The head cook at a Norwegian  
 marriage—God-fearing people—To Sætersdal—Neck or  
 nothing—Lilies and lilies—The Dutch myrtle.

I WAS sitting in my rooms, about the end of the  
 month of July, 1857, having been dragged perforce,  
 by various necessary avocations, into the solitude of  
 the Oxford Long Vacation ; not a soul in this college,  
 or, in short, in any college. “ A decided case of ‘ Last  
 Rose of Summer,’ ” mused I. “ Those rats or mice,  
 too, in the cupboard, what a clattering and squeak-  
 ing they keep up, lamenting, probably, the death  
 of one of their companions in the trap this morn-  
 ing ; but, nevertheless, they are not a bit intimi-

dated, for it is hunger that makes them valiant." The proverb, "Hungry as a church mouse," fits a college mouse in Long Vacation exactly. The supplies are entirely stopped with the departure of the men: no remnants of cold chicken, or bread-and-butter, no candles. It is not surprising, then, they have all found me out.

I positively go to bed in fear and trembling, lest they should make a nocturnal attack.

Each hole and cranny they explore,  
Each crook and corner of the chamber;  
They hurry-akurry round the floor,  
And o'er the books and sermons clamber.

The fate of that worthy Bishop Hatto stares me in the face. If they did not spare so exalted a personage, what will become of me? And as for keeping a cat, no, that may not be. I am not a Whittington. They are a treacherous race, and purr, and fawn, and play the villain—quadrupedal Nena Sahibs. I always hated them, and still more so since an incident I witnessed one year in Norway.

On the newly-mown grass before the cottage where I was staying, a lot of little redpoles—the

sparrows of those high latitudes—were very busily engaged picking up their honest livelihood, and making cheerful remarks to one another on the brightness of the weather and the flavour of the hay-seeds. Intently examining their motions through my glass, I had paid no heed to a cat which seemed rolling about carelessly on the lawn. Suddenly, I perceived that it had imperceptibly edged nearer and nearer to the pretty little birds, and was gliding, snake-like, towards them. I tapped at the window lustily, and screamed out in hopes of alarming my friends; but it was too late; they flew up, the cat sprung up aloft likewise, caught a poor little fellow in mid-air, and was away with it and out of sight in a moment.

*At vobis male sit, catis dolorum*  
*Plenis, qui omnia bella devoratis!*  
*Tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis!*  
*O factum malé! o miselle passer!*

Norway! and why am I not there? It is too late this year to think of it. I must write to that friend, and say I can't keep my promise, and join him thither. No, I must be content with a little trout-

fishing in Wales or Scotland. At this moment a tap is heard at the door. An ingenuous youth, undergraduate of St. Sapientia College, and resident in the neighbourhood, had brought a letter of introduction from a common friend, begging me, as one deep in the mysteries of Norwegian travelling, to give the bearer some information respecting that country, as he thought of taking a month's trip thither.

As I pulled out Munck's map, chalked out a route for the youth, and gave him a little practical advice on the subject, a regular spasm came across me. Iö was never plagued by that malicious gadfly, or "tsetse," so much as I was for the rest of the day by an irresistible desire to be off to the old country. The steamer was to start in three days. On the third day I stood on board of her, in the highest possible spirits. The ingenuous youth was also there; but high hope was not the expression on his countenance. Most wofully he approached me. To make assurance doubly sure, and secure a good berth, he had left home the day before. On arriving at the terminus, his box was not to be found—the box with all his traps, and the 50*l*.

in it. He had sent telegrams, or telegraphemes, to the four ends of Great Britain for the missing box; but it was not forthcoming. In a few hours we weighed anchor. The expectant visitor was left behind, and as there was no vessel to Norway for the next fortnight, the chances were that his trip thither would not take place. The above facts will serve as a warning to young travellers.

As daylight peered through the small porthole in the morning, I found that we had no less than eight people in our cabin, and that the porthole was shut, although it was smooth water.

"What an atmosphere," said an Englishman, in an adjoining berth. "I have opened that porthole two or three times in the night; but that fat, drum-bellied Norwegian there, who seems as fond of hot, stifling air as a melon, has shut it again."

"What can you expect of the people of a country," replied I, "where the windows are often not made to open?"

A tall, gentlemanly-looking man, who stood before the looking-glass, and had just brushed his



glossy wig into a peak like Mr. Pecksniff, here turned round and said, in Norwegian-English—

“I do assure you, sir, that the Norwegian windows will open.”

“Yes, in the towns; but frequently in the country not. I have been there a good deal, and I speak from experience.”

I find that our friend, who is very communicative, was in London in the days of the Prince Regent—yes, and he once dined with him at the London Tavern, at a dinner given in aid of foreigners in distress: the ticket cost 10*l*. He remembers perfectly well how, on another occasion, a *tortoise-shell*, all alive, was carried round London in a cart, with a notice that it would be made into tortoise-shell soup on a certain day. He dined, and the soup was super-excellent.

Consul ——, for I found that he had attained that distinction—was well acquainted with all the resorts of London. Worxall pleased him much. He had even learned to box. He had also something to say about the war with the Swedes, led on by Karl Johann, in which he took part.

After dinner we divert ourselves by observing

the sleeping countenance of the obese Norwegian who was so fond of carbonic acid gas, assume all sorts of colours,—livid, red, yellow,—not from repletion, though this might well have been the case, but from the light of the painted glass overhead, which transferred its chameleon hues to his physiognomy.

Here I am, once more plunging into the heart of Norway in the national vehicle, the carriage; up hills, down hills, across stony morasses, through sandy pine forests. We landed this afternoon at Christiansand, and I am now seven miles north of it, and standing by the side of the magnificent Torrisdal river, waiting for the great unwieldy ferry-boat to come over. The stream is strong and broad, and there is only one man working the craft; but, by taking advantage of a back stream on the other side, and one on this, he has actually accomplished the passage with little trouble, and hit the landing-place to an inch.

On the other side, three or four carriages, some of them double ones, are just descending the steep hill, and I have to wait till they get down to the water-side, in consequence of the narrowness of

the road. One of the strangers, with a broad gold band round his cap, turns out to be the British consul. He is returning with a party of ladies and gentlemen from a pic-nic at the Vigelandsfoss, about three miles from this, where the river makes a fine fall.

That evening we stop at the Verwalter's (Bailiff's), close by the falls. I have no salmon-rod, but Mr. C——, an Englishman, who has come up with me to sketch the foss, and try for a salmon, obtains leave, as a great favour, to fish in the pools for one dollar a day, and a dollar to each of the boatmen. The solitary grilse that he succeeded in catching during the next day cost him therefore some fifteen shillings. The charges are an infallible sign that Englishmen have been here.

As in the Tweed, the take of salmon in these southern rivers has fallen off terribly. In Mandal river, a little to the westward, the fishing in the last twenty years has become one-tenth of what it was. Here, where 1600 fish used to be taken yearly, 200 only are caught. But at Boen, in the

Topdal river, which, like this, enters the sea at Christiansand, no decrease is observable. For the last ten years the average yield of the salmon fishery there has been 2733 fish per annum. In this state of things, the services of Mr. Hetting, the person deputed by the Norwegian Government to travel about the country and teach the inhabitants the method of artificially breeding salmon and other fish, have been had recourse to. Near this, breeding-places have been constructed under his auspices..

Extensive saw-mills are erected all about this place; and it is probable that the dust, which is known to bother the salmon by clogging their gills, may have diminished their productiveness, or driven them elsewhere. The vast volume of water which here descends, is cut into two distinct falls; but a third fall, a few hundred yards above, excels them in height and grandeur.

While eating my breakfast, an old dame comes in with a large basket and mysterious looks. Her mission is one of great importance—viz., to hire the bridal crown belonging to the mistress of the

house, for a wedding, which will take place at the neighbouring church this afternoon. She gets the article, and pays one dollar for the use of it. Hearing that the bridal *cortége* will sweep by at five o'clock, P.M., on its way from the church, I determined to defer my journey northwards till it had passed.

At that hour, the cry of "They come! they come!" saluted my ears. Pencil or pen of Teniers or Fielding, would that you were mine, so that I might do justice to what I saw. Down the steep hill leading to the house there came, at a slow pace, first a carriage, with that important functionary, the *Kiögemester*, standing on the board behind, and, like a Hansom cabman, holding the reins over the head of the bridesmaid, a fat old lady, with a voluminous pile of white upon her head, supposed to be a cap. Next came a cart, containing two spruce young maidens, who wore caps of dark check with broad strings of red satin riband, in shape a cross between those worn by the buy-a-broom girls and the present fashionable bonnet, which does *not* cover the head of English

ladies. Their jackets were of dark blue cloth, and skirt of the same material and colour, with a narrow scarlet edging, similar to that worn by peasant women in parts of Wales. Over the jacket was a coloured shawl, the ends crossed at the waist, and pinned tight. Add to this a large pink apron, and in their hands a white kerchief, after the manner of Scotch girls, on their way to kirk. After these came a carriage, with four little boys and girls clustered upon it.

But the climax is now reached. The next vehicle, a cart, contains the chief actors in the show, the bride and bridegroom, who are people of slender means. He is evidently somewhat the worse, or better, for liquor, and is dressed in the short blue seaman's jacket and trousers, which have become common in Norway wherever the old national costume has disappeared. The bride—oh! all ye little loves, have the point of my pen in *coulour de rose*, that I may describe meetly this mature votary of Venus. There she sat like an image of the goddess Cybele; on her head a turret of pasteboard, covered with red cloth, with flamboyant mouldings of spangles, beads, and gold lace;

miserable counterfeit of the fine old Norwegian bridal crown of silver gilt! Nodding over the turret was a plume of manifold feathers—ostrich, peacock, chicken, mixed with artificial flowers; from behind it streamed a cataract of ribands of some fifteen different tints and patterns. Her plain yellow physiognomy was unrelieved by a single lock of hair.

“It is not the fashion,” explained a female bystander, “for the bride to disclose any hair. It must on this occasion be all tucked in out of sight.”

This ripe ogress of half a century was further dressed in a red skirt with gold belt, a jacket of black brocade, over which was a cuirass of scarlet cloth shining resplendently in front with the national ornament, the Sölje, a circular silver-gilt brooch, three inches in diameter, with some twenty gilded spoon-baits (fishermen will understand me) hung on to its rim. Frippery of divers sorts hung about her person. On each shoulder was an epaulet or bunch of white gauze bows, while the other ends of her arms were adorned by ruffles and white gloves.

As this wonderful procession halted in front of the door, the gallant Kiögemester advanced and lifted the bride in his arms out of her vehicle. As she mounted the door-steps, a decanter of brandy in hand, all wreathed in smiles and streamers, flowers and feathers, I bowed with great reverence, which evidently gratified her vanity.

"I'll tell you what she reminds me of," said my English companion, who had left his profitless fishing to see the sight, "a Tyrolese cow coming home garlanded from the chalet. No doubt this procession would look rather ridiculous in Hyde Park, but here, in this wild outlandish country, do you know, with the sombre pine-trees and the grey rocks, and wild rushing river, it does not strike me as so contemptible. She is tricked out in all the finery she can lay her hands on, and in that she is only doing the same as her sex the world over, from the belle savage of Central Africa to Queen Victoria herself."

The Kiögemester (head cook)—not that he attends to the cooking department, whatever he



might have done in former days—is a very ancient institution on this occasion. He is the soul of the whole festival. Without him everything would be in disorder or at a stand-still. Bowing to the procession, he is also bowed down by the weight of his responsibility. In his single self he is supposed to combine, at first-rate weddings, the offices of master of the ceremonies, chief butler, speechifier, jester, precentor, and, above all, of peace-maker. His activity as chief butler often calls forth a corresponding degree of activity as an assuager of broils. The baton which he frequently wields is shaped like the ancient fool's bauble. If he is a proficient in his art he will, like Mr. Robson, shine in the comic as well as the serious department, alternating original jests with solemn apophthegms. But the race is dying out. The majority are mere second-hand performers. The real adepts in the science give an *éclat* to the whole proceedings, and are consequently much in request, being sent for from long distances.

By-the-bye, I must not omit to mention that on the left arm of the bride hung a red shawl, just

like that on the arm of the Spanish bull-fighter, whose province it is to give the *coup de grace* to the devoted bull. From the manner in which she displayed it, I fancy it must have been an essential item in her toilette. Hearing no pipe and tabor, or, more strictly speaking, no fiddle, the almost invariable accompaniment of these pageants, I inquired the reason.

"They are gudfrygtig folk (God-fearing people); they will have nothing to do with such vanities," was the answer.

There seemed to me, however, to be some contradiction between this "God-fearing" scrupulosity and the size of the bride's person. It struck me, as I saw the stalwart master of the ceremonies exerting all his strength to lift her into the cart again, that it was high time she was married.

At this moment up drives a gentleman dressed in black, with dark rat-taily hair shading his sallow complexion, and a very large nose bridged by a huge pair of silver spectacles, the centre arch of which was wrapped with black riband, that it might not press too much on the keystone. This

is the parson who has tied the fatal noose, and is now wending his way homewards to his secluded manse.

Bidding adieu to my companion, who purposed driving round the coast, I now set off to the station, Mosby, to join the main route to Sætersdal, one of the wildest, poorest, and most primitive valleys of Norway, which I'm bent on exploring. On the road I once or twice narrowly escape coming into collision with the carriage of a young peasant who has been at the wedding. Mad with brandy, he keeps passing and repassing me at full gallop. The sagacious horse—I won't call him brute, a term much more applicable to his master—makes up by his circumspection for his driver's want of it. He seems to be perfectly aware of the state of things, and, while goaded into a breakneck pace, dexterously avoids the dangers.

Oak—a rare sight to me in this country—aspens (asp), sycamore (lön), hazel, juniper, bracken, fringe the sides of the road northward. Now and then a group of white “wand-like” lilies (Tjorn-blom) rises

from some silent tarn (in Old Norsk, Tjorn), looking very small indeed after those huge fellows I have left reposing in the arms of the Isis at Oxford. Their moonlight-coloured chalice is well-known to be a favourite haunt of the tiny water-elves, so I suppose the Scandinavian ones are tinier than their sisters of Great Britain.

Nor must I omit to mention the quantities of Dutch myrtle, or sweet gale (pors), with which the swampy grounds abound. It possesses strong narcotic qualities, and is put in some districts into the beer, while, elsewhere, a decoction of it is sprinkled about the houses to intimidate the fleas, who have a great horror of it. Lyng (lüng), some of it white, and that of a peculiar kind, which I have never seen before, also clings to the sides of the high grounds, while strawberries and raspberries of excellent taste are not wanting.

## CHAPTER VI.

A dreary station—Strange bed-fellows—Broad-sides—Comfortable proverb—Skarp England—Interesting particulars—A hospitable Norwegian Foged—Foster-children—The great bear-hunter—A terrible Bruin—Forty winks—The great Vennefoos—A temperance lamentation—More bear talk—Grey legs—Monosyllabic conversation—Trout fished from the briny deep—A warning to the beaux of St. James's-street—Thieves' cave—A novelette for the Adelphi.

I STOP for the night at the dreary station of Homsnoen. By a singular economy in household furniture, the cornice of the uncurtained state-bed is made to serve as a shelf, and all the crockery, together with the other household gods or goods of the establishment, are perched thereon, threatening to fall upon me if I made the slightest movement, so that my feelings, and those of Damocles, must have been not unlike; and when I did get to sleep, my slumbers were suddenly disturbed by the creeping of a mouse or

rat, not "behind the arras," for the wooden walls were bare, but under my pillow. Gracious goodness! is it my destiny then to fall a prey to these wretches? Notwithstanding, I soon dozed off to sleep again, muttering to myself something about "Coctilibus muris," and "dead for a ducat."

In the morning, when the peasant-wife brings me coffee, I tell her of the muscicular disturbances of the past night. She replies, with much *sang froid*, "O ja, de pleie at holde sig da" (Oh yes, they are in the habit of being there), i. e., in the loose bed-straw.

While sipping my coffee, I read a printed address hung upon the wall, wherein "a simple Norwegian, of humble estate," urges his countrymen not to drink brandy. A second notice is an explanation of infant baptism. This is evidently to counteract the doctrines of the clergyman Lammers, who, as I have mentioned elsewhere, has founded an antipædobaptist sect. Indeed, I see in the papers advertisements of half-a-dozen works that have lately appeared on the subject. Another specimen of this wall-literature was a

collection of Norwegian proverbs, one of which might perhaps serve to reconcile an explorer in this country to indifferent accommodation. "The poor man's house is his palace." Another proverb rebuked pride, in the following manner:—"Dust is still dust, although it rise to heaven."

Next day we pass a solitary farmstead, which my attendant informs me is called Skarp England (*i. e.*, scanty, not deep-soiled, meadow-land). Were it not for those Angles, the generally reputed god-fathers of England, one would almost be inclined to derive the name of our country from that green, meadow (*eng*) like appearance which must have caught the attention of the immigrant Jutes and Saxons. At least, such is the surmise of Professor Radix.

"And what road is that?" I asked, pointing to a very unmacadamized byway through the forest.

"It is called Prest-vei (the Priest's-way), because that is the road the clergyman has to take to get to one of his distant churches."

"Gee up!" said I to the horse, a young one, and unused to his work, adding a slight flip with

the whip (Svöbe), a compliment which the colt returned by lashing out with his heels.

"Hilloa, Erik! this wont do; it's quite dangerous."

"Oh no, he has no back shoes; he wont hurt you—except," he afterwards added, "out of fun he should happen to strike a little higher."

The ill-omened shriek of a couple of jays which crossed the road diverted my attention, and I asked their Norwegian name, which I found to be "skov-shur" (wood-magpie) in these parts.

As we skirt the western bank of the Kile Fjord, a fresh-water lake, a dozen miles long, and abounding in fish (meget fiskerig), the man points to me a spot on the further shore where the Torisdal River, after flowing through the lake, debouches by a succession of falls in its course to Vigeland and the sea at Christiansand.

At every station the question is, "Are you going up to the copper works?" These are at Valle, a long way up the valley. They have been discontinued some years, but, it is said, are now likely to be re-opened.



At Ketilsaa I am recommended to call on the Foged of the district, a fine, hearty sexagenarian, who gave me much valuable information respecting this singular valley and its inhabitants; besides which, what I especially valued under the circumstances, he set before me capital home-brewed beer, port wine, Trondjem's aquavit, not to mention speil aeg (poached eggs) and bear ham. Bear flesh is the best *travel* of all, say the Greenlanders, so I did not spare the last. The superstitions and tales about Huldra and fairies (here called jügere) are, the Foged tells me, dying out hereabout, though not higher up the valley.

His foster-son,\* a jolly-looking gentleman, sends off a messenger to see if his own horse is near at hand, in order that I may not be detained by waiting for one at the neighbouring station, Fahret. But the pony is somewhere in the

\* Foster-children are as common in Norway at the present day as they used to be in Ireland, where it was proverbially a stronger alliance than that of blood. The old sign of adoption mentioned in the Sagas was *knæsetning*, placing the child on the knee.

forest, so that his benevolent designs cannot be realized. Altogether, I have never visited any house in Norway where intelligence, manliness, and good-nature seemed so thoroughly at home as at the Foged's.

The station-master, Ole Gundarson Fahret, manages to get me a relay in one hour; in the interval we have a palaver.

"There was once an Englishman here," said he, "who went out bear-hunting with the greatest bear-shooter of these parts, Nils Olsen Breistøl; but they did not happen on one. Breistøl has shot fifteen bears."

"How does he manage to find them in the trackless forest?"

"Why he is continually about, and he knows of a great many bears' winter-lairs (Björn-hi); and when the bear is asleep, he goes and pokes him out."

"But is it not dangerous?"

"Sometimes. There was a great bear who was well known for fifty miles round, for he was as grey as a wolf, and lame of one leg, having been injured, it

was thought, in a fight with a stallion. He killed a number of horses; and great rewards were offered to the killer of him. The people in Mandal, to the west, offered thirty dollars; he had been very destructive down there. Well, Breistöl found out where he lay one winter, and went up with another man. Out he comes, and tries to make off. They are always ræd (frightened) at first, when they are surprised in their lair. But Breistöl sent a ball into him (this Norsk Mudje-keewis, by-the-bye, makes his own rifles), and the bear stopped short, and rushed at him. Just at this moment, however, he got another bullet from the other man, which stopped him. After waiting for a moment, he turned round, and charged at the new aggressor, who dodged behind a tree; meanwhile, Breistöl had loaded, and gave him another ball; and so they kept firing and dodging; and it actually took fifteen balls to kill him, he was so big and strong. The last time they fired, they came close to him, and shot two bullets into his head, only making one hole; then he died. The usual reward from the Government is five

dollars, but Breistöl got fifteen. The Mandal people, when they heard the great grey bear was dead, gave him nothing. Fand (fiend)! but he was immensely big (uhyr stor), so fat and fleshy."

"And how long does the bear sleep in winter?" I inquired.

"He goes in about Sanct Michael's-tid, and comes out at the beginning of April."

"And how many bears are there in one hole?"

"Only one; unless the female has young late in the autumn. A man in these parts once found an old he-bear (Manden), with a she-bear, and three young cubs, all in one hole. I think there are as many bears as ever there were in the country. There was a lad up in the forest, five years ago; a bear struck at him, but missed him, only getting his cap, which stuck on the end of his claws. This seemed to frighten the brute, and he made off. The little boy didn't know what a danger he had escaped; he began to cry for the loss of his cap, and wanted to go after it. Now that did not happen by chance. V Herre Gud

har Haand i slig. (God our master has a hand in such like things). We have a proverb, that the bear has ten men's strength, and the wit of twelve; but that's neither here nor there. Björnen kan vaere meget staerk, men han faa ikke Magt at draebe mennesker, Mnaar Han ikke tillade det. (The bear may be very strong, but he has not the power to kill men unless He permits it.)

In which proper sentiment I of course acquiesced, and took leave of the intelligent Schusskaffer.

My attendant on the next stage, Ole Michelsen Vennefoss, derived his last name from the great cataract on the Otterelv, near which he lives. It is now choked up with timber. But all this, he tells me, will move in the autumn, when the water rises; although, in the north of the country, the rivers at that time get smaller and smaller, and, in winter time, with the ice that covers them, occupy but a small part of the accustomed bed.

A few years ago, a friend of his had a narrow escape at these falls: the boat he was in turned over just above the descent, and he disappeared

from view; down hurried the boat, and providentially was not smashed to pieces. At the bottom of the fall it caught against a rock, and righted again, and up bobbed the drowned man, having been under the boat all the time. His friends managed to save him.

On the road we overtake a man driving, who offers me schnaps in an excited manner.

"Ah," said Ole, mournfully, "he has been to the By, and bought some brantviin; they never can resist the temptation. When he gets home, there will be a Selskab (party). People for miles round know where he has been, and they will come and hear the news, and drink themselves drunk."

Ole is one of the so-called Lesere, or Norwegian Methodists, disciples of Hauge, whose son is the clergyman of a parish near here. They may often be detected by their drawling way of speaking.

"Well, Ole," said I, "did you ever see any of these bears they talk so much about?"

"Yes, that I have. I saw the old lame bear that Breistöl shot. I was up at the stöl (châlet) four years ago come next week, with my two

sisters. We were sitting outside the building, just about this time of the evening, when it was getting dusk; all of a sudden, the horse came galloping to us as hard as ever he could tear. I knew at once it was a bear; and, sure enough, close behind him, came the beast rushing out of the wood. We all raised a great noise and shouting, on which the bear stopped, and ran away. Poor blacky had a narrow escape; he bears the marks of the bear's claws on his hind quarters. I could put my four fingers in them."

Quite so, hummed I—

The sable score of fingers four  
Remain on that horse impressed.

"But what do the bears eat, when they can't get cattle?"

"Grass, and berries, and ants (myren)."

"But don't the ants sting him?"

"Oh! no; no such thing. A friend of mine saw a bear come to one of those great ant-hills you have passed in the woods. He put out his tongue, and laid it on the ant-hill till it was covered with ants, and then slipped it back into

his mouth. They can't hurt him, his tongue is too thick-skinned for that."

"Does the bear eat anything in winter?"

"Nothing, I believe. I have seen one or two that were killed then; their stomach was as empty as empty—wanted no cleaning at all. I think that's the reason they are such cowards then. I have always more pluck when my stomach is full. Hav'n't you?"

It struck me that there are many others besides the artless Norwegian who, if they chose, must confess to a similar weakness.

"But the wolves (ulven) don't go to sleep in winter; what do they eat?"

"Ulven?—what's that?"

"I mean Graa-been (grey-legs)."

"Ah! you mean Skrüb.\* In winter they steal what they can, and, when hard pressed, they

\* In this part of Norway the wolf is known by no other name. Like graa-been (grey-legs) elsewhere in Norway, so here skrüb is a euphemism for wolf. The word is evidently derived from skrübba, to scrub, and alludes to the rough dressing or scrubbing to be expected at the claws of that beast. This disinclination to use the real



devour a particular sort of clay. That's well known; it's plain to see from their skarn (dung.)

Ole further tells me that a pair of eagles build in a tall tree about a mile from his house. The name "ulv," is no doubt due to the ancient superstition of the "varulf" (wer-wolf).

Oh ! was it wer-wolf in the wood,  
Or was it mermaid in the sea,  
Or was it man or vile woman,  
My own true love, that misshaped thee ?

A heavier weird shall light on her  
Than ever fell on vile woman,  
Her hair shall grow rough and her teeth grow long,  
And on her fore feet shall she gang.

See Grimm. *Deutsche Mythologie*, 1047. In the war of 1808 it was commonly believed in Sweden that those of their countrymen who were made prisoners by the Russians were changed by them into wer or were-wolves, and sent home to plague their country. The classical reader will remember the Scythian people mentioned by Herodotus, who all and several used to turn wolves for a few days in every year. The Swedes go still further in their reluctance to call certain animals by their real names. Not only do they call the bear *the old one*, or *grandfather*, and the wolf *grey-foot*, but the fox is *blue-foot*, or *he that goes in the forest*; the seal is *brother Lars*, while such small deer as rats and mice are known respectively as the *long-bodied* and the *small-grey*.

young ones have just flown; he had not time to take them, although there is a reward of half-a-dollar a-head. Fancy a native of the British Isles suffering an eagle to hatch, and fly off with its brood in quiet.

"Hvor skal de ligge inat?" (where shall you lie to-night?) he inquired, as we proceeded.

"I don't think I shall go further than Gulsmedoen, to-night," I replied.

"There is no accommodation at all at the station," he said; "but at Senum, close by, you can get a night's lodging."

It was dark when we arrived at Senum, which lay down a break-neck side-path, where the man had to lead the horse. On our tapping at the door, a female popped her head out of a window, but said nothing. After a pause, my man says "Quells," literally, whiling, or resting-time. This was an abbreviation for "godt quell" (good evening). "Quells" was the monosyllabic reply of the still small voice at the porthole.

"Tak for senast" (thanks for the last), was my guide's next observation.

"Tak for senast," the other responded from above.

"The ice being now somewhat broken, the treble of "the two voices" inquired—

"What man is that with you?"

"A foreigner, who wants a night's lodging."

Before long, the farmer and his wife were busy upstairs preparing a couch for me, with the greatest possible goodwill; nor would they hear of Ole returning home that night, so he, too, obtained sleeping quarters somewhere in the establishment.

I find, what the darkness had prevented me from seeing, that this house is situated at the southern end of the Aarfjord, a lake of nearly forty miles in length. Mine host has this evening caught a lot of fine trout in the lake with the nets. They are already in salt—everything is salted in this country—but I order two or three fat fellows out of the brine, and into some fresh water against the morning, when they prove excellent. So red and fat! The people here say they are better than salmon.

Rain being the order of the next day, I post up my journal. In the afternoon I resume my journey

by the road on the further side of the lake. Until very lately a carriage road was unknown here. The Fogderi, or Bailewick, in which we now are, is called Robygd: a reminiscence, it is said, of the days not long since over, when the sole means of locomotion up the valley (bygd) was to row (roe). The vehicle being a common cart, with no seat, a bag is stuffed with heather for me to sit on; and this acts as a buffer to break the force of the bumps which the new-made road and the springless cart kept giving each other, while, in reality, it was I that came in for the brunt of the pommelling. The Norwegian driver sat on the hard edge of the cart, regardless of the shocks, and as tough apparently as the birch-wood of which the latter was composed. It wont do for a person who is at all *made-up* to risk a journey in Saetersdal: he would infallibly go to pieces, and the false teeth be strewed about the path after the manner of those of the serpent or dragon sown by Jason on the Champ de Mars. Armed men rose from the earth on that occasion, and something of the kind took place now. Don't start, reader, it was only in story.

"Look at that hole," said my attendant, pointing to an opening half-way up the limestone cliff, surrounded by trees and bushes. "That is the——"

"Cave of the Dragon?" interrupted I, abstractedly.

"The Tyve Helle (thieves' cave), which goes in one hundred feet deep. For a long time they were the terror of all Saetersdal. The only way to the platform in front of the cave was by a ladder. One of their band, who pretended to be a Tulling (idiot), used to go begging at the farm-houses, and spying how the ground lay.

"On one occasion they carried off along with some cattle the girl who tended them. Poor soul! she could not escape, they kept such a sharp watch on her. The captain of the band meanwhile wanted to marry her; she pretended to like the idea, and the day before that fixed for the wedding asked leave just to go down to the farm where she used to live and steal the silver Brudestads (bridal ornaments), which were kept there. The thieves gave her leave;—they

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could dispense with the parson, but not with this. But first they made her swear she would not speak to a soul at the house. At midnight, Asjer, as she was called, arrived at her former home, to the astonishment of the good folks. She at once proceeded to take a piece of white linen, a scrap of red home-spun cloth, and a pair of shears. This done, she went to the chimney-corner and told the picewood-beam, 'I have been stolen by robbers; they live in a cave in the forest, I will put little bits of red cloth on the road to it; to-morrow the captain marries me. To-night, when they are all drunk and asleep, I will hang out the piece of white cloth.' Without exchanging a word with the inmates, she then set off back. The master of the house and a few friends collected, and followed her track. At night-fall they saw the flag waved from the mouth of the cave. In they rushed upon the thieves, who, unable to escape, threw themselves over the precipice. The captain, suspecting her to be the author of the surprise, seized her by the apron as he dashed over the ledge, determined that she should die with him. But

the leader of the bonders, a ready-witted fellow, cut her apron-strings with his knife, just in the nick of time, so that she was saved; and the robber, in his fall, took nothing with him but her apron."

## CHAPTER VII.

A wolf trap—The heather—Game and game-preserves—An optical delusion—Sumptuous entertainment—Visit to a Norwegian store-room—Petticoats—Curious picture of the Crucifixion—Fjord scenery—How the priest Brun was lost—A Saetersdal manse—Frightfully hospitable—Eider-down quilts—Costume of a Norwegian waiting-maid—The tartan in Norway—An ethnological inquiry—Personal characteristics—The sect of the Haugians—Nomad life in the far Norwegian valleys—Trug—Memorials of the Vikings—Female Bruin in a rage—How bears dispose of intruders—Mercantile marine of Norway—The Bad-hus—How to cook brigands—Winter clothing.

CLOSE by Langerack we pass a wolf-trap (baas), formed on the principle of our box-trap, for catching rats, only that the material is thick pine-boles fastened side by side. More than one wolf and lynx have been caged here.

The heather still continues plentiful; I particularly note this, as in the more northerly parts of



the country, *e.g.*, about Jerkin, this beautiful vesture of the rocks and moors is seldom seen, except in very little bits. What a pity that none of our British grouse proper (*Tetrao Scoticus*) return the visit of the Norwegian ptarmigan to Scotland, and found a colony in these parts; they would escape at all events those systematic traffickers in ornithological blood, by whom these unfortunates are bought and sold as per advertisement. Blackcock and capercailzie, as usual, are to be found in the lower woods, and ptarmigan higher up. About here there are no trees of large size remaining; the best have long since been cut down and floated to the sea. It would do a nurseryman's heart good to see the groups of hardy little firs, self-sown, sprouting up in every crevice with an exuberance of health and strength, and asserting their right to a hearing among the sighing branches of their taller neighbours, who rise patronizingly above them. The seed falling upon stony ground does not fail to come up, notwithstanding, and bring forth fruit a hundred-fold and more.

The valley here, which has been opening ever

since I left Vennefoss, continues to improve in looks ; it is now almost filled by the Fjord, and appears to come to an end some distance higher up, by the intervention of a block of mountains ; but if there be any truth in the map, this is an optical delusion, the valley running up direct northward, nearly one hundred and fifty miles from Christiansand, and reaching a height at Bykle of nearly two thousand feet above the sea.

At the clean and comfortable station of Langerack I light upon a treasure in the shape of a dozen or two of hens' eggs ; very small indeed, it is true, as they were not quite so big as a bantam's. Six of these I immediately take, and an old lady, with exceedingly short petticoats, commences frying them, while I grind the coffee which she has just roasted.

After a goodly entertainment, for part of which I was indebted to my own wallet, I go with her to the Stabur, or store-room, where, with evident pride and pleasure, she shows me all her valuables ; conspicuous among these was a full set of bridal costume, minus the crown, which was let

out. The bridal belt was of yellow leather, and covered with silver-gilt ornaments, all of the same pattern, to each of which is suspended a small bracteate of the same metal, which jingles with every step of the bride. What particularly attracted my attention were the three woollen petticoats worn by the bride one over the other. The first is of a dingy white colour, and is, in fact, the same as the every-day dress of the females. The second is of blue cloth, with red and green stripes round the bottom. The third, which is worn outermost, is of scarlet, with gold and green edging. Of course if these were all of the same length the under-ones would not be visible; and thus the object of wearing such a heap of clothes—love of display—would be defeated; so, while the undermost is long, the next is less so, and the next shorter still. Each one is very heavy, so the weight of the three together must be great indeed. The whole reminds one of harlequin at a country fair. But, while he comes on unwieldily and shabbily dressed, and as he takes off one coat and waistcoat after another grows smarter and smarter, and at last

fines down into a gay harlequin, the Norwegian bride, by a contrary process, grows smarter and smarter with each article of clothing that she assumes.

The most remarkable thing about these bridal petticoats is the skirt behind, which is divided by plaits like the flutings of a Doric column; while these, towards the bottom or base bulge out into two or three rounded folds, which stick out considerably from the person. Hear this, ye Miss Weazels, who condemn crinoline as a new-fangled institution, whereas in fact the idea is evidently taken from the primæval customs of Saetersdal. The support of this dead weight of clothing are not, as might be expected, the hips, for the whole system of integuments comes right up over the bosom, and is upheld by a couple of very short braces or shoulder-straps. A jacket under these circumstances is almost superfluous. It is of blue cloth with gold edging, and only reaches down to the arm-holes.

These vestments are no doubt of very ancient cut. In the district of Lom another sort of dress

was once the fashion. The coat was of white wadmél, with dark coloured embroidery, and silver buttons as big as a dollar. The collar stood up. The waistcoat was scarlet, and also embroidered. White knee-breeches of wash-leather, garters of coloured thread, and shoes adorned with large silver buckles, set off the lower man. This dress went out at the beginning of the century. In Romerike, and elsewhere, there was on the back of the coat a quaint piece of embroidery pointing up like the spire of a church, and green, red, or blue, according to the parish of the wearer. At the public masquerades in Christiania, these dresses may still be seen.

But I had forgotten the old lady in the contemplation of the wardrobe. She appears to think she shall make me understand her jargon better by shouting in my ears—a common mistake—and while she does so, she skips about the chamber with all the agility of the old she-goat before the door. The proverb says, "Need makes the old wife run," but she ran without any apparent cause. Finally, in her enthusiasm, she goes the length of

putting one of these petticoats on—don't be alarmed, fair reader—*over* her own, to show me how it looks. Besides the above state apparel, mutton and pork-hams, with other comestibles, find a secure place in the store-room.

In the sitting-room of the house is a remarkable picture of our Saviour on the cross, with various quaint devices round it. It is known to be more than three hundred years old, and no doubt dates from the Roman Catholic times. Like most of the peasants, who are exceedingly tenacious of these "Old-sager" (old-world articles), the master of the house won't part with the picture for any consideration.

As a boat is procurable, I determine to vary the mode of travelling by going by water to the station ———, and the more so as this will enable me to try for a trout while I am resting my shaken limbs. There being no wind to ruffle the water, I only took one or two trout. A man on the lake, who was trailing a rough-looking fly, was not a little astonished at my artificial minnow. The Fjord is very fine. Pretty bays, nestling under the bare

lofty mountains, and here and there a beach of yellow sand, fringing a grassy slope, while behind these, Scotch fir, birch, and aspen throw their shadows over the water.

"You see that odde (point)," says my old waterman; "that is Lobdal point. It was just there that Priest Brun had the misfortune to be lost, twenty years ago come Yule. He had been preaching down below, at one of his four churches, and was sleighing home again on the ice. The Glocker (precentor) was driving behind him, when he saw him suddenly disappear, horse and all. It was a weak place in the ice, and, there being snee-dicke (snow-thickness) at the time, the priest had not seen any symptoms of danger. Poor man, I knew him well; he was a very good person. He never received Christian burial, for his body was never found." Such are the incidents that checquer the life of a Norwegian parson.

It was so nearly dark when we arrived at ———, that we had a difficulty in finding the landing-place, to which, however, we were guided by something that looked like a house in the gloaming.

"And where am I to lodge?" asked I of the boatman. "Is the station far off?"

"Yes, a good distance. You had best lie at Priest ——'s, there."

"But I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"That does not matter the least. He is for-  
faerdelig gjestfri (frightfully hospitable) og meget  
snil (and very good)."

So I make bold to grope my way to the house, and, finding the door, tap at it. It is opened by a short, good-humoured looking person, the clergyman himself, who quiets the big dog that I had kept at bay with my fishing-rod, asks me who I am, and bids me come in and be welcome, as if he had known me all the days of my life. Few minutes elapse before I am eating cold meat and drinking ale; during the repast chatting with my host on all sorts of matters. Supper ended, he shows me to the best chamber, or stranger's room, where I am soon reposing luxuriously under an eider-down coverlet. This I kicked off in my slumbers, it being evidently too hot for an Englishman in



summer time, even in Norway. What delightful things these eider-downs must be in the cold of a northern winter.

A young female servant, Helvig by name, brings my boots in the morning. She was clad in the working-day dress of the country maidens. To begin with the beginning, or her head. It is covered with a coloured cotton couvrechef. Her masculine chemise is fastened at the throat by two enormous studs of silver filigree, bullet shaped, and is, below this, further confined by a silver brooch (Norwegian "ring"), shaped like a heart. Her petticoat, which covers very little of her black worsted stockings, makes up for its shortcomings in that direction, by reaching right up above her bosom. It is of a dingy white wool, and is edged with three broad stripes of black. On Sunday her petticoat is black, with red or blue edging.

She brings me her tartan of red wool with white stripes for my inspection. It is called "kjell," a word which occurs in the old ballad of "The Gay Goss Hawk."

Then up and got her seven sisters,  
And sewed to her a kell.

There it means pall, but the Norwegian word is also used of any coverlet. The maidens wear it just like a Parisian lady would her shawl, i.e., below the shoulders, and tight over the elbows. The married women, however, carry it like the Scotch plaid, over one shoulder and under the other arm, with their baby in the kolpos, or sinus, in front.

This article of dress, which is sometimes white, striped with red—the stripes being most frequent at the ends—and also the above manner of wearing it, are thought to corroborate the tradition that these people are a Scotch colony. The language, too, contains many words not known elsewhere in Norway, but used in England. Instead of “skee,” they say “spon,” which is nothing but the Icelandic “spónn,” and our “spoon.” In the words kniv (knife), and knap (button), the k is silent before n; whereas, elsewhere in Norway, it is pronounced. L, too, is silent before d, as with us; “skulde” (should) being pronounced “skud,” or “shud.” The common word for a river in Norway is “elv;” here it is “aas,” pronounced “ose,”

which is nothing but the frequent "ooze" of England, meaning, in fact, "a stream generally."

"What sort of people are the peasants about here?" I asked of the priest.

"They have many peculiarities. Formerly, they were looked upon by the rest of Norway as a kind of Abderites, stupid fellows; but they are not so much stupid, far from it, as quaint and comical. Indeed, their dress makes them look odd and simple. You must know that ten years ago the only road up the valley was by water, and about the only travellers the priest and a merchant or two. These Westland people are very different from the Eastlanders; for, whereas the latter are more 'alvorlig' (serious), and 'modig' (plucky), these are more 'blid' (gentle), more 'dorsk' and 'doven' (lazy and indolent), and fond of sleeping three times a day. Formerly they were inveterate fatalists, so much so that for a long time they would not hear of going to a doctor, if they were ill, or an accident happened. They used also to believe in Trolls (fairies), but that is fast exploding hereabouts. Yet they are still impressed with a

belief in 'giengângere' (wraiths), and that the powers of evil are supernaturally at work around us. This makes them so fearful of going out after dark. Of late years a great change has been wrought among many of them, since the sect of the Lesere, or Haugians, began to prevail. They have forsworn Snorro Sturleson's Chronicle and the historical Sagas of the country, which the Norwegian bonder used to be fond of reading, and in their cottages you will find nothing but the Bible and books of devotion. To read anything else they consider sinful, as being liable to turn away their minds from spiritual objects."

"And do you think that, practically, they are better Christians?"

"Undoubtedly some of them are God-fearing persons, while others only adopt this tone from motives of self-interest."

"How comes it that there are so few people about?"

"Ah! I must tell you. There is one remarkable custom in the valley—indeed, it is not impossible that it derives its name, Saetersdal

(Valley of Sæters), from it.\* During the summer the sæter is not inhabited by a single girl with her cows, as elsewhere in Norway, but by the whole of the farmer's family. At such times I have no parishioners. They are all off. For the last three Sundays I have had no service. Each farmer possesses two or three of these sæters or stöls, and when they have cut the grass, and the cattle has eaten up the alpine shrubs at one spot, they move to another. It is a regular nomadic life as long as it lasts, which is the best part of the summer.

"In the winter, the hay made in the summer is brought down from the mountain on sledges. The snow being very deep, the ponies would sink in but for a contrivance called 'trug,' which is peculiar to these parts of Norway. Here is one," said he, as Helvig, with great alacrity, brought in the apparatus in question. It was a

\* Still the mountain chålet is now no longer known here by the name of "sæter," but by that of "stöl." "Sæter" is most probably derived from the word "sitte," to sit—to dwell; the technical phrase for a person being at the mountain dairy being "sitte paa stölen."

strong hoop of birch-wood, about a foot in diameter. From its sides ran four iron chains, of two or three links each, to a ring in the centre. Attached to the hoop was some wicker-work. Into this basket the pony's foot is inserted, and the wicker secured to the fetlock, while the shoe rests on the iron ring and chains. Armed with this anti-sinking machine, the horse keeps on the surface, and can travel with tolerable expedition. Men wear a similar contrivance, but smaller.

"Are there any bauta-stones, or suchlike reminiscences of olden times in this part of the valley?"

"Very few. From its secluded position it never was of any great historical note. It is near the sea that the Vikings were most at home, and left behind them memorials. Here is an old cross-bow and an axe, such as the bonders used to carry."

These axes were called "hand-axes," from the fact that, when not otherwise used, the wearer took the iron in his hand, and used the weapon as a walking-stick. Sometimes they were even

taken to church (see *Oxonian in Norway*, 2nd edition, p. 336). This one had the date 1651 inscribed upon it, and, together with the handle, was adorned with figuring. In the passage I also saw a halbert and a spear, and a round spoon, on which was inscribed the date 1614, and the legend, "Mit haab til Gud" (My hope in God).

"Have you a good breed of cattle here?"

"Not particularly. We get all ours from Fyrrisdal, four Norsk miles to the east of this. The best 'qvaeg-råcē' in all Norway is to be found there."

"I see all your horses are stallions. They must be very troublesome. I drove two or three marked with severe bites."

"That may be; but the bonders here, most of whom have only one horse, find them answer their purpose best. The stallion is never off his feed, even after the hardest work, and will eat anything. Besides which, he is much more enduring, and can manage to drive off a wolf, provided he is not hobbled."

"Are there many bears about this summer?"

“Yes, indeed. A man called Herjus, of Hyllestad, which you will pass, has been some weeks in our doctor’s hands from wounds received from a bear. He and another were in the forest, when they fell in with a young bear, which immediately climbed up a tree. The other man went to cut a stick, while Herjus threw stones at the cub. Suddenly he hears a terrific growl, and at the same moment receives a tremendous blow on the head. It was the female bear, who, like all female bears in a passion, had walked up to him, biped fashion, and, with a ‘take that for meddling with my bairn,’ felled him to the ground. Over him,” continued the parson, “fell the bear, so blinded with rage, that she struck two or three blows beyond him. His companion had made a clean pair of heels of it. The bear next seized the unfortunate wight in her arms, and dragged him to a precipice for the purpose of hurling him over. Herjus at once feigned to be dead, that he might not become so. The bear perceiving this, and thinking it no use to give herself any more trouble about a dead man, left him. Fearful lest she



should return, he scrambled down the steep, and got over a stream below. It is said that the bears, like witches, don't like to cross a running stream; that was the reason of his movement. It was lucky he did so, for no sooner was he over than the bear came back to see that all was right, and perceived that she had been hoaxed, but did not attempt to follow."

"But do the bears really drag people over precipices?"\*

"It is said so. Near Stavanger a poor fellow was attacked by a bear, who skinned his face from

\* I asked this same question of the intelligent and obliging curator of the Bergen Museum. He replied that it was generally believed to be the case, though bear-stories, unless well authenticated, must be taken *cum grano*.

The following statistics of the amount of wild animals destroyed in Norway in three years may be interesting—

	Bears.	Wolves.	Lynxes.	Glattons.	Eagles.	Owls.	Hawks.
1848	264	247	144	57	2498	369	527
1849	325	197	110	76	2142	343	485
1850	246	191	118	39	2426	268	407

scalp to chin, and then dragged him through the trees to a precipice. At this horrible instant the poor wretch clutched a tree, and hung to it with such desperation, that the bear, who heard help coming, left him, and retreated. The king has given him a pension of thirty-five dollars a-year."

"And the wolves?" asked I.

"There are plenty of them. I caught one not long ago with strychnine. The doctor, who has lately left, caught a great many one winter. Brun, my predecessor, who was drowned, took seven wolves in one night with poison, close by the parsonage. They are also taken in the baas (i. e., such a trap as I described above). Some winters there are very few, while at other times they abound. A fjeld-frass (glutton) was not long ago taken in a trap. We have also lynxes of two sorts—the kätte-gaupe (cat-lynx), which is yellow, with dark spots; and the skråbb-gaupe (wolf-lynx), which is wolf-coloured."

The church, like all modern Norwegian churches, is neat, but nothing more. Its very ancient predecessor, which was pulled<sup>d</sup> down a short time

ago, abounded, like most of those built in Roman Catholic times, with beautiful wood-carving. Near the church is a fine sycamore, two hundred years old, and three picturesque weeping birches. Oaks, I find, ceased at Guldsmædoen.

"Ah!" said the priest, in the course of conversation, "this is a marvellous country, when you consider its peculiar nature—more barren rock by far than anything else. And yet our opkomst (progress) is wonderful since we became a free nation. With a population of less than a million and a half, we have a mercantile marine second only to that of England. We have as much freedom as is consistent with safety; the taxes are light, and the overplus, after paying the expenses of the Government, is devoted to internal improvements. None of it goes to Sweden, as it did formerly to Denmark; it is all spent on the country. Yes, sir, everything thrives better in a free country; the air is healthier, the very trees grow better."

Sentiments like these, which are breathed by every Norskman, of course found a cordial

response from an Englishman. I only hope that Norway will be suffered to go on progressing uninterruptedly.

Never having seen the interior of what is called the *Bad-hus* (bath-house), I go with my host to see this regular appendage to all country-houses. The traveller in Norway has no doubt often seen at some distance from the main house a log-hut, round the door of which the logs are blackened by smoke. This is the *bad-hus*. The mill-stones in this country are so indifferent, that it is found necessary to bake the corn previous to grinding it. It is thus performed. In the centre of the log-house, which is nearly air-proof, is a huge stone oven heaped over with large stones. Near the roof within are shelves on which the grain is placed; a wood fire is then lit in the oven, the door of the hut is closed, and the temperature inside soon becomes nearly equal to that of the oven itself, and the corn speedily dries.

It is said that this name, "*bad-hus*," is derived from a custom which formerly prevailed

among the people of using this receptacle in winter time as a kind of hot-air bath. The peasant, also, put it to another use. Not being the cleanliest people in the world, their bed-clothes become at times densely inhabited. When the colony becomes overstocked, the clothes are brought hither, and a short spell of the infernal temperature proves too much for the small animals, as they are not blessed with the heat-enduring capabilities of the cricket or salamander. In fact, the clothes become literally too hot to hold them, and they share the fate of Higgin-bottom.

This reminds me of an old tale concerning one Staale, of Aasheim, not very far from here. This man had murdered his brother about two hundred and fifty years ago. His life was spared on condition that he would rid the country of seven outlaws who harried the country and defied every attempt to take them. Staale, who was a dare-devil villain, having discovered their retreat, went thither in rags, and showing them that he was a bird of similar plumage, proposed forgathering

with them. The robbers were charmed at the idea of such an accession to their number. Meanwhile, Staale complained that his rags were full of parasites, and at his request a huge kettle was hung over the fire for the purpose of boiling the creatures out. As soon as the water boiled Staale dashed the fluid into the faces of the robbers who lay asleep on the floor, not expecting so warm a reception. Thus reduced, for the moment at least, to a condition like that of that precious brigand, Polyphemus, they fell an easy prey to Staale, who dashed their brains out with a crow-bar. He was, however, near being overmastered by an old woman who ministered to the wants of the robbers, like the delicate Leonarda in *Gil Blas*, and had escaped the baptism that had been administered to the rest. After a hard struggle, however, he overcame the virago, and thus obtained his life and freedom, which had been forfeited for his misdeeds.

In the bad-hus were also suspended the winter cloak of his Reverence, composed of six beautiful wolf-skins; the sledge-apron, made of a huge

black bear-skin, with the fur leggings and gloves, also used to keep out the cold in driving. These articles are generally hung up in another part of the premises, the ammoniacal vapours of which are much disliked and avoided by moths and other fur-destroyers.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**T**eculiar livery—Bleke—A hint to Lord Breadalbane—  
 Enormous trout—Trap for timber logs—Exciting  
 scene—Melancholy Jacques in Norway—The new church  
 of Sannes—A clergyman's Midsummer-day dream—  
 Things in general at Froisnaes—Pleasing intelligence—  
 Luxurious magpies—A church without a congregation—  
 The valley of the shadow of death—Mouse Grange—  
 A tradition of Findal—Fable and feeling—A High-  
 land costume in Norway—Ancestral pride—Grand  
 old names prevalent in Sastersdal—Ropes made of  
 the bark of the lime-tree—Carraway shrub—  
 Government schools of agriculture—A case for a London  
 magistrate—Trout fishing in the Hög vand—Cribbed,  
 cabined, and confined—A disappointment—The original  
 outrigger—The cat-lynx—A wealthy Norwegian farmer  
 —Bear-talk—The consequence of taking a drop too  
 much—Story of a Thuss—Cattle conscious of the pre-  
 sence of the hill people—Fairy music.

**T**AKING leave with many thanks of my worthy  
 host and the young lady who is presiding in the  
 absence of his wife, both of whom had shown me  
 no small kindness, I start by boat up the lake.



The priest has no less than fourteen *Huusmaend* (see *Oxonian in Norway*, p. 8), and one of them, Knut, undertakes to row me up to Froisnaes. His dress is that of the country. Trousers up to the neck-hole of grey wadmél, striped at the sides with a streak of black, and fastened with four buttons at the ankles—the button-holes worked with green worsted ending in red.

As usual, I killed two birds with one stone—advancing northward, and catching trout at the same time. I had flies as well as a minnow trailing behind, and took fish with both, the biggest about a pound weight.

“That’s not a trout; that’s a Bleke,” exclaimed Knut, as I hauled in a fish of about the same weight, but which pulled with a strength beyond his size. They are much fatter and of finer flavour than the trout. By subsequent experience I found Knut to be right. Such a fish at the *Trois Frères* would fetch its weight in silver. The flesh was paler than that of the trout. Externally, it was of a beautiful dark green on the back, while the sides were whitish, but shaded with a

light green. The spots were more purple than those of the trout, while the head and extremity of the body before the tail tapered beautifully. It somewhat resembled a herring in shape: Knut compared it to a mackerel. They never, he said, exceed a pound in weight, but are stronger than a trout of equal size. Here, then, was a species of fish totally unknown to Great Britain. Indeed, there are many fish in Scandinavia which it would be worth while to try and naturalize among us. The cross, for instance, between a Jack and a Perch to be found in the Swedish lakes, and better than either; why does not Lord Breadalbane, the second introducer of capercailzie into Scotland, or some other patriot, apply his mind and resources to this subject?

The trout in this lake run to an enormous size. They have been seen two or three ells long. These large fish are seldom visible, generally frequenting the deeps. In all these waters the saying is, "we catch most fish in the autumn" (til Hösten, Scotice, ha'st): i. e., when the fish approach the shallows to spawn.

The waters of the lake, which were in some places from one to two miles broad, and studded with wooded islands, now contract, and separate into two narrow channels. Advantage is taken of the situation to set up a log-trap below—i.e., a circle of logs fastened end to end with birchen ropes rove through eye-holes. In this pound are caught the timbers that have been floated down from above. Hundreds of prisoners are thus caged without any further fastening ; but escape is impossible, unless they leap over the barrier, or dive beneath it, both which are forbidden by the laws of gravity. If they were not thus formed into gangs they would get playing the truant, and lounging in the various bays, or become fixed fast on shore. When the circle is full, advantage is taken of the north wind which prevails, and off the whole convoy is started down south without any human attendants.

Before long we reach a very striking spot. The lake, which had again widened, now narrows suddenly, and the vast body of limpid water rushes with tremendous rapidity through a deep groove,

about thirty feet wide, cut by Nature through smooth sloping rocks. Ever and anon a log, which has been floating lazily from above, and has, all on a sudden, found itself in this hurly-burly, comes shooting through in a state of the utmost agitation, occasionally charging, like a battering-ram, at a projecting angle of the wall; while others, with no less impetuous eagerness, race through the passage a dozen abreast; the outsiders, however, get caught in the eternal backstream below, and go bumping, shoving, and jostling each other for hours before they can again escape from the magic eddy.

The stream being too strong to admit of our getting the parson's boat up this defile—let alone the perfect certainty of a smash if we attempt to run the gauntlet through this band of Malays running amuck—the boatman starts off with some of my luggage on his shoulders to engage a boat at the ferryman's, lying through the pine grove.

While he is gone, I amuse myself with watching the logs; and had I been gifted with the moralizing powers of the melancholy Jacques, I might easily

have set down in the journal some apt comparisons about the people of this world racing each other in the battle of life, pushing, scrambling, dashing other people out of their road. "If a man gets in your way, stamp on him," says one of Thackeray's people; and some of them suddenly brought up all of a heap in the dark inexorable round of one of life's backstreams. The Storthing has, I hear, at length decided that there shall be a bridge thrown across this gully; the only wonder is that it has not been done long ago, as it might be built at a very trifling expense, and the foundations are all ready to hand.

Above the lone hut of the ferryman, who is a famous wood-carver, lies the new church of Sannes, rising on some flat meadow land. What a contrast that pure white image of it, reflected athwart the waters, presents to the huge, dreary, threatening shadows projected by yonder dark, weather-stained masses of everlasting mountains. And yet, when the rocks and mountains shall fall in universal ruin from their lofty estate, that humble spire,—although, perhaps, originally suggested by the towering

Igdrasil of Scandinavian Pagan mythology,—shall rise still higher and higher, and pierce the clouds, and the small, and seemingly perishable fane, expand into the vast imperishable temple of the God above.

From its various associations, such a sight as that is very pleasing to the traveller in a lone country like this, where Nature's brow is almost always contracted, frowning in gloomy, uncompromising grandeur. No larks carolling blithely up aloft; but instead, the scream of some bird of prey, the grating croak of the raven, the demon screech of the lom, or the hoarse murmur of the angry waterfall.

At Froisnaes I spend the night, intending next day to cross the lake, and walk over the mountains opposite to another lake, called the Högvand, the trout of which are renowned throughout the valley. After undergoing the usual artillery of questions and staring, I fall to discussing my frugal meal of trout and potatoes, while the good woman fills the bedstead with fresh straw. In this she is assisted by one of her sons, whose

trousers rise up to his gullet, and are actually kept up by the silver studs of his shirt collar. These, with a brooch, are the lad's own handiwork, he having learned the art of the silversmith from a travelling descendant of Tubal Cain. He is very anxious to buy a gold coin from me, and brings half an old gold piece, and asks the value of it. By poising it in the balance against half a sovereign, I am enabled to guide him respecting its true worth.

"Now then," said the landlady, "the bed is quite clear of fleas, though I wont say there are not some on the floor."

Having no cream, she brings me her only egg, which, after a sound drubbing, I force to do duty as cream to my coffee. She laments that she has no more eggs. All the family has been away at the Stöl, and have only just returned, and the thieving magpies took the opportunity, in lieu, I suppose of the good luck which they bring to the household, to suck the eggs as fast as the hen laid them. Guardian angels of this description come expensive.

The gude-man of the house, whose hair is cut as short as Oliver Twist's—probably for similar reasons—with the exception of a scalping lock on his forehead, now comes up the steep, unbanistered stair to have a chat. The trout, he says, bite best a week after St. Johann's tid (June 21), that being, no doubt, the time when the first flies appear.

Among other things, he tells me that about four miles to the west of this, in a mountain valley called Skomedal, there are the remains of an ancient church, at a spot named Morstöl, *i.e.*, the chalèt on the moors. Underneath it is a sort of crypt. The graves, too, are plain to see. According to the country side tradition, which is no doubt true (for there never was such a country as this for preserving traditions, as well as customs, unimpaired), all the church-goers were exterminated by the black death in the middle of the fourteenth century. The people have not dared, says the man, to build any fixed habitation there since, and the place is only used as a summer pasture. More courage has been shown elsewhere, as the following story will show; but perhaps the real reason is, that in this



valley it would not pay to build a gaard, the site being very elevated and cold.

Where the great Gaard (Garth) of Mustad now stands, there used, once on a time, to be a farmstead called Framstad, the finest property in all Vardal. But when "the great manqueller" visited these parts, all the inhabitants of the valley, those of Framstad among the number, were swept away, and a century later it was only known in tradition that the westernmost part of the valley had ever been inhabited. One day a hunter lost himself in the interminable forest which covered the district. In vain he looked for any symptom of human dwellings. After wandering about for a length of time in a state of hopeless bewilderment, he suddenly descried what looked like a house through the trees, which were of immense age. All around was so dreary and deserted that it was not without a secret shudder he ventured into the building. A strange sight met his eyes as he entered. On the hearth was a kettle, half consumed by rust, and some pieces of charcoal. On one of the heavy benches which surrounded the fireplace lay a distaff, and

some balls of rotten thread, with other traces of female industry. Against the wall hung a cross-bow, and some other weapons; but everything was covered with the dust of centuries. Surely there must be some more vestiges of the former occupants, thought he, as he clambered up into the loft by the steep ladder. And sure enough there were two great bedsteads, the solid timbers of which were let into the end walls of the room. In each of these were the mouldering skeletons of two or more human beings.

Over these a number of mice were running, who, frightened at his approach, hurried off in all directions.

He now remembered the tradition of the black death. This must have been the dwelling of some of the victims, left just in the state it was when the hand of the Destroyer was suddenly laid upon them. Being a shrewd fellow, he at once perceived the value of his discovery, and with his axe marked his name and the day of the month on the wall of the building. As the day was far spent, he kept watch and ward in the weird

abode, and next day started eastward, where he knew his home must lie, taking care to blaze the trees on his road, as a clue to the spot. He managed to get home safely, and before long returning to the place with others, he soon cleared the forest, and brought the old enclosures into cultivation. In memory of his discovery he called his new abode Mustad (Mouse Grange), the very name by which it still goes; nay, his descendants are said to be its present occupiers. In the eastern and western walls of the garret the mortice holes of the old bed-timbers are still visible. The date is also distinguishable on one of the outside fir-timbers, which are so intensely hard as almost to defy the stroke of an axe.

A little higher up the main valley along which I am travelling, and a little to the east of it, there is another, called Findal, which is the scene of the following curious legend. The plague only spared two persons in this sequestered spot, a man and his wife, Knut and Thore by name. They were frightfully lonely, but still years rolled on, and they never thought of quitting their ancient habitation. The only thing that plagued them was,

how to count time, and at last they lost their reckoning, and did not feel certain when the great winter festival of Yule came round. It was agreed, therefore, when the winter was at hand, and the days rapidly shortening, that the old lady should start off on foot, and go straight forward until she found people to tell her the day of the month. She went some distance, but the snow was so deep that her knees got quite tired, and she sat down on the Fond (snow-field), when suddenly, to her astonishment, she heard the following words sung in a clear quaint tone, by a voice under the snow.

Deka deka Thole,  
 Bake du brouv te Jole :  
 Note ei,  
 Aa Dagana tvaei,  
 So laenge ae de ti Jole.  
 You there, my good Thole,  
 Bake you bread for Jule :  
 Nights one,  
 And days two,  
 So long it is to Jule.

The old lady hurried back at once to her John Anderson, and they kept the festival on the day signified, which they felt sure was the right one, as it afterwards turned out to be.

Bishop Ullathorne and the other miracle-mongers will, no doubt, fasten upon this legend as one to be embodied in their next catalogue of supernatural interventions in support of the Romish faith, alongside of "Our Lady of Sallette," and other pretty stories. One might as well religiously believe in those charming inventions of Ovid, to which the imagination clings with such fondness, so thoroughly are they intertwined with human sympathies.

But let us get nearer our own time. Four years ago, I hear, the people of the valley were terrified by the apparition of a Scotchman, who had taken it into his head to walk through Norway in full Highland costume, armed with a hanger and a pair of pistols. A man who saw him close to this took him for the foul fiend, and made off into the wood. Others, who were less alarmed, considered him to be mad (gal). After a good deal of difficulty he brought the folks to a parley, and not knowing a word of Norsk, but being thirsty, he asked for grog. The sailors on board the *Reine Hortense* might have understood these four letters, when signalled in Arctic waters by the aristocratic

owner of *The Foam*. Not so the Saetersdal people. They thought he said "gröd," and brought him a lump of porridge. He then asked for "water," when they brought him a pair of large worsted gloves (vanter), here pronounced vorter. This reminds me of a friend of mine who arrived at a station-house in a great state of hunger. He could speak enough of the language to inquire for provisions. "Porridge," was the reply. "Anything else?" "Beeren?" "Yes, by all means," exclaimed he, revelling in imagination on bear-collops. The dame presently entered with a dish of beeren, which consisted of—wild strawberries!—a nice dessert, but not fitted for a *pièce de résistance*.

Perhaps the reader will not object to be introduced to some of the folks here nominally. Many of the grand old names current in Saetersdal don't exist elsewhere in Norway, but are to be found in the Sagas; and this is another proof of the tenacity with which this part of the country adheres to everything belonging to its forefathers. Instead of such names as Jacob or Peder, we have Bjorgulv, Torggrim, Torkil, Tallak, Gunstein,

Herjus, Tjöstolf, Tarjei, Osuf, Aamund, Aanund, Grunde; while the women answer to such Christian names as Durdei, Gjellang, Svalaug, Aslaug (feminine of Aslack), Asbjorg (feminine of Asbjörn), Sigrid (feminine of Sigur), and Gunvor. The dog, even, who comes up into the loft, and seems anxious to make my acquaintance, is called Storm.

As the next morning is rainy, I look about the premises for anything noteworthy. In one corner is a bundle of thin strips of bark. These are taken from the branches of the linden-tree, and steeped in water from spring to autumn. They are then separated into shreds, and woven by the peasants into ropes, which are not so durable, however, as those of hemp. A bunch of carraway shrub is hanging up to dry. It grows all about here. The seeds are mixed with all kinds of food.

"Friske smag har det," remarks the old lady. "It has a fresh taste with it."

Outside the house there are two or three lysters, and some split pine-roots for "burning the water." In the dark, still nights of autumn, the trout and

bleke which approach the shore are speared by the men.

In the passage is suspended a notice to the effect that instruction in agriculture is offered by the Government gratis, at a school down the valley, to all young men who bring a certificate of baptism, vaccination, and also a testimonial of good moral conduct from the clergyman.

While I am reading this notice, a desolate-looking young female, with dishevelled black hair, comes staring at me through the open door, with a most woebegone aspect. Her husband, I find, is a drinker of brantviin. On one occasion he went down to Christiansand, drank tremendously, and returned quite rabid. For some time he was chained leg to leg. He is better now, but beats the unfortunate creature, his wife, who does not complain. I recommended the people, the next time he did it, to chain him again, and pay the bully back in some of his own coin—hard knocks.

Hearing so much of the trouts of the Högvand, i.e., High-water (the people here call it Högvatn, re-



minding me of the Crummack-waters, and Derwent-waters, of the North of England), I take Tallak, one of the sons, across the lake. On the further shore stood a man, with his young wife and child. They had a small boat, but it could not have lived in the swell now on the loch; so they borrowed ours for the transit. Threading our way through some birch scrub, we emerge upon the old smelting-house, where the copper-ore brought from the Valle copper-mine used to be prepared. But it is now at a standstill, and the beck close by rushes down with useless and unemployed energy. This stream comes down from the lake to which we are going.

On the way we pass a small shanty, of about eight feet square. I peep in through the open door. On the floor sits a young woman, with her three children. Their sleeping berths are just overhead, let into the wall. After a stiff ascent, we reach the High-water. Launched on the lake, I expected great things, as the rain, which still poured when we started, had ceased, and a fine ripple curled the waters, which glistened smilingly as they caught

sight of the sun's cheerful countenance emerging from behind the heavy clouds. But my hopes were doomed to disappointment. Tallak said it was *torden-veir* (thunder-weather), and unpropitious. Nevertheless, a banging fish took one of my flies, but carried the whole tackle away.

I then tried the triangles, and a four-pounder, at least, golden and plump, dashed at me, but by a clever plunge out of his own element, he managed to get clear again. After this I had not another chance; but I have no doubt, that if I had given a day to the lake, instead of an hour or two, I should have succeeded in developing its capabilities. The boat, or pram as it is called in these parts, is flat-bottomed and oblong. The rowing appliances are very peculiar. Two narrow boards, about three feet apart, were placed about midships, at right angles to the boat's length, and extending over the gunwale about a foot; two more similar pieces of wood were laid parallel to each other over the ends of the first two pieces, to which they were tied by birchen thongs, so as to form a square framework lying on the boat's gunwale. Two thole-pins were stuck into

each of the side pieces. Here, then, in the mountains of Thelemarken, we find the original outrigger, centuries old, the predecessor of the Claspers' invention, now so commonly used in England. On one of the cross-boards I sat, on the other the rower, thus keeping the frame firm by our own weight, it being secured to the body of the boat by birch-ties only. There was not a particle of iron about the whole affair; it was the simplest contrivance for crossing water I ever saw.

On our walk homeward Tallak tells me that he has seen the cat-lynx down in the valley, but that they generally keep up among the broken rocks (Urden). The wind was now so high that the passage of the Fjord was somewhat difficult. At times, I hear, it is so lashed by sudden tempests from the storm-engendering mountains, that the water leaves its bed, and fills the air with spray and foam.

Old Mr. Skomedal, who schusses me up this evening to Langeid, is a rich man in his way, owning three farms, not to mention a quantity of "arvegods" (heirlooms) on his wife's

side, in the shape of halberds, helmets, swords, apostle-spoons, and "oldtids aeld-gammle sager" (ancient curiosities).

He asked if I knew a cure for his gicht (rheumatism). Many years ago he was at a bryllup (wedding), when he got fuul (Scoticè fou= drunk); indeed everybody was fuul. But unfortunately he got wet outside as well as in, and fell asleep in his wet clothes, since when he has been troubled with aching pains.

The bears have killed two of his horses. The one he is driving he bought out of a drove from the Hardanger. It is only two years old, and shies alarmingly in the dusk\* at some huge stones which have been placed by the roadside at intervals, battlement fashion, to keep travellers from going over the precipice, though the embrasures are like an act of parliament, and would admit of a coach and four being driven between them. "I thought it was a bear," said Skomedal, as he made out the stones.

\* Dusk, in Norsk, "Tus-mørk:" that being the hour when the Tus, or Thus (sprite), loves to be abroad.

Becoming quite conversational and familiar, he offers me a pinch of snuff (*snaus*), whence the Scotch, "sneeshing." It was excellent "high dried," and, to my astonishment, of home manufacture, he buying the tobacco-leaf and the necessary flavouring fluid at the town. The rain having been very heavy, the valley is alive with falling waters. We pass a splendid fall close by the road, the white rage of which gleamed distinctly through the darkness, rendering that part of the road lighter than the rest. Imagine the way being lighted with cascades. Who would care for a row of gas-lamps under such circumstances?

This fall, Skomedal tells me, was once drawn by a Frenchman; but I doubt much one of that nation ever venturing into these parts. "Well, Skomedal, can't you tell me some tales about the trolls?" said I, thinking the hour and the scene were admirably adapted for that sort of amusement.

"Let me see, ah! yes. There was a woman up at my stöl in Skomedal—that's where the tomt (site) of the old church is to be seen. She was

all alone one *Thorsdags qveld* (Thursday evening), her companion having come down to the gaard for *mad* (food). Looking out she sees what she supposes is Sigrid coming back up the mountain with a great box of provisions. But when the figure gets alongside of an abrupt rock just below, it suddenly disappears. Gunvor knew then that it was a *Thus*."

"Nonsense," replied I.

"Oh! it's all very well to say nonsense, but why do the cattle always get shy and *urolig* (unruly), when they pass that spot. We never could make out before why this was, but it was plain now, they could tell by their instinct there was something uncanny close by."

"Very good; do you know another tale?" said I, our pace well admitting of this diversion, as it was very slow in the dark wood, into which our road had now entered.

"Yes, that same woman, Gunvor's husband, was the best fiddler in the valley. One day, when she was all alone, she heard near her a beautiful tune (*vaene slot*) played on a violin. She could see

nobody, though she looked all over. That must have been a Troll underground. She remembered the tune, and taught it her husband. It was called (the name has slipped my recollection.) Nothing so beautiful as that slot was ever heard in the valley.

“But he is dead now, and there is nobody who can play as he did.”\*

\* Like the Daoineshi of the Scotch Highlands, the Neck of Scandinavia shines in a talent for music. Poor creatures! the peasantry may well fancy they are fallen angels, who hope some day for forgiveness; for was not one heard, near Hornbogabro, in West Gotland, singing, to a sweet melody, “I know, and I know, and I know that my Redeemer liveth?” And did not a Neck, when some boys once said to him “What good is it for you to be sitting here and playing, for you will never enjoy eternal happiness,” begin to weep bitterly?

## CHAPTER IX.

Langeid—Up the mountain—Vanity of vanity—Forest perfumes—The glad thrill of adventure—An ancient beacon—Rough fellows—Daring pine-trees—Quaint old powder-horn—Curiosities for sale—Sketch of a group of giants—Information for *Le Follet*—Rather cool—Rural dainties and delights—The great miracle—An odd name—The wedding garment—Ivar Aasen—The Study of Words—Philological lucubrations—A slagamal—Nice subject for a spasmodic poet—Smoking rooms—The lady of the house—A Simon Svipu—A professional story-teller—Always about Yule-tide—The supernatural turns out to be very natural—What happened to an old woman—Killing the whirlwind—Hearing is believing—Mr. Parsonage corroborates Mr. Salomon—The grey horse at Roysland—There can be no doubt about it—Theological argument between a fairy and a clergyman—Adam's first wife, Lileth.

AT Langeid station, where we arrived late at night, there was great difficulty in finding anybody at home. At last we ferreted out an old man in one of the multifarious buildings, which, as usual, formed the establishment. All the rest of the



family are paa hoien (up on the mountain). That Langeid was a horrid place. As there was no wash-basin to be found, I laid hands upon a quaint brass mortar, which the old man informed me was "manifold hundred years old." In the travellers' book I see a German has been informing the people that he is a Ph.D. But then I have seen elsewhere, in this country, an Englishman's name in the book with M.P. attached to it. But he went down, poor man, with the steamer *Ercolano*, so we must leave him alone.

What a lovely morning after the rain. The spines of the fir-trees, and the hairy lichen (*alcetoria jubata*) festooning the branches, frosted over with the moisture which still adheres to them, and is not yet sucked up by the sun that is just rising over the high mountains. What refreshing odours they shed abroad, seconded by the lowlier "pors," with its delicious aromatic perfume.

What an intense pleasure it is thus to travel through an unknown country, not knowing where one is to be at the day's end, and looking at the map to find out where in the world one is. Give

me this rather than a journey in Switzerland, and all the first-rate hotels in the world.

"Up yonder," said my attendant, "a bear used to harbour. The man in the gaerd above shot him not long ago. He was very large. That's a 'Vitr' (warning) yonder, on the top of that mountain to the east. There are a great many dozen of pine-logs piled up there from the olden times."

I discovered that this was a beacon-hill, formerly used to give notice of the approach of foes on the coast. The next beacon was at Lobdal, a great many miles down the valley. The establishment of beacons from Naes to Helgeland, is attributed, by Snorro, to Hacon the Good. A slower way of conveying intelligence of the descent of an enemy on the coast, was the split arrow (haeror), equivalent to the fiery cross of Scotland.

"Are not you frightened to travel all alone?" said the little fellow, looking curiously into my face. "You might be injured."

"Not I," replied I.

"Oh! yes, we Norwegians are good people, ex-

cept in Hallingdal—they are rare rough fellows there, terrible fighters.”

To the left of the road, high on the hill, is the abode of Herjus, the bear-victim mentioned above, who is gradually recovering from his wounds.

The scenery becomes grander as we advance. What would you think of trees growing on the side of a precipice, apparently as steep as Flamboro' Head, and ten times as high? They seem determined to get into places where the axe cannot reach them. But they are not safe for all that. Now and then the mountain side will crack, and some of it comes down. Look at that vast stone, which would throw all your Borrowdale boulder stones into the shade; it has come down in this manner. Advantage has been taken of its overhanging top to stow away under it a lot of agricultural instruments, among which I see a primitive harrow of wood.

At Ryssestad station I find a quaint old powder-horn, more than two hundred years old, on which Daniel in the lion's den, Roland, Adam and Eve, Samson and Delilah, figure in marvellous guise.

I note this, as I afterwards saw almost the facsimile of it in the Bergen Museum. The owners declined to part with it.

There was also a wolf's skin, price five dollars. The station-master shot him from one of the windows last winter, while prowling about the premises. One Sigur Sannes offers for sale a curious old "hand-axe," date 1622, but I did not wish to add to my luggage.

What a set of giants surrounded me while I was drinking coffee! and such names—Bjug, Salvi, Jermund, Gundar! Imagine all these long-legged fellows standing in trousers reaching to their very shoulders and neck, and supported by shoulder-straps decked in brass ornaments, while below they are secured by nine buttons above the ankle. What may be seen of their shirts is confined by two immense silver bullet studs, and then a silver brooch an inch and a half wide. The hats, of felt, are made in the valley. The brim is very small, and the crown narrows half way up, and then swells out again. A silver chain is passed round it two or three times, and confined in front

by a broad silver clasp, to which is suspended a cross. A figured velvet band likewise goes twice round it.

The dress of the women is the black or white skirt, already mentioned, swelling into enormous folds behind, and so short as to permit the garters with silver clasps to be seen. The stockings bulge out immensely at the calf—indeed, are much fuller than is necessary—giving the legs a most plethoric appearance, and, as in the Tyrol, they often only reach to the ankle. Occasionally, when the women wish to look very smart, a pair of white socks are drawn over the foot, which oddly contrasts with the black stocking. The shoes, which are home-made, are pointed, and fit remarkably well. On the bosom is a saucer-sized brooch of silver, besides bullet-studs at the collar and wristband. I see also women carrying their babies in the kjell or plaid.

Beyond the station, we have to diverge from the regular road, and take an improvised one, the bridge having been carried away by a flom (freshet). At a ferry above, where the river opens into a lake, the ferrywoman, after presenting to me her mull

of home-made snuff, inquires if I am married. This provokes a similar query from me.

"No," is the reply; "but I have a grown-up son."

The custom of *Nattefrieri*, to which I have alluded elsewhere, will account for things of this kind.

Beyond the ferry there has been a recent fall of rocks from the cliffs above. In the cool recesses of the rocks grow numbers of strawberries and raspberries, which my man obligingly gathers and presents to me. A black and white woodpecker, with red head and rump, perches on a pine-tree close by.

A little above is the finest fall on the river, except that near *Vigeland*. All around the smooth scarped cliffs converge down to the water at a considerable angle, the cleavage being parallel to their surface.

At one spot my chatty little post-boy, who, boy as he was, rejoiced in a wife and child, stops to talk with a mighty tall fellow, one *Björn Tvester*, who offers to take me up some high mountain near to see a fine view. A woman close

by, who is unfortunately absent on the hills, possesses an ancient silver cross, of great size and fine workmanship. This used, in former times, to be used by the bridegroom at a wedding.

A smiling plain now opens before us, in the centre of which stands the parish church. While I stop to enjoy the prospect, a crowd of men and women collect around me. One of the fair sex, who rejoiced in the name of Mari Björnsdatter, I endeavour to sketch, to her great delight.

“Stor mirakel!” (great miracle) shouted the peasants, looking over my shoulder. “Aldrig seet maken\* (never saw the like)”!

“And what’s your name?” I asked of a red-headed urchin, of miserable appearance. The answer, “Thor,” made me smile, and produced a roar from the masculines, Folke, Orm, Od (a very odd name, indeed), Dreng, Sigbjörn, and a titter from the feminines ditto, all of whom saw the joke at once.

Putting up at the station-master’s at Rige, I sally out and meet with an intelligent fellow, Arne Bjugson by name, formerly a schoolmaster,

\* In Border-ballad language, “maik.”

now a pedlar. He tells me there is an ancient bridal dress at one of the houses, and he it was who put this on, and sat to Tidemann for his sketch of the Saetersdal Bridegroom.

We forthwith go to inspect it. The bridegroom's jacket is of blue, over which came another of red. His knee-breeches are black, and crimped or plaited; his blue stockings were wound round with ribands; his hat was swathed in a white cloth, round which a silver chain was twisted. In his hand he held a naked sword; around his waist was a brass belt, and on his neck a silver chain with medals. The bride's dress consisted of two black woollen petticoats, plaited or folded; above these a blue one, and over all a red one. Then came a black apron, and above that a white linen one, and round her waist three silver belts. Her jacket was black, with a small red collar, ornamented with a profusion of buckles, hooks, fibulas, and chains. On her head was a silver-gilt crown, and around her neck a pearl necklace, to which a medal, called "Agnus Dei," was suspended.

Arne has read *Snorro's Chronicle*, which he bor-



rowed from the parson. Ivar Aasen, the author of several works on the old Norsk language, has been more than once up here examining into the dialect. Those interested in the sources of the English language, and in ascertaining how much of it is due to the old Norsk, have ample room for amusement and instruction here. Many English words, unknown in the modern Norwegian, are to be found in use in these secluded parts, though driven from the rest of the country, just in the same way as the Norsk language was talked at Bayeux a long time after it had become obsolete at Rouen and other parts of Normandy. Our "noon" reappears in "noni;" "game," in "gama," a word not known away from this. "To prate," is "prata;" "to die," is "doi;" "two," is "twi," not "to," as elsewhere; indeed, all the numerals differ from those used elsewhere. The people pronounce "way," "plough," and "net," just like an Englishman. To "neigh," is "neja," not "vrinaka." A stocking is "sock," not "strömpe;" eg = edge; skafe = safe or cupboard; "kvik" corresponds in all its meanings to our

word "quick." The old Icelandic "gildr" is used as an eulogistic epithet, = excellent. Their word for "wheel" sounds like our English, and is not "eule," as elsewhere; "stubbe" is our "stub," or little bit; "I" is "oi," not "Ieg;" "fir" is pronounced "fir;" "spon" has been already mentioned: "snow," "mile," "cross," re-occur here, whereas elsewhere they differ from the English.

While we are engaged in these philological incubations a man comes up, a piece of whose lower lip has gone, interfering with his speech. This occurred at a wedding. He and another had a trial of strength, in which he proved the strongest. The vanquished man, assisted by his two brothers, then set upon him, and bit him like a dog. As aforesaid, the people of the valley are ordinarily good-natured and peaceable enough; but let them only get at the ale or brandy, and they become horribly brutal and ferocious, and a *slagmal* (fight) is sure to ensue. One method of attack on these occasions is by gouging the eye out, *sponi i ovgo* (literally to spoon out the eye). Sometimes the combatants place some hard sub-

stance in the hand, as a stone or piece of wood. This they call "a hand-devil," the "knuckle-duster" of English ruffians. At Omlid, several miles over the mountains to the east of this, the people even when sober are said to be anything but snil (good). So disastrous was the effect of drink at a bridal (*i.e.*, bride-ale or wedding festival),\* that the bride, it is said, frequently used to bring with her a funeral shirt for fear that she might have to carry home her husband dead. In any case she was provided with bandages wherewith to dress his wounds.

I picked up another very intelligent Cicerone in Mr. Sunsdal, the Lehnsmann of the district.

"You would, perhaps, like to see one of the old original dwellings of our forefathers," said he; "there are still many of them in this part of Norway. The name is Rogstue, *i. e.*, smoke-room."

We accordingly entered one of these pristine

\* So, in old English, "Church-ale" was the festival on the anniversary of the consecration of a church: while "grave-ale" was the "wake" at an interment.

abodes, such as were the fashion among the highest of the land many hundred years ago. The house was built of great logs, and its chief and almost only sitting-room had no windows, the light being admitted from above by an orifice (ljaaren) in the centre of the roof, over which fitted a lid fastened to a pole. Through this the smoke escaped from the great square fireplace (aaren) in the middle of the floor, enclosed by hewn stones. Round this ran heavy benches, the backs of which were carved with various devices. A huge wooden crane, rudely carved into the figure of a head, and blackened with smoke, projected from a side wall to a point half-way between the hearth and chimney-hole. From this the great porridge-pot (Gryd-hodden) was suspended. Kettle is "hodden" in old English. . On this smoke-blackened crane I discerned two or three deep scars, indicative of a custom now obsolete. On the occasion of a wedding, the bridegroom used to strike his axe into this as he entered, which was as much as to say that peace should be the order of the day; an omen, be it said, which seldom came true in practice.

One side of this pristine apartment was taken up by the two beds (kvillunne) fixed against the wall, according to the custom of the country, and in shape resembling the berths on board ship. Between them was the safe or cupboard (skape). On the opposite side of the wall was a wooden dresser of massive workmanship, while round the room were shelves with cheeses upon them. They were placed just within the smoke line, as I shall call it. The smoke, in fact, not having draught enough, descends about half-way down the walls, rendering that portion of them which came within the lowest smoke-mark of the sooty vapour as black as the fifty wives of the King of the Cannibal Islands; while the great beams below this preserved their original wood colour.

The lady of the house, Sigrid Halvorsdatter, took a particular pride in showing the interior of her abode. Good-nature was written on her physiognomy, and the writing was not counterfeit. When we arrived, she was just on the point of going up the mountain with a light wooden-frame (meiss) on her shoulders, on which was bound a

heavy milk-pail; but she immediately deposited her burden on a great stone at the door, took a piece of wood from under the eaves and unfastened the door. Subsequently, I find that this is the identical dame, and Rogstue, painted by Tidemann, and published among his illustrations of Norwegian customs.

Taking leave of her with many thanks, we proceeded to another house, where the woman said we should see a "Simon Svipu."

"A Simon Svipu!" ejaculates the reader, "what on earth is that?" Thereby hangs a tale, or a tail, if you will. The nightmare plagued these people before she visited England.

The people of this valley call her "Muro," and they have the following effectual remedy against her. They first take a knife, wrap it up in a kerchief, and pass it three times round the body; a pair of scissors are also called into requisition, and, lastly, a "Simon Svipu," which is the clump or excrescence found on the branches of the birch-tree, and out of which grow a number of small twigs. This last is hung up in the

stable over the horses' heads, or fixed in one of the rafters, and also over their own bed.

This exorcism is then pronounced—

Muro, Muro, cursed jade,  
If you're in, then you must out ;  
Here are Simon Svipu, scissors, blade,  
Will put you to the right about.

The birchen charm may remind one of the slips of yew "shivered in the moon's eclipse," in *Macbeth*.

The term "svipu" is used in parts of the country for whip, instead of the real word "svöbe." And I have no doubt this is the signification of it here—viz., a means of driving away the mare.\*

But to return to the real Simon Pure—I mean Svipu. Unfortunately, I could not get a sight of

\* I must not quit the subject without mentioning the Danish remedy. In Holberg's facetious poem, *Pader Paars*, we read :—

For the nightmare a charm I had,  
From the parson of our town—  
Set your shoes with the heels to the bed,  
Each night when you lie down.

it. The good folks either could not, or would not, find the wonderful instrument. I believe, though still in their heart clinging to the ancient superstition, they were averse to confessing it to others.

"But here comes a man," said the Lehnsmann, "who will tell us some curious anecdotes; his name is Solomon Larsen Haugebirke. He is a silversmith and blacksmith by trade, and having been servant to half-a-dozen priests here, he has become waked up, and having a tenacious memory, he can throw a good deal of light on the ancient customs of the valley. Gesegnet arbeid (blessed labour) to you, Solomon."

"Good day, Mr. Lehnsmann. You have got a stranger with you, I see. Is he a Tüsker (German)?"

The old gentleman was soon down on the grass, under the shadow of an outbuilding, the sun being intensely hot, and whiffing his pipe, stopped with my tobacco, while he folded his hands in deep thought.

"Well, really, Lehnsmann, I can't mind any-



thing just on the moment. Landstad and Bugge\* were both here, and got all my stories and songs."

"But can't you remember something about Aasgardsrœia?"

After pausing for a minute or two, Solomon said—

"Well, sir, you know it was always about Yuletide, when we were just laid down in bed, that they came by. They never halted till they came to a house where something was going to happen. They used to stop at the door, and dash their saddles against the wall or roof, making the whole house shake, and the great iron pot rattle again."

"But do you really believe in it, Solomon?" said I, putting some more tobacco in his pipe.

\* Landstad is a Norwegian clergyman, who has lately edited a collection of Norsk minstrelsy, gathered from the mouths of the people. Bugge is a student, who is travelling about the remote valleys, at the expense of the Government, to collect all the metrical tales and traditions that still linger there. It is very unfortunate that this was not done earlier. The last few years have made great inroads on these reminiscences of days gone by.

“When I was a lad I did, but now I don't think I do. Still there was something very strange about it, wasn't there, sir? The horses in the stable used to be all of a sweat, as if they heard the noise, and were frightened. *They* could not have fancied it, whatever *we* did.”

“But are you certain they did sweat?”

“I believe you; I've gone into the stable, and found them as wet as if they had been dragged through the river.”\*

“Ah! but I can easily explain that,” said the Lehnsmann. “When I first came here, some years ago, the young men were a very lawless lot; they thought nothing of taking the neighbours' horses at night, and riding them about the country, visiting the jenter (girls); and it is my firm belief that they took advantage of the old superstition about the Aasgaardsreia coming by, and making the horses sweat, to carry on their own frolic with impunity. It was *they* that made the horses sweat,

\* A Manx gentleman assured Waldren that he had lost three or four hunters by these nocturnal excursions, as the fairies would not condescend to ride Manx ponies. In Norway, however, they have no choice.

by bringing them back all of a heat, and not these sprites that you talk of."

I felt inclined to take the Lehnsmann's view of the case; but the old man shook his head doubtingly.

"Ride, sir! why, at the time I speak of, you could not possibly ride, the snow was so deep that the roads were impassable. But now we are talking about it, it strikes me there may have been another cause. The horses used to get so much extra food just then, in honour of Yule, and the stalls are so small and close, that perhaps it made them break out in a sweat. Be that as it may, we used all to be terribly frightened when we heard the Aasgaardsreia."

"It was merely the rush of the night wind," said I, "beating against the house sides."

"Would the night wind carry people clean away?" rejoined Solomon, returning to the charge. "Once, when they came riding by, there was a woman living at that gaard yonder, who fell into a besvømmelse (swoon); and in that state she was carried along with them right away to Tof-

telien, five old miles to the eastward.\* And more by token, though she had never been there before, she gave a most accurate description of the place. I was by, and heard her. What do you think of that, Herr Lehnsman?" concluded Solomon, who was evidently halting between two antagonistic feelings, his superior enlightenment and his old deep-rooted boyish superstitions.

\* "Upon a time, when he (Lord Duffus) was walking abroad in the fields, near his own house, he was suddenly carried away, and found next day at Paris, in the French king's cellar, with a silver cup in his hand. Being brought into the king's presence, and questioned who he was, and how he came thither, he told his name, country, and place of residence; and that, on such a day of the month (which proved to be the day immediately preceding), being in the fields, he heard a noise of a whirlwind, and of voices crying, 'Horse and Hattock!' (this is the word the fairies are said to use when they remove from any place); whereupon he cried, 'Horse and Hattock' also, and was immediately caught up, and transported through the air by the fairies to that place; where, after he had drank heartily, he fell asleep; and, before he awakened, the rest of the company were gone."—*Letter from Scotland to Aubrey, quoted by W. Scott.* I could not learn what the *mot* of the fairy pack is in Saeteredal, or that there was any at all. Still the Norsk superstition is clearly the parent of the Scotch one.

"I don't believe it at all," was the incredulous functionary's reply; "it was, no doubt, the power of imagination, and the woman had heard from somebody, though she might have forgotten it, what Toftelien looked like."

"You talked about the night-wind," continued Solomon, turning to me. "I remember well when I was a lad, if there was a virvel-vind (whirlwind), I used to throw my toll-knife right into it. We all believed that it was the sprites that caused it, and that we should break the charm in that way."

"Of course you believed in the underground people generally?"

"Well, yes, we did. I know a man up yonder, at Bykle, who, whenever he went up to the Stöl, used, directly he got there, and had opened the door, to kneel down, and pray them not to disturb him for four weeks; and afterwards they might come to the place, and welcome, till the next summer."

"But did you ever see any of these people?" said I, resolved on probing Solomon with a home question.

"No, I've never seen them, but I have heard them, as sure as I sit on this stone."

"Indeed, and how was that?"

"Well, you must know, I was up in the Fjeld to the eastward at a fiskevatn (lake with fish in). Suddenly I heard a noise close by me, just behind some rocks, and I thought it was other folks come up to fish. They were talking very loudly and merrily; so I called out to let them know I was there, as I wished to have selskab (company). Directly I called, it was all still. This puzzled me; so I went round the rocks, but not a creature could I see, so I returned to my fishing. Presently the noise began again, and I distinctly heard folks talking."

"And what sort of talk was it?"

"Oh! baade fint o gruft (both fine and coarse, i.e., good and bad words), accurate som paa en bryllup (just like at a wedding). I called out again, on which the noise suddenly stopped. Presently they began afresh, and I could make out it was folks dancing. Then I felt convinced that it must be a thuss\*-bryllup (elf-wedding)."

\* The word is written with or without h.

"Had you slept well the night before?"

"Never better."

"You had been drinking, then?"

"Langt ifra (far from it); I was as *ædru* (sober) and clear-headed as a man could be who had taken nothing but coffee and milk for weeks."

"And how long did this noise continue?"

"Two hours at least. Every time I cried out they stopped, and after a space began again. I examined all around very carefully, as I was not a bit afraid; but I could see no hole or anything, nothing but bare rocks. Now what could it be?" asked the old man, solemnly.

There are more things in heaven and earth, thought I, than we dream of.

"Besides," continued Solomon, "there was another man I afterwards found fishing at another part of the water, who heard the same noise."

"Who was that?" said the Lehnsmann.

"Olsen Prestergaard," (i.e., Olsen Parsonage, so called because he was born on the parsonage farm).

"But he is as deaf as a post," retorted the other.

"He is *now*, but he was not then. He has been deaf only since he got that cold five years ago; and this that I am talking of happened six, come Martinsmass."

It may be as well to state that we met Mr. Parsonage subsequently making hay, and, after a vast deal of hammering, he was made to understand us, when with a most earnest expression of countenance he confirmed Solomon's account exactly.

"Can't you tell us some more of your tales?" said the Lehnsmann; "one of those will do you told to Landstad and Moe, or to Bugge last summer."

"How long does the stranger stop?" asked Solomon; "I will endeavour to recollect one or two."

"Oh! I shall be off to-morrow," said I.

"Why so early? Well, let me see. There was the grey fole (horse) at Roysland. I'll tell you about that. You must know, then, sir, we used many years ago to have a horse-race (skei) on the flat, just beyond the church yonder, at the end of August-month each year. There was a man living



up at Roysland, an old mile from here, up on the north side of the Elv. He was a strange sort of a fellow, nobody could make him out; Laiv Roysland, they called him. One August, on the morning of the race, a grey horse came down to his gaard and neighed. He went and put the halter on him, and seeing he was a likely sort of a nag, thought he would take him down and run him, without asking anybody any questions. And sure enough he came. The horse—he was a stallion—beat all the rest easily. Laiv carried off all the prizes and returned home. When he got there he let the horse loose, and it immediately took up to the hills, and was not heard of or seen for twelve months. When the race-day came round, a neigh was heard (han nejade), Laiv went out of the door, and found the same horse. He put the halter on his head, and brought him down to the races just as before. He won everything. There never was the likes of him whether in biting or running (bitast eller springast). He was always the best. At last people began to talk, and said it must be the fand sjel (the fiend himself). The third

year the horse ran it lost. What a rage Laiv was in. When he got home he hit the horse a tremendous thwack with his whip, and cursed a loud oath. It struck out, and killed him on the spot. Next year a neigh was heard as usual outside the house, early on the morning of the race-day, but nobody dared go out. They were not such dare-devils as Laiv. It neighed a second time, but the people would not venture, and from that time to this it has never been heard of or seen."

"A strange wild tale," said I; "what do you really think it was?"

"Well, I suppose it was *He*. I never told that story," continued Solomon, "to any one before."

"Yes, there can be no doubt about it," said Solomon, after a long pause; "so many people have seen these underground people that there must be some truth in it. Besides which, is not there something about it in Holy Writ: 'Every knee shall bow, both of things that are in heaven, and in earth, and under the earth,' and who can be under the earth but the underground people?"

"Well, Solomon, have you no more tales?"

"Not of the valley here, but I can tell you one of the country up north."

"Oh, yes, that will do."

"Well, you must know, there was a man at a gaard up there—let me see, I can't rightly mind the name of it. He was good friends with a Tuss; used, in fact, to worship him (dyrkes). The priest got to hear of this, and warned him that it was wrong. The man made no secret of the fact, but persisted that there was no harm in it. Indeed, he derived a mint of good from the acquaintance. His crops were a vast deal finer, and he really could not give up his friend on any consideration.\* The man spoke with such apparent earnestness and conviction, that the priest was seized with a desire to see the Tuss. 'That you shall, and welcome,' said the man; 'I don't anticipate any difficulty. I've lent him two rolls of chew-tobacco, and he will be

\* "Some of the Highland seers, even in our day, have boasted of their intimacy with elves as an innocent and advantageous connexion."—Walter Scott, *Border Misdeeds*.

re to return them before long. No Christian can be more punctual than he is in matters of business.' The little gentleman put in an appearance soon after, and honestly repaid the tobacco, with thanks for the loan of it (tak for laane). 'Bide a bit, my friend,' said the farmer, 'our parson wants to have a snak (chat) with you.' 'Impossible,' he replied; 'I've no time; but I've a brother that's a parson. He's just the man; besides, he has more time than me. I'll send him.' The tuss-priest accordingly came, and had a long dispute with the priest of this world about various passages in the Bible. The latter was but a poor scholar, so he was easily out-argued.

"At last they began to dispute about vor Frelser (our Redeemer).

"'Frelser!' exclaimed the goblin-priest, 'I want no Frelser.'

"'How so?'

"'I'm descended from Adam's first wife. When she brought forth the child from which our people trace their descent, Adam had not sinned.'

"'First wife?' repeated the University man;

'where do you find anything about first wife in the five books of Moses? If you have found any such like thing there, you have not read it right, said he.

"'Don't you remember,' said the tuss, 'the Bible has it, "This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." So he must have been married before to somebody of a different nature.'

"The other, who was not so well read in the Bible as he ought to be—so much of his time was taken up in farming and such like unaandelig (unspiritual) occupations—was not able to confute this argument. Indeed, the tuss-priest beat the Lutheran priest hollow in every argument, till at last they parted, and the latter was never known again to express a wish to have any further controversy with so subtle an antagonist."

## CHAPTER X.

Scandinavian origin of Old English and Border ballads—Nursery rhymes—A sensible reason for saying "No"—Parish books—Osmund's new boots—A St. Dunstan story—The short and simple annals of a Norwegian pastor—Peasant talk—Riddles—Traditional melodies—A story for William Allingham's muse—The Tuss people receive notice to quit—The copper horse—Heirlooms—Stories in wood-carving—Morals and match-making.

IT is well known that some of the old English and Border ballads, *e.g.*, "King Henrie," "Kempion," "the Douglas Tragedy," the "Dæmon Lover," are, more or less Scandinavian in their origin. In the same way, "Jack the Giant Killer," and "Thomas Thumb," derive many of their features from the Northern Pantheon.

Mr. Halliwell, in his *Nursery Rhymes of England*, and *Popular Rhymes*, quotes some Swedish facsimiles of our rhymes of this class, and states,

further, on the authority of Mr. Stephens, that the English infants of the nineteenth century "have not deserted the rhymes chanted so many ages since by their mothers in the North."\* It struck me, therefore, that in this store-house of antiquities, Saetersdal, I might be able to pick up some information corroborative of the above hypothesis. It was some time, however, before I could make Solomon understand what I meant by nursery rhymes. At last he hit upon my meaning, and I discovered that the word here for a lullaby or jingle, is "börne-süd." Elsewhere, it is called Tull, or Lull-börn, whence our Lullaby.

"What's the use of such things?" said Solomon; "they are pure nonsense."

But, on my entreaty, he and others recited a few, in a sort of simple chant. The reader acquainted with that species of literature in England will be able to trace some resemblance between it and the following specimens, which have been in vogue in

\* Mr. Bellenden Kerr's theory of a political and much less ancient origin for these rhymes is surely more ingenious than correct.

this out-of-the-way valley several hundred years. The oldest people in it have inherited the same from their forefathers, and they ~~use~~ in the old dialect, which is, in a great measure, the old Norse. While what is very remarkable, like as is the case with us and our nursery rhymes, the people in many cases recited to me what appeared sheer nonsense, the meaning of which they were themselves unable to explain.

Börn lig i brondo,  
 Brondo sig i haando ;  
 Kaaler i krogje,  
 Kiernet i kove,  
 Hesten mi i heller fast,  
 Jeita te mi i scaare fast,  
 Saa mi spil langst noro Heio.

Bairn it lies a burning,  
 Burning itself in the hands ;  
 Kettle is on the crook,  
 The churn is in a splutter,  
 My horse is fast on the rocks,  
 My goat is fast on the screes,  
 My sheep play along the northern heights.

Here is another, which would remind us of a passage in "The Midsummer Night's Dream," only



that the squirrel is now reaper instead of coach-maker :—

Ekorne staa paa vaadden o' ale  
Höre dei kaar dei anöre ;  
Skjere laeste, kraaken dro,  
O, roisekattan han kjore.

The squirrels they stand on the meadow and mow,  
Hear how they bustle the vermin ;  
The magpie it loads, and who draws but the crow,  
And the waggoner, it is the ermine.

A similar one :—

Reven sitte i lien,  
Hore börne grin,  
Kom börne mine, o gaer heima mi ma,  
Saa skal wi gama sja.  
Han traeske, hun maale,  
Kiessling knudde, kjette bake,  
Muse rödde mi rumpe si paa leiven.

The fox, the fox, she sits on the lea,  
Hears her bairns a-crying :  
Come, bairns mine, and go home with me,  
What games you shall then be seeing.  
The fox he thrashed, the vixen she ground ;  
The kitten kneads, the cat she bakes,  
The mouse with his tail he sprinkles the cakes.\*

\* This alludes to the custom of sprinkling the girdle-cake with a brush during the baking.

Another:—

So ro ti krabbe akjar,  
 Kaar mange fiake har du der?  
 En o' ei fiörda,  
 Laxen den store;  
 En ti far, en ti mor,  
 En ti den som fisker dror.

Sow row to the crab-akarry,\*  
 How many fishes have you there?  
 One, two, three, four,  
 The salmon, the stour.  
 One for father, for mother one;  
 One for him the net who drew.

Now and then a different course of treatment is proposed for the fractious baby, as in the following:—

Bis, Bis, Beijs,  
 Börn will ikke teio,  
 Tak læggen,  
 Slo mod væggen,  
 So vil börne teio.

Bis, Bis, Beijs,  
 Baby wont be still, O,  
 By the leg take it,  
 'Gainst the wall whack it,  
 So will baby hush, O.

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\* Like our "Rempty idity, row, row, row."

This reminds me of another :—

Klappe, Klappe, söde,  
 Buxerne skulde vi böte,  
 Böte de med kjetteskind,  
 Saa alle klorene vend te ind,  
 I rumpen paa min söde.

Clappa, Clappa, darlin',  
 Breeches they want patchin',  
 Patch them with a nice cat-skin,  
 All the claws turned outside in,  
 To tickle my little darlin'.

It being now noon (noni), or Solomon's meal-time, he left me, promising to give me a call in the evening.

"Yes, and you must take a glass of finkel with me; it will refresh your mind as well as body."

"Not a drop, thank you. If I begin, I can't stop."

"That's the way with these bonders," observed the Lehnsmen to me, when we were alone; "even the most intelligent of them, if they once get hold of the liquor, go on drinking till they are furiously drunk."

This then is pre-eminently the country for Father Mathews!

“By-the-bye,” said the Lehnsmann, “our parson has left us, and his successor is not yet arrived; but I think I can get the keys from the clerk, and we will go to the vicarage, and look at the kald-bog (call-book), a sort of record of all the notable things that have ever happened at the kald (living).”

Presently we found ourselves seated in the priest's chamber, with the said book before us.

The following curious reminiscence of the second priest after the Reformation is interesting:—

“One Sunday, when the priest was just going up into the pulpit (*præke-stol*), in strode the Lehnsmann Wund (or *ond*=bad, violent), Osmund Berge. He had on a pair of new boots, which creaked a good deal, much to the scandal of the congregation, who looked upon this sort of foot-covering as an abomination; shoes being the only wear of the valley. The priest, who had a private feud with Osmund, foolishly determined to take the opportunity of telling him a little bit of his mind, and spoke out strongly on the impropriety of his coming in so late, and with creaking boots, forsooth. Bad Osmund sat down, gulping in his

wrath, but when the sermon was ended, he waited at the door till the priest came out of church, and in revenge struck him with his knife, *after the custom of those days*. The priest fell dead, and the congregation, in great wrath at the death of their pastor, set upon the murderer, stoned him to death a few steps from the church, and buried him where he fell. Until a few years ago, a cairn of stones, the very implements, perhaps, of his lapidation, marked the spot of his interment. After this tragical occurrence, the parish was without a clergyman for three years; till at last another pastor was introduced by a rich man of those parts, on the promise of the parishioners that he should be protected from harm."

I found, in the same book, a curious notice of one Erik Leganger, another clergyman. When he came to the parish, not a person in it could read or write. By his unremitting endeavours he wrought a great change in this respect, and the people progressed in wisdom and knowledge. This drew upon him the animosity of the Father of Evil himself. On one occasion, when the priest was

sledging to his other church, the foul fiend met him in the way; a dire contest ensued, which ended in the man of God overpowering his adversary, whom he treated like the witch Sycorax did Ariel, confining him "into a cloven pine."

A later annotator on this notable entry says, the only way of explaining this affair is by the fact that the priest, although a good man, had a screw loose in his head (*skrue los i Hovedet*). But this *Judæus Apella* ought to have remembered the case of Doctor Luther, not to mention Saint Dunstan.

The good Lehnsmann, who entered with great enthusiasm into my desire for information on all subjects, now commenced reading an entry made by a former priest, with whom he had been acquainted, of his daily going out and coming in during the period it had pleased God to set him over that parish, with notices of his previous history. His father had been drowned while he was a child, and his widowed mother was left with three children, whom she brought up with great difficulty, owing to her narrow means. Being put

to school, he attracted the notice of the master, who encouraged him to persevere in his studies. Finally, by the assistance of friends, he got to the University, earning money for the purpose by acting as tutor in private families during the vacations. At last he passed his theological examination, but only as "*haud illaudabilis*;" the reason for which meagre commendation he attributes to his time being so taken up with private tuition. At the practical examination he came out "*laudabilis*," so that he had retrieved his position. He then mentions how that he was married to the betrothed of his boyhood and became a curate; till at length he was promoted to this place, which he had now left for better preferment, expressing the hope, in his own hand-writing, "that he had worked among his people not without profit. Amen."

At this moment, the good Lehnsmann—whether it was that the heat or his fatigue in my behalf was too much for him, or whether it was that he was overcome by the simple and feeling record of his former pastor's early struggles—turned pale, and became deadly sick. Eventually he recovered,

and, in his politeness, sat down to dinner with me in his own house.

In the evening I took my fly-rod, and went down to the river with a retinue of forty rustics at my heels. The flies, however, having caught hold of one boy's cap, nearly breaking my rod, the crowd were alarmed for their eyes, and kept a respectful distance, while I pulled out a few trout; an exploit which drew from them many expressions of by no means mute wonder.

After this I sat down on a stone, and had a chat with these fellows. They had evidently got over the feeling so common among the peasantry of being afraid at being laughed at by the stranger and by each other. Many of them blurted out something. Riddles (Gaator or Gaade, allied to our word "guess,") were all the go. These are a very ancient national pastime. They were, however, of no great merit. Here are specimens:—

Rund som en egg,  
Länger end kirke-vægg.

Round as an egg,  
Longer than a church-wall.

*Answer.* A roll of thread.



Rund som solen, svart som jorde.

Round as the sun, swart as the earth.

[i.e., the large round iron on which girdle-cake is baked.]

Hvad er det som go rund o giore eg?

What is that which goes round o' gars eggs?

*Answer.* A grindstone. A *double entendre* is contained in the word egg; which means either "edge," or "egg."

I know a wonderful tree,

The roots stand up and the top is below,

It grows in winter and lessens in summer.

*Answer.* A glacier.

Four gang, four hang,

Two show the way, two point to the sky,

And one it dangles after.

*Answer.* Cow with her legs, teats, eyes, horns, and tail.

What is that as high as the highest tree,

But the sun never shines on it?

*Answer.* The pith.

What goes from the fell to the shore

And does not move?

*Answer.* A fence.

These country-people are not deficient in proverbs—e. g.,

Another man's steed

Has always speed.

Much of what they said was spoken in an outlandish dialect, and what made it worse, when I

asked for an explanation, they all cried out together, like the boys in a Government school in India. Indeed, when they were once fairly afloat it was difficult to curb the general excitement.

Moe, a Norwegian writer, who has penetrated into many of the out-of-the-way valleys of this part of the country and Thelemarken, states that the peasants are provided with a large budget of traditional melodies; but more than this, these genuine and only representatives of the ancient "smoothers and polishers of language" (scalds), not only use the very strophe of those ancient improvisadores, but have also a knack of improvising songs on the spur of the moment, or, at all events, of grafting bits of local colouring into old catches.

The peasants around tipped me one or two of these staves. When the company are all assembled, one sings a verse, and challenging another to contend with him in song, another answers, and, after a few alternate verses, the two voices chime in together. What I heard was not extempore, but traditional in the valley.

One young fellow commenced a stave which

seemed to be a great favourite, for directly he began it, the others said, "To be sure, we all know that; sing it, Thorkil."

In the evening, true to his promise, old Solomon appeared. He had called to mind a tale that would perhaps please me.

"There was once on a time a shooter looking for fowl on the heights (heio) above Saetersdal. Well, on he went, doing nothing but looking up into the tree-tops for the fowl, when, all of a sudden, he found himself in a house he had never seen before. There were large chambers all round, and long corridors, and so many doors he could not number them. He went seeking about all over till he was tired. Folk he could see none, nor could he find his way out. At last he came to one chamber where he thought he could hear people, so he opened the door and looked in; and there sat a lassie alone (eisemo); so he spoke to her, and asked who lived there. So she answered they were Tuss folk, and that the house was so placed that nobody could see it till they got into it, and then one could not get out again.

That's the way it went with me,' said she, mournfully; 'I have been here a long time now, but don't think I shall ever get out again.' The hooter on this got very frightened, and asked her if she could not tell him some way of escape. Well,' answered the girl, 'I'll tell you how you can do it, but you must first promise me to come back to the gaard and take me away.' This he promised at once to do without fail. 'Now, then, follow me, and open the door I point out. They are sitting at the board and eating (aa eta), and he who sits at the top is the king, and he's bigger and brawer than all the others, so that you'll know him directly. You must take your rifle, and aim at the king—only aim, you mustn't shoot. They'll be in such a fright they'll drive you out directly you heave up the gun; so you'll be all safe, and then you must think of me. You must come here next Thursday evening\* as ever is, and the next, and the third; and then I'll follow you home—of that you may be certain.' So she

\* The day on which Thor is on his rounds; and when, therefore, the little people are forced to sing small.

went and showed him the door, and he opened it and went in, and saw them all eating and drinking, and he up with his gun and pointed it at the one at the top of the table. Up they all jumped in alarm; he sprang out, they after him, and so he got clean out and safe home. On the first Thursday evening away he went to the Fell, and the second, and talked each time with the girl; but the third Thursday, on which all depended, he didn't come. I don't know why it was he did not keep his promise. Perhaps he thought if he took her home he should have to marry her. Anyhow it was base ingratitude. Some three or four years after the shooter was on the heights again, when he heard a girl's voice greet (gret), and lament that she was so dowie (danv) and lonely, and could not get away to her home. He knew the voice at once—it was the girl he had deserted. He looked round and round, and about on all sides, but could see nothing but rocks and trees, and so nothing could be done for the poor lassie."

"Now I think of it," continued Solomon, "there

is a tuss story I've heard about this Rigegaard where you are stopping."

"Delightful!" thought I; "I never did yet sleep in a haunted house—it will be a capital adventure for the journal."

"It's a long time ago since, though. The 'hill-folks' used to come and take up their quarters here at Yule. It was every Yule the same; they never missed. They did keep it up, I believe you, in grand style, eating, and drinking, and clattering till they made the old house ring again. At last, Arne—he lived here in those days—gave the underground people notice to quit; he would not put up with it any longer. So off they went. In the hurry of departure they left some of their chattels, and, among others, a little copper horse, which Arne put out of sight, though he had no idea what it was used for. Next day, a Troll came down from the hill above yonder, into which the whole pack had retired for the present, and claimed the property. Arne, however, had taken a fancy to the horse, and would not give it up. They might have that little drinking-beaker of

strange workmanship, but the copper horse he was determined to keep. 'Well,' said the Troll, 'keep it then; but, mind this, never you part with it. If ever you do, this house will never be free from poverty and bad luck to the end of the present race.\*' 'Good!' replied Arne, 'I'll take care of that, and my son will keep the horse after me, and hand it down as an heir-loom.'

"After this, the house went on prosperously, and no more was heard of the Trolls. Many years after, when Arne and his son were dead, the grandson parted with the horse. He had heard of the story, but he did not care; he did not want such trash—not he. After this, nothing went well with him. Poverty overtook him, and the family fell into the utmost distress."

"But," interposed I, "the people seem very well-to-do. I see no symptoms of poverty. The woman is a filthy creature, and that towel is dis-

\* "If this glass do break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Edenhall."

That goblet was said to have been seized by a Musgrave at an elf-banquet.—See Longfellow.

gusting [all travellers in Norway, mind and take a towel with you], and the food she gives me is uneatable; but I hear they are rich."

"Yes," said Solomon, "but this is quite another branch of the family. The other one died quite out, and then the destiny altered. The present people have risen again in the world."

Talking of heir-looms, there is no copper horse now, of course, but there are several quaint things about the gaard, mementos of ancient days. Among the rest were two curious old hand-axes, used, as above-mentioned, by the Norwegians as walking sticks, when not applied to more desperate service, the iron being then used as a handle. The door-jambs of an out-house, moreover, are of singularly beautiful carving. These are a couple of feet in width, and formerly adorned the entrance to the old church of Hyllenstad, and give an idea of the great taste displayed by these people in ecclesiastical ornament in the Roman Catholic days. A tale is told here in wood, which I could not make out. It is most likely connected with the building of the church. Sundry figures appear with bellows



and hammers, and the implements of the carpenter. But these are afterwards exchanged for weapons of a more deadly nature. A man with a sword drives it right through another, while on the corresponding jamb a gentleman is seen in hot contest with a dragon, whose tail is artfully mingled with the arabesques around. All these figures are carved in bold relief. The work was no doubt by Norwegian artists, for the interlacing foliage is in that peculiarly graceful and broad style (mentioned by Mallet and Pontoppidan), which always seems to have been at home in this country. These beautiful panels, together with the slender pillars joined to them, sold at the auction of the old materials for one dollar!

So little has this valley been modernized, that I find in almost every house specimens of the Primstav, or old Runic calendar, handed down from father to son for centuries. "It is the same with those tales you have heard," said the Lehnman; "the oldest people in the valley got them from the oldest people before them, though not in writing, but by oral tradition."

"And what is the state of morals up here?"

"The Nattefrieri is very much in vogue, but the evil consequences are not so great as may be imagined."

I must own that the revelations of the Lehnsmann stripped those people, in my eyes, of a good deal of the romance with which their literary tastes had invested them. Nor was my idea of the artless and unsophisticated simplicity of these rustic Mirandas enhanced, when I was told that match-making was not uncommon among the seniors, and the juniors consented to be thus bought and sold. Hear this, ye manœuvring mammas!

"With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart."

Yes! marriage here, as among the grand folks elsewhere, turns upon a question of lots of money—a handsome establishment. Perhaps, too, the jilts of refined and polished society will rejoice to hear that they are kept in countenance by the doings in Saetersdal. It sometimes, though rarely, happens that a girl is engaged to a young fellow, who means truly by her, the wedding guests are bidden, and she—bolts with another man.

## CHAPTER XI.

Off again—Shakspeare and Scandinavian literature—A fat peasant's better half—A story about Michaelmas geese—Explanation of an old Norwegian almanack—A quest after the Fremmad man—A glimpse of death—Gunvar's snuff-box—More nursery rhymes—A riddle of a silver ring—New discoveries of old parsimony—The Spirit of the Woods—Falcons at home—The etiquette of tobacco-chewing—Lullabies—A frank invitation—The outlaw pretty near the mark—Bjaräen—A valuable hint to travellers—Domestic etcetera—Early morning—Social magpies—An augury—An eagle's eyrie—Meg Merrilies—Wanted an hydraulic press—A grumble at paving commissioners—A disappointment—An unpropitious station-master—Author keeps house in the wilderness—Practical theology—Story of a fox and a bear—Bridal stones—The Vatnedal lake—Waiting for the ferry—An unmistakable hint—A dilemma—New illustration of the wooden nutmeg truth—"Polly put the kettle on"—A friendly remark to Mr. Caxton—The real fountain of youth—Insectivora—The maiden's lament.

BIDDING adieu to the kind and hospitable Lehnsman and his spouse, whose courtesy and hospitality

made up for the forbidding ways of Madame Rige, I turned my face up the valley. The carriage-road having now ceased, my luggage is transposed to the back of a stout horse, which, like the ancient Scottish wild cattle, was milk-white, with black muzzle. The straddle, or wooden saddle, which crosses his back, is called klöv-sal. Curiously enough, the Connemara peasants give the name of "cleve" to the receptacles slung on either side the ponies for the purpose of carrying peat, and through which the animal's back *cleaves* like a wedge. A very fat man came puffing and panting up to my loft to fetch my gear.

"What!" said I, "are *you* going to march with me all that distance?" with an audible *aside* about his "larding the lean earth as he walks along." The allusion to Falstaff he of course did not understand. His literature is older than Shakspeare; indeed the bard of Avon often borrowed from it. Whence comes his "Man in the moon with his dog and bush," but from the fiction in the Northern mythology of Mâni (the moon), and the two children, Bil and Hiuki, whom she stole from

earth. Scott's Wayland Smith, too, he is nothing but Völund, the son of the Fin-king, who married a Valkyr by mistake, and used to practise the art of a goldsmith in Wolf-dale, and was hamstrung by the avaricious King Nidud, and forced to make trinkets for him on the desert isle of Saeverstad. Though it is only fair to say that the legend belonged also to the Anglo-Saxons, and indeed to most of the branches of the Gothic race. But we are forgetting our post-master. He was the first fat peasant I ever saw in this country.

"Nei, cors' (No, by the Rood). "I'm not equal to that. It's nearly four old miles. My wife, a very snil kone (discreet woman), will schuss you."

His better half accordingly appeared, clad in the dingy white woollen frock already described, reaching from the knee to the arm-holes, where is the waist. On this occasion, however, she had, for the purpose of expedition, put an extra girdle above her hips, making the brief gown briefer still, and herself less like a woman about to dance in a sack. Sending her on before, I sauntered along, stopping a second or two to examine the

huge unhewn slab before the church door, with a cross and cypher on it, and the date 1639; to which stone some curious legend attaches, which I have forgotten. Passing Solomon's house, and finding he had gone to the mountains, I left for him some flies, and a *douceur*, to the bewilderment of his son. At a house further up the valley I found a *primstav* two hundred years old, the owner of which perfectly understood the Runic symbols.

"That goose," said he, "refers to Martinsmass, (Nov. 11). That's the time when the geese are ready to kill."

So that our derivation of Michaelmas goose-eating from the old story of Queen Elizabeth happening to have been eating that dish on the day of the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, is a myth. We got the custom from Norway, but the bird being fit to eat on the 29th September, Englishmen were too greedy to wait, and transferred to the feast of the archangel the dish appertaining to the Bishop of Tours.

That's a *lyster* for Saint Lucia (13th Dec.); it means that they used to catch much fish against

Yule. That knife means that it is time to slaughter the pigs for Yule. That horn is Yule-horn [the vehicle for conveying ale to the throats of the ancient Norskmen]. That's Saint Knut (Jan. 7th). That's his bell, to ring winter out. The sun comes back then in Thelemarken. Old folks used to put their hands behind their backs, take a wooden ale-bowl in their teeth, and throw it over their back; if it fell bottom upwards, the person would die in that year. That's St. Brettiva, (Jan. 11), when all the leavings of Yule are eat up. You see the sign is a horse. I'll tell you how that is. Once on a time a bonder in Thelemarken was driving out that day. The neighbour (nabo) asked him if he knew it was Saint Brettiva's day. He answered—

Brett me here, brett me there,  
I'll brett (bring) home a load of hay, I swear.

The horse stumbled, and broke its foot; that's the reason why the day is marked with a horse in Thelemarken.

“That's St. Blasius (Feb. 3), marked with a ship. If it blows (bläse) on that day, it will blow

all the year through. That's a very particular day. We must not use any implement that goes round on it, such as a mill, or a spindle, else the cattle would get a swimming in the head (Sviva).

"That's St. Peter's key (Feb. 22). Ship-folks begin to get their boats ready then. As the weather is that day it will be forty days after.

"That," continued this learned decipherer of Runes, "is St. Matthias (24th Feb.) If it's cold that day, it will get milder, and *vice versa*; and therefore the saying is, St. Matthias bursts the ice; if there is no ice, he makes ice. The fox darn't go on the ice that day for fear it should break.

"That's a mattock (hakke) for St. Magnus (16th April). We begin then to turn up the soil.

"That's St. Marcus (25th April). That's Stor Gangdag (great procession-day). The other gang-days are Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday before Ascension."

"And why are they called Gang-days?"

"Because a procession used to go round the



fields, and the priest, at their head, held *mann*, to drive away all evil spirits."

Here, then, we see the origin of our beating the bounds. Although, perhaps, the custom may be traced to some ceremonial in honour of Odin akin to the *Ambarvalia* at Rome in honour of Ceres. According to an old tradition, however, it originated thus. There was, many years ago, a great drought in Norway about this period of the year. A general procession-day was ordered in consequence, together with a fast, which was kept so strictly, that the cattle were muzzled, and the babe in the cradle kept from the breast. Just before the folks went to church it was as dry as ever, but when they came out, it was raining hard. We Christians ring the "passing bell" on the death of anybody, but are perhaps not aware that it began in northern superstition. Sprites, as we have mentioned elsewhere, can't bear bells—one of them was once heard lamenting in Denmark that he could stay no longer in the country on account of the din of the church bells. So, to scare away the evil spirits, and let the departing soul have a quiet passage, the sexton tolls the bell.

"That's Gowk's-mass (May 1); you see the gowk (cuckoo) in the tree. That's a great bird that. They used to say—

North, corpse-gowk, south, sow-gowk,  
West, will-gowk, east, woogowk.

"What's the meaning of that?"

"Why, if you heard the cuckoo first in the north, the same year you would be a corpse; if in the south, you would have luck in sowing; if in the west, your will would be accomplished; if in the east, you would have luck in wooing.

"That's Bjornevaak (bear's waking day) May 22. You see it's a bear. They say the bear leaves his 'hi' that day. On midwinter (Jan. 12) he gave himself a turn round.\*

"That's Saint Sunniva Bergen's Saint† (July 8).

\* So the old French proverb:—

"Quatorze Janvier,  
L'ours sort de tanière,  
Fait trois tours,  
Et rentre pour quarante jours."

† Sunniva was an Irish king's daughter. In order to escape compulsory marriage with a heathen, she took ship, and was driven by tempests on the Isle of Selia, near Stad, in Norway, and, with her attendants, found shelter in a

“That’s Olsok (St. Olaf’s day), July 29, marked with an axe. The bonder must not mow that day, or there will come vermin on the cattle.

“That’s Laurentius’ day, marked with a gridiron.

“That’s Kverne Knurran, marked with a millstone, Sept. 1. If it’s dry that day the millers will come to want water.

“That’s vet-naet (winter-night), Oct. 14, when the year began. That’s a glove,\* to show cold weather is coming. There’s an old Runic rhyme about that, where Winter says :—

On winter-night for me look out,  
On Fyribod (Oct. 28) I come, without doubt ;  
If I delay till Hallow e’en,  
Then I bow down the fir-tree green.

---

cave. The heathens on the mainland, on the look-out for windfalls, observed that there were people on the desert island, and immediately put off to it. At this juncture, through the prayers of Sunniva and her friends, the rocks split, the cave became blocked up, and the savages drew the island blank. In 1014, when Olaf Trygvesson landed here from Northumberland, breathing slaughter against the pagans, he discovered the bones of Sunniva, and she was at once canonized.

\* The similarity between vetr, the old word for winter, and vöttr, the old word for vante (glove), most likely suggested the use of this symbol.

The "Tale of the Calendar"\* was, however, now interrupted by a tap at the window, and a man screams out—

"Where is the Fremmad man? where is the Fremmad man?"

"The stranger is here in the house," was the reply.

And in came a man, who had evidently just dressed in his best, with something very like leath written in his sunken cheeks, starting eyes, and sharpened features.

"Can you tell me what is good for so and so?" he asked. "Oh! what pain I endure."

The poor fellow was clearly suffering from the stone, and there was no doctor within a great many days' journey. His doom was evidently sealed.

Further up the valley, a fierce thunder-storm coming on, I entered one of the smoke-houses above described, where an old lady, Gunvor Thorsdatter, bid me welcome. She offered me her mull

\* Much of the above explanations of the Runes has been thrown together by Professor T. A. Munck, in the *Norsk Folke Kalender* for 1848.

of home-dried sneeshing—it was rather a curious affair, being shaped like a swan's-egg pear, and sprigged all over with silver. A very small aperture, stopped by a cork, was the only way of getting at the precious dust. Gunvor was above eighty, but in full possession of her faculties, and I judged her therefore not an unlikely person to have some old stories.

“What do you sing to the babies when you want to make them sleep?”

“I don't know. All sorts of things.”

“Well, will you repeat me one?”

She looked hard at me for a moment, and suddenly all the deep furrows across her countenance puckered up and became contorted, just like a ploughed field when the harrow has passed over it. A stifled giggle next escaped her through her *erkos odontén*, which was still white, and without gaps. A slight suspicion that I was making fun of her I at once removed from her mind; then, looking carefully round, and seeing that there was nobody else by, she croaked out, in a sort of monotonous melody, the following, which I give literally in English:—

Row, row to Engeland,  
To buy my babe a pearlen-band,  
New breeches and new shoes,  
So to its mother baby goes.

This sounds like our—

“To market, to market, to buy a plum-bun.”

Another, the first lines of which remind one of  
ur—

Rockabye, babye, thy cradle is green,  
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen.

Tippi, Tippi, Tua (evidently our “Dibity, Dibity, Do”),  
Mother was a frua (lady),  
Father was of gentle blood,  
Brother was a minstrel good ;  
His bow so quick he drew,  
The strings snapt in two.  
Longer do not play  
On your strings, I pray :  
Strings they cost money,  
Money in the purse,  
Purse in the kist,  
Kist in the safe,  
Safe is in the boat,  
Boat on board the ship,  
Ship it lies in Amsterdam,  
What's the skipper's name ?  
His name is called Helje ;  
Have you aught to sell me ?  
Apples and onions, onions and apples,  
Pretty maidens come and buy.

This species of accumulated jingle is called "Reglar," and reminds us of "The House that Jack built."

Another, sung by a woman with a child on her knee :—

Ride along, ride a cock-horse,  
So, with the legs across ;  
Horse his name is apple-grey\* (abel-graa),  
Little boy rides away.  
Where shall little boy ride to ?  
To the king's court to woo ;  
At the king's court,  
They're all gone out,  
All but little dogs twain,  
Fastened with a chain :  
Their chains they do gnaw,  
And say "Wau, wau, wau."

"Very good," said I. "Many thanks. Have you any gaude (riddles) ?"

Upon which, the old lady immediately repeated this :—

Sister sent to sister her'n,  
Southwards over the sea,  
With its bottom out, a silver churn,  
Guess now what that can be.

*Answer.* A silver ring.

---

\* Hence evidently comes our "dapple," i.e., mottled like an apple.

Before parting with her, I begged the old lady to accept a small coin in return for her rhymes, which she said she had heard from her grandmother; but this she indignantly refused to accept, begging me at the same time, as she saw a man approaching, not to say a word about what she had been telling me. The fact is, as has been observed by the Norwegians themselves, that the peasants fancy that nobody would inquire about these matters unless for the sake of ridiculing them, of which they have a great horror. Although they retain these rhymes themselves, they imagine that other people must look upon them as useless nonsense.

The man who approached the cottage brought with him a tiny axe, a couple of inches long, which he had dug up in the neighbourhood. Its use I could not conceive, unless, perhaps, it was the miniature representation of some old warrior's axe, which the survivors were too knowing and parsimonious to bury with the corpse, and so they put in this sham. That the ancient Scandinavians were addicted to this thrift is well known. In Copenhagen, as we have already seen, facsimiles,



on a very small scale, of bracelets, &c. which have been found in barrows, are still preserved. This peasant had likewise a bear-skin for sale. The bear he shot last spring, and the meat was bought by the priest.

The storm being over, I walked on through the forest alone, my female guide being by this time, no doubt, many miles in advance. All houses had ceased, but, fortunately, there was but one path, so that I could not lose my way. How still the wood was ! There was not a breath of wind after the rain, so that I could distinctly hear the sullen booming of the river, now some distance off. As I stopped to pick some cloud-berries, which grew in profusion, I heard a distant scream. It was some falcons at a vast height on the cliff above, which I at first thought were only motes in my eyes. With my glass I could detect two or three pairs. They had young ones in the rock, which they were teaching to fly, and were alternately chiding them and coaxing them. No wonder the young ones are afraid to make a start of it. If I were in their places I should feel considerable reluctance about making a first flight.

At length I spied a cottage to the right in the opening of a lateral valley. Hereabout, I had heard, were some old bauta stones ; but an intelligent girl who came up, told me a peasant had carried them off to make a wall. This girl, who wore two silver brooches on her bosom, besides large globular collar-studs and gilt studs to her wristbands, asked me if I would not come and have a mjelk drikke (drink of milk).

Jorand Tarjeisdatter was all the time busily engaged in chewing harpix (the resinous exudation of the fir-tree) ; presently, on another older woman coming in, she pulled out the quid, and gave it to the new-comer, who forthwith put it into her own mouth. But after all this is no worse than Dr. Livingstone drinking water which had been sucked up from the ground by Bechuana nymphs, and spit out by them into a vessel for the purpose.

Jorand was nice-looking, and had a sweet voice, and without the least hesitation she immediately sang me one or two lullabies, *e.g.*—

Upon the lea there stands a little cup  
 Full of ale and wine,  
 So dance my lady up.  
 Upon the lea there stands a little can  
 Full of ale and wine,  
 So dance my lady down.

She then chanted the following :—

Hasten, hasten, then my goats  
 Along the northern heights,  
 Homewards over rocky fell,  
 Tange,\* Teine, Bear-the-bell,  
 Dros also Duri,  
 Silver also Fruri,  
 Ole also Snaddi,  
 Now we've got the goats all,  
 Come hither buck and come hither dun,  
 Come hither speckled one,  
 Young goats and brown goats come along,  
 That's the end of my good song,  
 Fal lal lal la.

Another.

Baby, rest thee in thy bed,  
 Mother she's spinning blue thread,  
 Brother's blowing on a buck's horn,  
 Sister thine is grinding corn,  
 And father is beating a drum.

---

\* Names of goats.

She then started off with a stave full of satirical allusions to the swains of the neighbourhood, showing how Od was braw, and Ola a stour prater (stor Pratar), Torgrim a fop, and Tarjei a Gasconader—

But Björn from all he bore the bell,  
So merry he, and could “stave” so well.

➤ The whole reminded me of the catalogue in the glee of “Dame Durden.”

“But how long will you stop with us? If you’ll wait till Sunday, we’ll have a selskab (party). Some of the men will come home from the mountains, and then you shall hear us stave properly.”

She seemed much disappointed when I told her I must be off there and then, my luggage was already miles ahead.

Leaving her with thanks, I made a detour of a couple of miles into the side valley, to see a very ancient gaard, to which a story attaches. Royne-stad, as it was called, was built of immense logs, some as much as three feet thick;\* on one of

\* In the district of Lom, where the climate is said to be the driest in Norway, there are the remains of a house

which several bullet marks were visible. Here once dwelt a fellow bearing the same names as the murderer of the priest at Valle, viz., Wund Osmaund. He had served in the wars, and seen much of foreign lands. For some reason he incurred the displeasure of the authorities, and fled for refuge to his mountain home. A party of officials came to seize him. When he saw them approaching, he took aim with his cross-bow at a *maalestock* (pole for land-measuring), which he had placed in the meadow in front of his house, and sent three or four shafts into it.

Cloudealey with a bearing arrow

Clave the wand in two.

The Dogberries were alarmed, and, after discharging a few bullets, turned tail.

There were in the loft some curious reminiscences of this daring fellow, *e.g.*, an ancient sword, and some old tapestry, or rather canvas painted in which Saint Olaf is said to have lodged. There was, not long ago, a house at Naes, in Hallingdal, where the timbers were so huge that two sufficed to reach to the top of the doorway from the ground. This old wood often gets so hard that it will turn the edge of the axe.

over with some historical subject, which I could not make out. In ancient times the interior of the houses was often decorated with hangings of this kind (upstad, aaklæd). But what I chiefly wanted to see was a genuine old Pagan idol, which had been preserved on the spot many hundred years. But "Faxe," I found, was not long ago split up for fuel. The real meaning of "faxe" is horse with uncut mane, so that it was most likely connected with the worship of Odin.

Regaining my old road, by a short cut, which fortunately did not turn out a longer way, I plodded on to Bjaraën, a lonely house in the forest. Here I found my excellent conductress, who, alarmed at my non-appearance, had halted, and it being now dusk, further advance to-night was not to be thought of.

Those horrible cupboards, or berths, fixed against the wall, how I dreaded getting into one of them ! A stout, red-cheeked lass, the daughter of the house, was fortunately at home, and posted up the hill for some distance, returning with a regular hay-cock on her back, which improved matters. But before I bestowed myself thereon, I took care

to place under the coverlet a branch of Pors, which I had cut in the bog. It did for me what the aureus ramus did, if I remember rightly, for *Æneas*, gained me access to the realms of sleep. The fleas, it is true, mustered strong, and moved vigorously to the attack, but the scent of the shrub seemed to take away their appetite for blood, and I remained unmolested.

The stout lass brought me a slop-basin to wash in next morning, and instead of a towel, an article apparently not known in these parts, a clean chemise of her own. The house could not, by-the-bye, boast of any knives and forks. No sugar was to be had, and the milk, which was about three months' old, was so sharp that it seemed to get into my head, certainly into my nose.

Next morning, after some miles walk through uninterrupted solitudes, I found myself on the shores of a placid lake, from which the mist was just lifting up its heavy white wings. As I stood for a moment to look, a large fly descended on the smooth water, and was immediately gobbled up by a trout. Over head, half hidden in the mist, were

perpendicular white precipices, stained with streaks of black, which returned my halloo with prompt defiance. Between their base and the lake vast stone blocks were strewed around, and yet close by I now discovered a farm-house exposed to a similar fall.

On fair Loch Ranza shone the early day,  
Soft wreaths of cottage smoke are upward curled  
From the lone hamlet, which her inland bay  
And circling mountains sever from the world.

That's a very proper quotation, no doubt, but the smoke must be left out. The farm was deserted ; not a soul at home, the family having gone up to the mountain pasture. We must, however, except a couple of sad and solitary magpies, which, as we drew near, uttered some violent interjections, and jumped down from the house-top, where they had been pruning themselves in the morning sun. They must be much in want of company, for they followed our steps for some distance, and then left us with a peculiar cry. Would that I had been an ancient augur to have known what that last observation of theirs was !

The path now wound up the noted Bykle Sti, or



ladder of Bykle, which is partly blasted out of the rocks, and partly laid on galleries of fir logs. Formerly, this place was very dangerous to the traveller. Here the river, which has been flowing at no great distance from us all the way, comes out of a lake. From a considerable height I gaze down below, and see it gurgling and then circling with oily smoothness through a series of black pits scooped out in the foundation rocks of this fine defile. Opposite me is a huge precipice, whence the screams that are borne ever and anon upon my ear, proclaim the vicinity of an eagle's eyrie. Below, the river widens again, and I see a number of logs slumbering heads and tails on its shores. We are now more than two thousand feet above the sea, but shall have to descend again to the lake, and cross it, as the road soon terminates entirely.

The ferry-boat was large and flat-bottomed, but all the efforts of my attendant and myself failed to launch it. At this moment a sort of Meg Merrilies, clad in grey frieze, with hair to match, streaming over her shoulders, made her appearance.

"Come and help us!"

"It's no use. The boat's fast; the water has fallen from the dry weather, and old Erik himself can't move it."

"Well, let us try. You take one oar, and Thora the other, and I'll go and haul in front."

The two women used their oars like leavers, when suddenly, Oh, horror!—snap went one of them. Tearing up a plank, which was nailed over the gunwale as a seat, I placed it as a launching way for the leviathan. This helped us wonderfully, and at last the unwieldy machine floated. The Danish Count would have flung "*Trahuntque siccas machine carinas*" in our faces, but he would have had to alter the epithet, as the boat was thoroughly water-logged. So much so, that when the horse and effects and we three were on board, it leaked very fast. The women took the oars, the broken one being mended by the garters of Meg Merrilies. The water rose in the boat much quicker than I liked, and I could not help envying a couple of great Northern divers, which my glass showed me floating corkily on the smooth water—fortunately it was so—if the truth were known they doubtless

looked upon us with a mixture of commiseration and contempt.

When we arrived safely on the other side, which was distant about half-a-mile, I gave our help-in-need sixpence. She was perfectly amazed at my liberality.

"Du er a snil karro du." (You're a good fellow, you are.)

She was, she told me, the mother of fourteen children. Her pluck and sagacity were considerable. Now, will it be believed, that this awkward passage might altogether be avoided if the precipice were blasted for two or three score yards, so as to allow of the path winding round it. As it is, a traveller might arrive here, and if the boat were on the other side, might wait for a whole day or more, as nobody could hear or see him, and no human habitation is near.

As we rose the hill to Bykle, I saw two or three species of mushrooms, one of which, of a bright Seville-orange colour, with white imposthumes, I found to be edible. Visions of a comfortable place to put my head into smiled upon me, as I saw a

church-spire rising up the mountain, and a gaard, the station-house, not far from it. But alas! I was doomed to be disappointed—all the family were at the Stöl, and the doors and windows fastened. A man fortunately appeared presently, whom I persuaded for a consideration to go and fetch the landlord. My guide meantime departed, as she was anxious to get half home before night. Meantime I lay on some timbers, and went to sleep. Out of this I was awakened by a sharp sort of chuckle close to my ear, and on raising myself I found that two magpies had bitten a hole into the sack, and were getting at my biscuits and cheese. It was with some difficulty that I drove off these impudent Gazza-ladras: and as soon as I went to sleep again, they recommenced operations. In three hours the messenger returned with the intelligence that the station-master would not come; the road stopped here, and he was not bound to schuss people Nordover (to the North).

There was nothing for it but to go up the mountain, and wade through the morasses to see the fellow. Fortunately I found an adjoining stöl,

where dwelt another peasant, Tarald (Anglicè Thorold) Mostue, whom I persuaded to come down and open his house for the shelter of myself and luggage. He brought down with him some fresh milk, the first I had tasted since leaving Christian-sand. After lighting for me a fire, and making up a bed, he returned to his châlet, promising to return by six A.M. with a horse, and schuss me to Vatnedal. Here, then, I was all alone, but I managed to make myself comfortable, and slept well under the shadow of my own fig-tree—I mean the branch of Pors—secure from the fleas and bugs! Tarald appeared in the morning, and off we started. He was, I found, one of the Lesere or Norwegian methodists.

“Do they bann (banne=the Scotch ‘ban’) much in the country you come from?” inquired he, as we jumped over the dark peat-hags, planting our feet on the white stones, which afforded a precarious help through them.

“I fear some of them do.”

“But I’ve not heard you curse.”

“No; I don’t think it right.”

“Where does the Pope (Pave) live?”

“At Rome.”

“They call it the great —— of Babylon, don’t they? Is Babylon far from Rome?”

“It does not exist now. It was destroyed for the wickedness of its inhabitants, and according to the prophecy it has become something like this spot here, a possession for the cormorant and the bittern, and pools of water.”

“Ah! I had forgotten about that; I know the New Testament very well, but not the Old.”

Tarald had also something to say about Luther’s Postils; but like most of these Lesere, he had no relish for a good story or legend. He had a cock-and-a-bull story—excuse the confusion of ideas—of a bear and a fox, but it was so rigmarole and pointless, that it reminded me of Albert Smith’s engineer’s story. The real tale is as follows. I picked it up elsewhere:—Once on a time, when the beasts could talk, a fox and a bear agreed to live together and have all things in common. So they got a bit of ground, and arranged, so that one year the bear should get the tops and the fox the bottoms

of the crop, and another year the bear the bottoms and the fox the tops. The first year they sowed turnips, and, according to agreement, the bear got the tops and the fox the bottoms. The bear did not much like this, but the fox showed him clearly that there was no injustice done, as it was just as they had agreed. Next year, too, said he, the bear would have the advantage, for he would get the bottoms and the fox the tops. In the spring the fox said he was tired of turnips. "What said the bear to some other crop?" "Well and good," answered the bear. So they planted rye. At harvest the fox got all the grain, and the bear the roots, which put him in a dreadful rage, for, being thick-witted, he had not foreseen the hoax. At last he was pacified, and they now agreed to buy a keg of butter for the winter. The fox, as usual, was up to his tricks, and used to steal the butter at night, while Bruin slept. The bear observed that the butter was diminishing daily, and taxed the fox. The fox replied boldly—"We can easily find out the thief; for directly we wake in the morning we'll examine each other, and see whether either of us has any butter smeared about him." In the

morning the bear was all over butter ; it regularly dropped off him. How fierce he got ! the fox was so afraid, that he ran off into the wood, the bear after him. The fox hid under a birch-tree root, but bruin was not to be done, and scratched and scratched till he got hold of the fox's foot. "Don't take hold of the birch-root, take hold of the fox's foot," said Reynard, tauntingly. So the bear thought it was only a root he had hold of, and let the foot go, and began scratching again. "Oh ! now do spare me," whispered the fox ; "I'll show you a bees'-nest, which I saw in an old birch. I know you like honey." This softened the bear, for he was desperately fond of honey. So they went both of them together into the wood, and the fox showed the bear a great tree-hole, split down the middle, with the wedge still sticking in it. "It's in there," said the fox. "Just you squeeze into the crack, and press as hard as you can, and I'll strike the wedge, and then the log will split." The trustful bear squeezed himself in accordingly, and pushed as hard as ever he could. Reynard knocked out the block, the tree closed, and poor Bruin was fast. Presently the man



came back who had been hewing the tree, and directly he spied the bear, he took his axe and split open his skull; and—so there is no more to tell.

On the bare, rocky pass which separates Sacterdal from Vatnedal were several stones, placed in a line, a yard or two apart from each other.

“Those are the Bridal Stones,” observed Tarald. “A great many years ago there was no priest on the Bykle side (I suppose this was after the murder by Wund Osmond, the Lehnsmann), and a couple that wanted to wed came all the way over here to be married. Those stones they set up in memory of the event. On this stone sat the bridegroom, and on that the bride.”

The mountain pink (*Lyenis viscaria*) occurs on most of these stony plateaus. I also met with a mighty gentian, with purplish brown flower, emitting a rich aromatic odour, the root of which is of an excessively bitter taste, and is gathered for medicinal purposes.

A mile or two beyond this we stood in a rocky gorge, from which we had a glorious view of the Vatnedal lake, and another beyond it several hun-

dred feet below us. After a very precipitous descent, on the edge of which stood several blocks, placed as near as they could be without rolling over, we skirted the lake through birch-grove and bog till we got opposite a house visible on the further shore. At this a boat was kept, but it was very uncertain whether anybody was at home. Leaving Tarald to make signals, I was speedily enticing some trout at a spot where a snow-stream rushed into the lake. At last Tarald cried out—

“All right, there are folk; I see a woman.” And sure enough, after a space, I could discern a boat approaching. A brisk and lively woman was the propelling power. We were soon on the bosom of the deep—the two men, the woman, and the horse, all, in spite of my protestations, consigned to a flat-bottomed leaky punt, though the wind was blowing high. The horse became uneasy, and swayed about, and, being larger than usual, he gave promise of turning the boat upside-down before very long. I immediately unlaced my boots, and pulled off my coat. The Norwegians seemed at this to awake to a sense of danger, and rowed back to the shore; the horse was landed and hobbled

when he forthwith began cropping the herbage. We then made a safe passage. Unfortunately, Helge's husband, whom I had counted on to help me on my journey, had started with his horse the day before to buy corn at Suledal, thirty-five miles off.

In this dilemma, I begged Tarald to take pity on me, or I might be hopelessly stopped for some days. The "Leser" was like "a certain Levite." He had been complaining all day of fatigue. He felt so ill, he said, he could hardly get along. I had even given him some medicine. In spite, however, of his praiseworthy antipathy to swearing, and the nasal twang with which he poured out some of his moral reflections, I had felt some misgivings about the sincerity of his professions; for he had begged me to write to the Foged, and complain of the absence of the station-master at Bykle, that he might be turned out, and he get his place. And, sure enough, I found him to be a wooden nutmeg with none of the real spice of what he professed to be about him. No sooner did he finger the dollars, than his fatigue and indisposition suddenly left him, and he started off home with great alacrity,

reminding me of those cripples in Victor Hugo's *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, who, from being hardly able to crawl, suddenly became all life and motion.

"Truly," mused I, "these Lesere are all moonshine. They profess to be a peculiar people, but are by no means zealous of good works. But this lies in the nature of things. Which is the best article, the cloth stiffened and puffed up with starch and 'Devil's dust,' or the rough Tweed, which makes no pretence to show whatever, but, nevertheless, does duty admirably well against wind and weather?" But enough of the thin-lipped, Pharisaical Tarald.

There was a beaminess about the hard-favoured countenance of Helge Tarjeisdatter Vatnedal, together with a *brusque* out-and-out readiness of word and deed, that jumped with my humour. The fair Tori too, her daughter, with her good-tempered blue eyes and mouth, and comfortable-looking figure, swept up the floor, and split some pine stumps with an axe, and lit the fire, and acted "Polly put the kettle on" with such an evident resolve to make me at home, that the prospect of being delayed in such quarters looked much less

formidable. The two women had netted some gorgeous trout that afternoon, and I was soon discussing them.

"We must go now," said Helge.

"Where to?"

"To the stöl. We are all up there now. It was only by chance we came down here to-day. Will you go with us, or will you stop here? You will be all alone.

"Never mind; I'll stop here."

"Very good. We know of a man living a long way off on the other lake. We'll send a messenger to him by sunrise, and see if he can schuss you. In the morning we'll come back and let you know."

My supper finished, by the fast waning light I began reading a bit of Bulwer's *Caxtons*. The passage I came upon was Augustine's recipe for satiety or *ennui*—viz., a course of reading of legendary out-of-the-way travel. But I can give Mr. Caxton a better nostrum still—To do the thing yourself instead of reading of it being done. In the Museum at Berlin there is a picture called the Fountain of Youth. On the left-hand

side you see old and infirm people approaching, or being brought to the water. Before they have got well through the stream, their aspect changes; and arrived on the other bank, they are all rejuvenescence and frolic. To my mind this is not a bad emblem of the change that comes over the traveller who passes out of a world of intense over-civilization into a country like this. How delightful to be able to dress, and eat, and do as one likes, to have escaped for a season, at least, from the tittle-tattle, the uneasy study of appearances, the "what will Mr. So-and-so think?" the fuss and botheration of crowded cities, with I don't know how many of the population thinking of nothing but getting 10 per cent. for their money. Sitting alone in the gloaming, under the shadow of the great mountains, with the darkling lake in front, now once more tranquil, and lulled again like a babe that has cried itself to sleep—the sound of the distant waterfalls booming on the ear—a star or two twinkling faintly in the sky—I might have set my fancy going to a considerable extent.

But bed, with its realities, recalled my wandering thoughts. That was the hour of trial! A person,

who ought to know something about these matters, apostrophized sleep as being fond of smoky cribs, and uneasy pallets, and delighting in the hushing buzz of night flies. I had all these to perfection, the flies especially, quite a plague of them. But nature's soft nurse would not visit me. The fact was, I had lost my branch, and the "insectivora" of all descriptions, as a learned farmer of my acquaintance phrased it, roved about like free companions, ravaging at will. Knocked up was I completely the next morning, when at six o'clock the women returned with the welcome intelligence that one Ketil of the Bog was bound for that Goshen, Suledal, to buy corn, and would be my guide.

"I am so weary," said I; "I have not slept a wink."

With looks full of compassion, the women observed—"We thought you wouldn't. We knew you would be afraid. That kept you awake, no doubt."

Whether they meant fear of the fairies or of freebooters, they did not say. My assurance to the contrary availed but little to convince them.

No solitary traveller in Norway at the present day need fear robbery or violence. The women soon shouldered my effects, not permitting me to carry anything, and we started through morass, and brake, and rocks, for the shieling of Ketil of the Bog.

At one spot where we rested, the fair Tori chanted me the following strain, which is based on a national legend, the great antiquity of which is testified by the alliterative metre of the original. It refers to a girl who had been carried off by robbers.

Tirreli, Tirreli Tove,  
 Twelve men met in the grove ;  
 Twelve men mustered they,  
 Twelve brands bore they.  
 The goatherd they did bang,  
 The little dog they did hang,  
 The stour steer they did slay,  
 And hung the bell upon a spray,  
 And now they will murder me,  
 Far away on the wooded lea.



## CHAPTER XII.

Ketil—A few sheep in the wilderness—Brown Byper—The Norwegian peasants bad naturalists—More bridal stones—The effect of glacial action on rocks—"Catch hold of her tail"—Author makes himself at home in a deserted chalet—A dangerous playfellow—Suledal lake—Character of the inhabitants of Saetersdal—The landlord's daughter—Wooden spoons—Mountain paths—A mournful cavalcade—Simple remedies—Landscape painting—The post-road from Gugaard to Bustetun—The clergyman of Roldal parish—Poor little Knut at home—A set of bores—The pencil as a weapon of defence—Still, still they come—A short cut, with the usual result—Author falls into a cavern—The vast white Folgefond—Mountain characteristics—Author arrives at Seligenstad—A milkmaid's lullaby—Sweethearts—The author sees visions—The Hardanger Fjord—Something like scenery.

I WAS quite at Ketil's mercy in a pecuniary point of view. But he was not one of the Lesere, and was moderate in his demands. After a scramble through his native bog, which would, I think, have put a very moss-trooper on his mettle, we debouched

on the end of a lake. Here we took boat, and there being a spanking breeze, we soon shot over the six miles of water. With a stern-wind, fishing was not to be thought of; I never found it answer. At the other end of the lake was a stone cabin, where I took shelter from the blast, while Ketil went in search of his horse.

While I was engaged caulking the seams in my appetite, a fine young fellow in sailor's costume, who had rowed from the opposite shore, looked in. Talleif, as he was yclept, was from Tjelmodal, with a flock of fourteen thousand sheep and twenty milking goats. He and his comrade, Lars, sleep in an old bear-hole in the Urden (loose rocks). They get nine skillings (threepence) a-head for tending the sheep for ten weeks. Besides this, they pay twelve dollars to Ketil and two other peasants, who are the possessors of these wilds. Their chief food is the milk of the goats. In winter they get their living by fishing.

"Have you any ryper here," said I to Ketil, as we passed through some very likely-looking birch thickets.

" Yes."

" What colour ?"

" Grey."

" Are there no brown ones ?"

" No ; they are grey, and in winter snow-white."

At this instant I heard the well-known cackle of the cock of the brown species, and a large covey of these birds rose out of the covert.

" Well, they are brown," said he ; " now, I never laid mark to (remarked) that before."

So much for the observation of these people. Never rely upon them for any information respecting birds, beasts, fishes, or plants. All colours are the same to a blind man, and they are such. I take the man's word, however, for the fact of there being abundance of otters about and reindeer higher up.

Terribly desolate was that Norwegian Fjeld that now lay before us. But setting our faces resolutely to the ascent, we topped it in two and a half hours, the way now and then threading mossy lanes, so to say, sunk between sloping planes of

rock. Screeching out in the unharmonious jargon of Vatnedal, which the Saetersdal people, proud of their own musical lungs, call "an alarm," Ketil pointed to a row of stones upon the ridge similar to those I had seen the day before, also called the Bridal stones, and with a similar legend attached to them. What poverty of invention. Why not call them Funeral stones by way of ringing the changes? But no; the people of this country will escort a bride much further than a bier. The honours of sepulture are done with a niggard grace.

As we now began to descend past beds of unmelted snow, I had a good opportunity of seeing the manifest effect of glacial action upon the rocks, the strata of which had been heaved up perpendicularly. Rounded by the ice in one direction, and quartered by their own cleavage in another, the rocks looked for all the world like a vast dish of sweetbreads; just the sort of tid-bit for that colossal Jotul yonder behind us, with the portentously groggy nose, who stands out in sharp relief against the sky. What Gorgon's head did

that? thought I; as the picture in the National Gallery of Phineus and Co. turned to stone at the banquet occurred to my mind. But my reverie was disturbed by a cry from Ketil of the Bog.

“Catch hold of her tail!”

Which exclamation I not apprehending at the moment, the mare slipped down a smooth sweetbread, and nearly came to grief.

Lower down we passed some ice-cold tarns, where I longed to bathe and take some of the limpid element into my thirsting pores, but prudently abstained. After a long descent we came upon a deserted chalet, the door of which we unfastened, and plundered it of some sour milk. We shall pay the owner down below. After this refreshment we plunged into a deep gorge, skirting an elv just fresh from its cradle, and which was struggling to get away most lustily for so young an infant.

“Ah! it’s only small now,” said Ketil; “but you should see it in a flom (flood). It’s up in a moment. Two years ago a young fellow crossed there with a horse, and spent the day in cutting grass on the heights. It rained a good deal. He

waited too long, and when he tried to get over, horse and man were drowned. They were found below cut to pieces."

I must take care what I'm about, thought I, as I nearly slipped down the precipice, which was become slippery from a storm of rain which now overtook us.

Below this the scenery becomes more varied, in one place a smiling little amphitheatre of verdure contrasting with the bold mountains which towered to an immense height above.

At length we descend to Suledal lake drenched to the skin. A ready, off-hand sort of fellow, Thorsten Brathweit, at once answers my challenge to row me over the water to Naes. The scenery of the lake is truly superb. The elv, which we had been following, here finds its way to the lake by a mere crack through the rocks of great depth. In one place a big stone that had been hurled from above had become tightly fixed in the cleft, and formed a bridge. Thorsten had plenty to say.

Two reindeer, he told me, were shot last week

on the Fjeld I had just crossed. Large salmon get up into the lake. The trout in it run to ten pounds in weight ; what I took were only small.

The landlord at Naes, where I spent the night, was astonished that I should have ventured through Saetersdal.

“ They are such a Ro-bygd folk there,” observed he, punningly, *i. e.*, barbarous sort of people.

The race I now encounter are, in fact, of quite a different costume and appearance. The married daughter of the house possessed a good complexioned oval face, with a close-fitting black cloth cap, edged with green, in shape just like those worn by the Dutch vrows, in Netscher's and Mieris' pictures. Her light brown hair was cut short behind like a boy's ; such is the fashion among the married women hereabouts.

“ Long hair is an ornament to the woman,” observed I to her.

“ She didn't know ; that was the custom there.”

The only spoon in the house was a large wooden one, but as by long practice I have arrived at such a pitch of dexterity that I might almost ven-

ture on teaching my grandmother to suck eggs, this occasioned me little inconvenience in transferring to my mouth the parboiled mementoes left by a hen now, alas ! no more.

There is a mountain-pass across the Fjeld from hence to Roldal, and, as I mounted it next morning by the side of one of the feeders of the lake cascading grandly down, I had a fine view of this noble piece of water. After a stiff walk of three hours and a half we arrive at the summit of the *col*, and passing the man, or cairn, which marks the highest point, looked down upon the pretty Roldal water sunk deep among the mountains, with the snowfields of the Storfond gleaming in the distance.

Here we met a mournful cavalcade. First came a sickly-looking man riding, and another horse following loaded with luggage, while a spruce old dame and a handsome lad walked in the rear. This is a rich bonder from Botne below, who is troubled with a spinal complaint, and after enduring frightful tortures, is on his travels in search of a doctor. Horror of horrors ! I felt it running



cold down my back as I heard of it. Imagine a man with a diseased spine riding down a Norwegian mountain. Heaven help him ! The lad hails me, and asks if I know where a doctor is to be found. I recommend Stavanger, sixty miles off—much of which distance, however, may be travelled by water—in preference to Lillesand, a small place nearer.

: It was a great relief, after walking in the intense heat, to boat across Roldal lake, under the shade of the mountains, the air deliciously cooled by the glacier water, which, though milky in colour, did not prevent me catching some trout. The poor fellow, my boatman, has a swollen hand and wrist of some weeks' standing ; I recommend porridge poultice as hot as possible, and a douche of icy water afterwards. Formerly, instead of this simple remedy, it would have been necessary to do "some great thing." Abana and Pharpar alone would have sufficed. I allude to the miraculous image which used to be kept in the old church at Roldal, now pulled down. On the Eve of St. John it used to sweat, and people came from far and near to apply the exudation to their bodily ailments.

Like Dr. Steer's opodeldoc, it never failed to effect a cure.

As we approach the other end of the lake, a little modern church rises on the shore, while an amphitheatre of cultivated ground, dotted here and there by log-houses, slopes gently upwards towards the grey rocky mountains behind, which afford pasturage for herds of tame reindeer. In the distance may be discerned at intervals a winding path. This path, which at present is only practicable for horses, crosses the summit level of the Hardanger mountains. At Gugaard it becomes a carriage-road, and thence passes on through Vinje to the part of Thelemarken visited by me last year. The Storthing have long been talking of completing the post-road from Gugaard to Busteten, on the Sör Fjord, a branch of the Hardanger; but hitherto it is confined to talk, although, at present, the only way of getting from the Hardanger district to Kongsberg and the capital, is either to go the long route by the sea round the Naze, or up to Leirdalsören, where the high road commences. Formerly Roldal parish was annexed to Suledal, thirty miles off, but it has

lately been separated, and has the advantage of a resident clergyman, and service every Sunday.

Sending my effects to the Lehnsmann's, where I purposed stopping the night, I went up the hill to call upon his reverence. He was out, so the girl went to fetch him, taking care to lock the house-door and put the key in her pocket. Presently a vinegar-faced, Yankee-looking young man, with white neckcloth, light coat, and pea-green waist-coat, with enormous flowers embroidered on it, and sucking a cigar the colour of pig-tail, approached. There was a Barmecide look about him, which was not promising, and his line of action tallied exactly with his physiognomy. He stood before the house-door, but made no effort to open it, and there was a repelling uncommunicative way about him, which determined me to retire the moment I had obtained the information I stood in need of.

As I had landed from the boat, a ragged square-built little fellow, with gipsy countenance, had offered to carry my luggage, seventy pounds in weight, over the mountain to Odde, thirty miles distance. Showing me a miserable little hut, he

told me he was very poor, and had five children with no bread to eat, while his wife, a tidy-looking woman carrying a bundle of sticks, chimed in with his entreaties, and thanked me warmly for the gift of the few fish I had caught. I was quite willing to hire him, and had come to the priest, to whom he referred me, for some account of his trustworthiness and capabilities.

"Yes," said his reverence, "he is able to carry that weight; he carried for me more than double as much when I came hither from Odde, and that's much more uphill (imod)."

"Yes," said I; "but I travel quick, and I don't wish to use a man as a beast of burden."

"He lives by carrying burdens. And what do you want, Knut, for the job?"

"A dollar."

"That's too much."

I did not think so, and the bargain was struck, and I took leave of the vinegar-cruet, who was said to be a chosen vial of pulpit declamation.

What a set of bores or burrs my host the Lehnsman and his family were. They would not let me

alone in the loft, which was frightfully hot, and with no openable window. Up tramped first the old man, with half-a-dozen loutish sons, then followed a hobbling old beldam, leaning on a stick, and attended by Brida, a young peasant lass, the only redeeming feature in the group. Fancy arriving at a place dog-tired, and a dozen people surrounding you in the foreground, and asking a hundred questions, with a perspective of white heads bobbing about, and appearing and disappearing through the doorway in the middle distance.

My only chance was my pencil; that is the weapon to repel such intruders. Not that I used it aggressively, as those hopeful students did their styles (see Fox's *Martyrs*), digging the sharp points into their Dominie's body. Taking out my sketch-book, I deliberately singled out one of the phalanx, and commenced transferring his proportions to the paper. This manœuvre at once routed the assailants, and they retired. Before long, however, the old gent stole in, and prowled stealthily around the fortress before he summoned it to surrender. I parried all his questions, and he

departed. His place was then supplied by his eldest son, who was equally unsuccessful, but whom I made useful in boiling some water for tea. The only thing approaching to a tea-pot was a shallow kettle, a foot in diameter. The butter of Roldal is celebrated, and compared to the Herregaard butter of Denmark, but the pile of it brought in by the landlord's son, on a lordly dish, was stale and nauseous. As nothing was to be got out of me, he, too, disappeared, and I was left in peace and quietness. Another yet! Horrible sight! the old Hecate herself again rises into the loft—not one of “the soft and milky rabble” of womankind, spoken of by the poet, but a charred and wrinkled piece of humanity—all shrivelled and toothless, came and stood over me as I sat at meat.

“Who are you? You *shall* tell me. Whence do you come from?”

“Christiansand.”

“But are you Baarnesöd (born) there?”

At the same time she hobbled to a great red box, with various names painted on it, and as a kind of bait, I suppose, produced a quaint silver

spoon for my use, which she poised suspiciously in her hand like a female Euclio, as if she was fearful I should swallow it.

But I was much too tired to respond ; and at last, seeing nothing was to be got out of me, she crawled away, and I was speedily between the woollen coverlets—sheets there were none. By five A.M the gipsy Knut was in attendance, with a small son to help him ; and on a most inspiring morning we skirted along the lake, and began to mount the heights. The haze that still hung about the water, and filled the shadowy nooks between the mountains, lent an ineffable grandeur to them, which the mid-day atmosphere, when the sun is high in heaven, fails to communicate.

Leaving my coolies to advance up the track, I thought I would take a short cut to the summit of the pass, when I came unexpectedly upon a lake, which stretched right and left, and compelled me to retrace my steps for some distance. As I scrambled along fallen rocks, my leg slipped through a small opening into a perfect cavern. Thank God, the limb was not broken, as the guide

could not have heard my cries, and I might have ceased to be, and become a tissue of dry bones (*de mortuo nil nisi bonum*), long before I could have been discovered. That old raven overhead there, who gave that exulting croak as I fell, you're reckoning this time without your host. See, I have got my leg out of the trap; and off we hurry from the ill-omened spot. Those ravens are said to be the ghosts of murdered persons who have been hidden away on the moors by their murderers, and have not received Christian burial.

What a delicious breeze refreshed me as I stood, piping hot, on the top of the pass. Half-an-hour of this let loose upon London would be better than flushing the sewers. It was genuine North Sea, iced with passing over the vast white Folgefond. There it lies full in front of us, like a huge winding-sheet, enwrapping the slumbering Jotuns, those Titanic embodiments of nature in her sternest and most rugged mood, with which the imagination of the sons of Odin delighted to people the fastnesses of their adopted home.

As we had ascended, the trees had become,



both in number and size, small by degrees and beautifully less, until they ceased altogether, and the landscape turned into nothing but craggy, sterile rockscape. This order of things as we now descended was inverted, and I was not sorry to get once more into the region of verdure.

At length we arrive at Seligenstad, where, to avoid the crowd of questioners, I sit down on a box, in the passage, to the great astonishment of the good folks. The German who has preceded me has been more communicative: "He is from Hanover; is second master in a Gymnasium; is thirty years old; has so many dollars a year; is married; and expects a letter from his wife at Bergen."

When the buzz had subsided, and nobody is looking, one girl, dressed in the Hardanger costume, viz., a red bodice and dark petticoat, with masculine chemise, but with the addition of a white linen cap, shaped like a nimbus by means of a concealed wooden-frame, comes and sits on a milk-pail beside me. At my request she sings a lullaby or two. One of them ran thus:—

Heigho and heigho !  
My small one, how are you ?  
Indeed but you're brave and well :  
The rain it pours,  
And the hurricane roars,  
But my bairn it sleeps on the fell.

I vow that the touching address of the daughter of Acrisius to her nursling, in the Greek Anthology, never sounded so sweetly to me in my school-boy days, as did the lullaby I had just heard. I'm sure the girl will make a good mamma. Perhaps she's thinking of the time when that will happen.

Another—

My roundelay, it runs as nimble  
As the nag o'er the ice without a stumble ;  
My roundelay can turn with a twirl,  
As quick as the lads on snow-shoes whirl.

A strapping peasant lad, joining our *tête-à-tête*,  
I bantered him on the subject of sweethearts.

“ You've got one. Now, tell me what you sing to her.”

With a look of *nonchalance*, which thinly covered over an abundance of sheepishness, the

rusticswain pooh-poohed the idea, and, in defiance, sang the following :—

To wed in a hurry, of that oh ! beware ;  
 You had far better drag on alone ;  
 What, tho' she be fair, a wife brings much care,  
 With marriage all merriment's flown.

Well, suppose you have land, and flocks and herds too,  
 But at Yule, when they're all in the byre,  
 It perhaps happen can, that you've scarce a handfu'  
 Of fodder the cattle to cheer.

"That's very fine, no doubt," interrupted the girl ; "but he's got a kjærste (sweetheart) for all that, and I'll tell you what he sings to her :—

Oh ! hear me, my pretty maid,  
 What I will say to thee,  
 I've long thought, but was afraid,  
 I would woo thee,  
 Wilt thou have me !

Meadows I have so fair,  
 And cattle and corn good store,  
 Of dollars two or three pair,  
 Then don't say me nay, I implore.

The girl had completely turned the tables on the said flippant young fellow, who, by his looks, abundantly owned the soft impeachment.

Taking leave of these good folks, I pursued my downward course along the river, which was, however, hidden by trees and rocks. Suddenly, however, we got a sight of the torrent in an unexpected manner. The earth at our feet had sunk into a deep, well-like hole, leaving, however, between it and the stream, a great arch of living rock, crowned with trees like the Prebischthor in the Saxon Switzerland, only smaller. Soon after this, we pass a picturesque bridge (Horbros), where the river roars through a deep and very narrow chasm, terrible to look down into; and, after some hours' walking, get the first peep into the placid lake of Hildal, with two great waterfalls descending the opposite mountain, as if determined to give *éclat* to the river's entrance therein. Visions of Bavarian beer, fresh meat, clean sheets, &c., crowd upon my imagination, as, after catching some trout in crossing the lake, we land on the little isthmus which separates the sheet of fresh water from the beautiful salt-water Sörfjord; and with light foot I hasten down to Mr. M——'s, the merchant of Odde. The situation is one of the grandest in

Norway. The mighty Hardanger Fjord, after running westward out of the Northern Ocean for about eighty miles, suddenly takes a bend south, and forms the Sör (South) Fjord, which is nearly thirty miles long. At the very extreme end of this glorious water defile I now stood. To my left shoot down the sloping abutments of the mountain plateau, on which lies the vast snow-field called the Folgefond; they, with their flounce-like bands of trees, first fir, then birch, and above this mere scrub, are now immersed in shadow, blending in the distance with the indigo waters of the Fjord. But further out to seaward, as we glance over the dark shoulder of one of these natural buttresses, rises a swelling mound of white, like the heaving bosom of some queenly beauty robed in black velvet. That is a bit of "Folgo" yet glowing with the radiance of the setting sun. As I stood gazing at this wonderful scene—the snow part of it reminding me of the unsullied Jungfrau, as seen from Interlacken, only that there the water, which gives such effect to this scene, is absent—I saw a man rise from behind a

stranded boat in front of me. He was a German painter, and had been transferring to his canvas the very sight I had been looking on.

"Eine wunderschöne Aussicht, Mein Herr," remarked I.

"Unvergleichbar! We've nothing like it even in Switzerland," said he.

With this observation I think I can safely leave the scenery in the reader's hands.

"That church, there," said the German, pointing to a little ancient edifice of stone, with mere slits of windows, "is said to have been built by your countrymen, as well as those of Kinservik and Ullensvang, further down the fjord. They had a great timber trade, according to tradition, with this part of the country. But, to judge from that breastwork and foss yonder, the good people of the valley were favoured at times with other visits besides those of timber merchants."

## CHAPTER XIII.

Author visits a glacier—Meets with two compatriots—A good year for bears—The judgment of snow—Effects of parsley fern on horses—The advantage of having a shadow—Old friends of the hill tribe—Skeggedals foss—Fairy strings—The ugliest dale in Norway—A photograph of omnipotence—The great Bondehus glacier—Record of the mysterious ice period—Guide stories—A rock on its travels.

NEXT day I went across the Hildal Lake to visit a glacier of which I had got a glimpse the evening before. It then seemed a couple of miles off; but I never was more taken in in judging of distance before—such is the uncommon clearness of the atmosphere and the gigantic scale of objects in this country. After a sweltering walk, however, of nearly three hours, I at last stood at the spot, where a torrent of water, the exact colour of that perennial sewer that comes to the light of day, and diffuses its fragrance just below London Bridge, rushed out of an archway of the purest azure, setting me a moralizing about deceit-

ful appearances, and so forth. My boy-guide halted the while at a respectful distance from the convulsed mass of ice.

“Do let me go back,” he had apostrophized me ;  
“I am so frightened, I am. It is sure to fall on us.”

And it was only by yielding to his cowardly entreaties that I prevented him from imitating the trickling ice, and being dissolved in tears.

Close to the ice grew white and red clover, yellow trefoil, two kinds of sorrel, and buttercups. This fertility on the edge of a howling desert had been taken advantage of, for, as I moved my eye to the opposite cliff from taking a look at the sun, who had just hidden his scorching glare behind the tips of the glacier, I descried several men and women busily engaged, at an enormous height, making hay on a slope of great steepness. As we descended, a noise, as of a salute of cannon, greeted my ears. The above sewer, which descends with most prodigious force, had set agoing some stones apparently of great size, which thundered high even above the roar of the waters, making the rocks and nodding groves rebellow again.



Next day I had determined to cross "Folgo" to the Mauranger Fjord, but the clouds hanging over him forbid the attempt.

That evening it cleared up, and two compatriots from the Emerald Isle arriving by water, we agreed to join forces the next day.

On the 20th of August, at an early hour, we started with two guides, one Ole Olsen Bustetun, and Jörgen Olsen Præstergaard. The latter was a very grave-looking personage, with a blue face and red-tipped nose, which, however, told untrue tales.

"Well, Jörgen," said I, "how are you off for bears this year?"

"Hereabouts, not so bad; but yonder at Ulsvig they are very troublesome. It was only the other day that Ulsvig's priest was going to one of his churches, when a bear attacked him. By good luck he had his hound with him—a very big one it is—and it attacked the bear behind, and bothered him, and so the priest managed to escape."

"Aren't there some old sagas about the Folgefond?" asked I.

"To be sure. I know one, but it is not true."

"True or not true, let me hear it."

“ Well, then, it is said among the bonders that once on a time under all this mountain of ice and snow there was a valley, called Folgedal, with no less than seven parishes in it. But the dalesmen were a proud and ungodly crew, and God determined to destroy them as He did Sodom and Gomorrah—not by fire, however, but by snow. So He caused it to snow in the valley for ten weeks running. As you may suppose, the valley got filled up. The church spires were covered, and not a living soul survived. And from that day to this the ice and snow has gone on increasing. They also say that in olden days there used to be a strange sight of birds of all colours, white, and black, and green, and red, and yellow, fluskering about over the snow, and people would have it that these were nothing but the spirits of the inhabitants lingering about the place of their former abodes.”

“ That’s a strange story, no doubt,” said I.

“ And, now I think of it,” continued Jörgen, “ I’ve heard old men say that this tale of the snowing-up must be true, for, now and then, when there has been a flom (flood), pieces of hewn

timber, as if they had belonged to a house, and household implements, such as copper kettles, have been brought down by the stream that comes out of Overhus Glacier.

"Now and then, too, the traveller over Folgo is said to hear strange noises, as of church bells ringing and dogs barking. But the fact is, there's something so lonely and grewsome about the Fond, and the ice is so apt to split and the snow to fall, that no wonder people get such-like fancies into their heads."

As we ascend I see tufts of a dark green herb growing in the crevices of the grey rocks.

"Ah! that's *spraengehesten* (horse burster)," said Jörgen. "If a horse eats of this a stoppage of the bowels immediately takes place. A horse at Berge, below there, was burst in this way not long ago."

[The reader may remember that a similar account was given me last year on the Sogne-fjeld].\*

\* It is singular that two peasants in different parts of the country should have made this statement, which seems after all to be based on error: for the plant was nothing but our Rock-brake, or *paraleý fern* (*Allosurus crispus*),

We had now emerged from the thickets, and, after crossing a *mauvais pas* of slippery rock, touched the snow after four hours' hard walking. The glare of the sun on the snow was rather trying to the eyes. I congratulated myself that I was not shadowless, like Peter Schlemil, as it was a great relief to me to cast my vision on my own lateral shadow as we proceeded. It was first-rate weather, and the air being northerly, the snow was not very slushy. The German painter ought to be here. He told me his *forte* is winter landscape.

"Now," said the grave-faced Jörgen, who was at bottom a very good sort of intelligent fellow, "look due east, sir, over where the Sör fjord lies. Yonder is the Foss (waterfall) of Skeggedal, or Tussedal, as some folks call it."

As I cast my eyes eastward, I saw the highest top of the Hardanger Fjeld, which I traversed last year; my old friend Harteigen very conspicuous with his quaint square head rising to the height of which is not generally supposed to possess any noxious qualities.

5400 feet, while his grey sides contrasted with the Storfond to the south and the dazzling white Tresfond and Jöklen to the north.

Straight in a line between myself and Harteigen I now discerned a perpendicular strip of gleaming white chalked upon a stupendous wall of dark rock. That is Skeggedals foss. It falls several hundred feet perpendicularly, but no wonder it looks a mere thread from here, for it is more than fourteen miles off as the crow flies.

"There are three falls at the head of the valley," continued Jörgen. "Two of them cross each other at an angle quite wonderful to see. They are called Tusse-straenge (Fairy strings)."

Wonderful music, thought I, must be given forth by those fairy strings, mayhap akin to

"The unmeasured notes  
Of that strange lyre whose strings  
The genii of the breezes sweep."

"Tussedal is a terribly stügt (ugly) dale," went on Jörgen, "so narrow, and dark, and deep. A little below those three waterfalls the river enters into the ground, and disappears for some distance,

and then comes out again. We call that the Swelge (swallow). Just below that there is a great stone that has fallen across the chasm. It's just like a bridge. I've stood on that stone and looked down many, many ells deep into the water boiling below. Ay! that's an ugly dale—a very ugly dale. It's not to be matched in Norway. You ought to have gone to see it; but now I think of it, it's difficult to get to the falls, for there is a lake to cross, and I think the old boat is stove in now."

After passing one or two crevasses (sprækker), which become dangerous when the fresh snow comes and covers them over, we at length arrive at the first skiaer (skerry), a sort of Grand Mulets of bare jagged crag, on which the snow did not seem to rest. After lunching here, and drinking a mixture of brandy and ice, we descend a slope of snow by the side of a deep turquoise-coloured gutter, of most serpentine shape, brimful of dashing water. Just beyond this a sight met our eyes never to be effaced from my memory. Far to the westward the ocean is distinctly visible through a

film of haze rising from the snow, just thick enough, like the crape on those veiled Italian statues, to enhance its beauty. Between us and the sea, purple ranges of mountains intersect each other, the furthest melting into the waves. At right angles to these ranges is the Mauranger Fjord, to which we have to descend. There it lies like a mere trough of ink, opening gradually into the main channel of the branching Hardanger, with the island of Varald lying in the centre of it. Over this to the north-west lies Bergen. To the southward, skirting the Mauranger, is a cleft rock, like the Brèche de Roland in the Pyrenées, while between it and us may be seen the commencement of the great Bondehus glacier.

Look ! the smooth, sloping, snow-covered ice has suddenly got on the *qui vive*. It's already on the incline, no drag will stop it ; see how it begins to rise into billows and fall into troughs, like the breakers approaching the sea-shore ; and yonder it disappears from view between the adamantine buttresses that encroach upon its sweep. To our right is another pseudo glacier hanging from a

higher ascent like a blue ball-cloak from the shoulder of a muslin-frocked damsel.

The *rochers montonnés* on which we stand tell tales of that mysterious ice-period when the glacier ground everything down with its powerful emery, while by a curious natural convulsion, a crevasse as broad and nearly as deep as the Box outting—not of ice but of rock, as if the very rocks had caught the infection, and tried to split in glacial fashion—strikes down to a small black lake dotted with white ice floes.

It was indeed a wondrous scene. As we looked at it, one of my companions observed, one could almost imagine this was the exceeding high mountain whence Satan shewed our Saviour all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. As if to make the thing stranger still, on one of the bleached rocks are carved what one might easily suppose were cabalistic letters, the records of an era obscured in the grey mists of time, but which it is beyond our power to decipher. Above us the sky was cloudless, but wore that dark tinge which as clearly indicates snow beneath as the distant



ice-blink of the Arctic regions tells tales to the voyager of a frozen ocean ahead.

"Now we're off the Fond," said Jörgen. "You laughed at me when I asked you if you had a compass. We've made short work of it to-day, but you don't know what it is when there is a skodda (scud) over Folgo. Twenty-five years ago five Englishmen, who tried to come over with five horses, lost their way in the mist, and had hard work to get back. Why it's only fourteen days since that I started with three other guides and four Englishmen, but we were forced to return. At this end of the passage there is one outlet, and if you miss that it is impossible to get down into the Mauranger."

I found he was right; for, after worming our way for a space through a hotch-potch of snow and rocks, we suddenly turned a sharp corner, and stood in a gateway invisible a moment before, from whence a ladder of stone reached down to the hamlet of Ovrehus, at the head of the Fjord, four thousand feet below us.

"Four years ago," said Jörgen, "I guided a

German state-councillor across the Fond. How he did drink brandviin! I think it was to give him courage. He had a bottle full when he started, and he kept pouring the spirits on to lumps of sugar, and sucking them till the bottle got quite empty and he quite drunk. We could not get him a step further than this, and night was coming on. I had to go down to Ovrehus, and get four men with lanterns, and at last we got him down at two o'clock in the morning."

Jörgen thought the traveller was a German, but I suspect if the real truth were known, it must have been our friend the Danish Count, whose propensity for drink and other peculiarities have been recorded in the *Oxonian in Norway*. The descent was uncommonly steep, even in the opinion of one of my companions, who had ascended the Col du Géant, and the stiffest passes in the Tyrol.

After descending in safety, we entered a belt of alder copse-wood. In one part of this the ground had been ploughed up, and the trees torn away and smashed right and left, as if some huge

animal had rushed through it, or rather, as if two or three Great Western locomotives had run off the line and bolted across country. What could it be! The gash, I found, reached to a torrent of fierce snow-water, in the centre of which a rock of a great many tons weight had come to an anchor. This was the *corpus delicti*. Looking at the cliffs, I could discern several hundred feet above me the mark of a recent dislocation, whence the monster had started. The rupture had occurred only two or three days before. What a grand sight it must have been.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

Three generations—Dangers of the Folgo—Murray at fault—Author takes boat for the entrance of the Bondehus Valley—The king of the waterfall—More glacier paths—An extensive ice-house—These glorious palaces—How is the harvest?—Laxe-stie—Struggle-stone—To Vikør—Östudfoss, the most picturesque waterfall in Norway—An eternal crystal palace—How to earn a pot of gold—Information for the *Morning Post*—A parsonage on the Hardanger—Steamers for the Fjords—Why living is becoming dearer in Norway—A rebuke for the travelling English—Sunday morning—Peasants at church—Female head-dresses—A Norwegian church service—Christening—Its adumbration in heathen Norway—A sketch for Washington Irving.

AFTER a very sharp walk of eleven hours in all, we entered a small farm-house. No less than eighteen persons, from the sucking infant to the old woman of eighty-four, surrounded us, as we dipped our wooden spoons into a round tub of sour milk, the only refreshment the place afforded. Red stock-

ings, and blue caps, with an inner one of white, and red bodices, were the chief objects that caught my eye. The ventilation soon became so defective from the crowd, that I got up and succeeded in pushing open a wooden trap-door in the centre of the roof by a pole attached to it. The apartment, in fact, was one of the old "smoke rooms," described elsewhere, and the orifice, the ancient chimney and window in one, which had been superseded by a modern window and chimney in two. "That's an awkward place to cross, is that Folgo," said a big fellow to me. "My grandfather, who lived in Sörfjord, where you come from, was to marry a lass at Ovrehus here. On the day before the wedding he started, with thirteen others, to cross Folgo. Night came, but the party did not arrive. But no harm was done, you see, sir; for I'm his grandson, and if he had been lost I should not have seen the light. [This pleasantry seemed to tickle the crowd.] They did, however, stop all night on the snow, and it was not till next day that they got down."

From these people I find that there is no foundation for the statement in "Murray," that a band

of peasants lost their lives in crossing the snow. The nearest approach to an accident is that detailed above.

Next morning we take boat for the entrance of the Bondehus valley, which debouches on the Fjord half a mile from this, and opposite to which, across the Fjord, is a place called Fladebo, from which Forbes ascended the Folgefond by a much easier path than that we had taken. Indeed, as we loll easily in the boat, and look back at the descent of yesterday, it seems astonishing how we ever could get down at all. Landing at Bondehus, after an hour's walk up the valley, which was occupied for some distance by meadows, in which peasants were at work making hay, we reached a lake, across which we row. By the stream, which here shot into the further side of the lake, there were a couple of water ouzels, bobbing about.

"Ay, that's an Elv-Konge (river king), or, as some call him, Foss-Konge (king of the waterfall)," said our guide.

In spite of the apparent proximity of the glacier,

it still took us several minutes' climb before we reached its foot.

Truth to tell, the bad fare exhibited by Margareta Larsdatter Ovrehus, was bad travelling on, and made me rather exact in distances to-day. Passing through a birch-grove, full of blue-berries and cloud-berries of delicious taste, we found the glacier only about thirty yards in front of us. The shingly space which intervened was traversed by four or five breastworks of loose sand and stones, about ten feet in height. These are the moraines left by the retreating glacier, so that at one time the ice and the birch-copse must have touched. Indeed, on either side of the glacier the trees may be seen holding their ground close by the ice, loth, apparently, to be separated from their opposite brethren by the intervention of such an unceremonious intruder.

We scrambled over the loose ramparts, and going close under the glacier where a muddy stream came forth, we discovered a huge cave, cut out of a blue wall of ice, some sixty feet in height. Some of the superincumbent mass had evidently just fallen in,

causing, perhaps, the roar which we had heard as we ascended the valley. It was rather dangerous work entering the cavern, as another fall might take place, and I had no ambition to be preserved after the manner of the Irish salmon for the London market. But it was not every day that one is privileged to enter such a magnificent hall, so in I went alone. It was lit, too, by a lantern in the roof, in other words, by a perfectly circular hole, drilled through the crown of the arch, through which I saw the sky overhead. Nothing could exceed the intense depth of blue in this cool recess.

But let us come and look a little more at the stupendous scene above. Far up skyward, at a distance of perhaps six English miles, though it looks about one, is the pure cold level snow of the Folgefond, glistening between two mighty horns of shivered rock, that soar still higher heavenward.

These two portals contract the passage through which pours the great ice ocean ; so that the monstrous billows are upheaved on the backs of one



another in their struggle onward, and tower up into various forms.

"By Jove," said one of my companions, "it looks just like a city on a hill side, Lyons, for instance. Look yonder, there are regular church towers and domes, and pinnacles and spires, and castellated buildings, only somehow etherialized. Why, there's the arch of a bridge, you can see right under it at the buildings beyond."

"If Macaulay's New Zealander were there," remarked I, "he would behold a grander sight than ever he will on London Bridge when the metropolis of the world is in ruin."

"Ruin!" rejoined the poetical son of Erin, "that's already at work here. Look at this hall of ice which has come down to-day. Ah! it's quite melancholy to think how all this splendid vision, these cloud-capped towers, these glorious palaces of silver and aquamarine, are moving on insensibly, day by day, to their destruction, and will melt away, not into air, but into dirty water, by the time they reach the spot where we're standing."

We had some hours of boating before night-fall, so that we were forced to tear ourselves from the scene, not forgetting to have a good look first at a feature in it not yet mentioned—a magnificent waterfall, which descended from the cliffs on the left. So now adieu to the mountains. I shall climb no more this year. Positively I feel as downcast as the hot-brained youth of Macedon when no more worlds were left for him to conquer.

We were soon at the farm-house near the sea, where Ragnhild Bondehus, with her red stockings, blue polka-jacket and red boddice, looking quite captivating, albeit threescore-and-ten, put before us porridge and goat's milk, which we devoured with keen glacial appetite.

"How is the harvest looking where you came from?" asked she, with anxious looks. This was a question that had been frequently asked me this summer.

"Very good all over Europe."

"To God be praise and thanks!" she ejaculated.

"We shan't have corn then too dear to buy. We

did hear that there was no grain sown in Denmark this year; that's not true, is it?"

The old lady derived no small comfort from my assurance that this must be a fabrication of some interested person.

Our boatmen landing with their great provision boxes to dine at the rocky point where we reach the main Hardanger, we land and examine one of those singular "fixings" for catching salmon, called a laxe-stie, or salmon ladder. It consists of a high stage, projecting on a light scaffolding into the water. In front of this, under the water, is an oblong square of planks, painted white, from twenty to thirty feet long and six broad. This is kept at the bottom by great stones. Beyond this, and parallel with the shore, several yards out, is a fixed wall-net, to guide the fish into a drag-net, one end of which is fastened to the shore, the other sloped out to seaward. The dark-backed salmon, which in certain places are fond of hugging the shore, as they make for the rivers to spawn, swim over the white board, and are at once seen by the watcher perched on the stage above, and

he speedily drags in the net set at right angles to the shore, with the fish secure in the bag. In some places the rock close by is also painted white\* to attract the fish, who take it for a waterfall. The man lodges in a little den close by, his only escape from hence being most likely his boat, drawn into a crevice of the sheer rocks around him. Sometimes from twelve to twenty fish are taken in this manner in a day. St. Johann's-tid (Midsummer) is the best time for taking them. The season is now over, and the solitary sentinel off to some other occupation.

According to the boatmen's account, who, however, are very lazy fellows, the stream is hard against us; indeed, it always sets out in the Hardanger from the quantity of river water that comes into it.

\* The Chinese have a somewhat similar device. "A strip of white canvas is stretched slanting in the water, which allures or alarms the fish, and has the strange effect (but they were Chinese fish) of inducing them to leap over the boat. But a net placed over the boat from stem to stern intersects their progress, and they are caught."—*Fortune's Travels in China*.

“ Ah ! ” said Ole, “ that’s called Streit-Steen (Struggle-Stone). Satan once undertook to tow a Jagt from Bergen up the Hardanger. He had tough work of it, but he got on till he reached that stone ; then he was dead beat, and banned and cursed dreadfully. It was he who called it Streit-Steen.”

The less said about the poisonous beer and bad food at Jondal, where we slept that night, the better.

We cross over, early next morning, to Vikør. The elder boatman, seventy-nine years old, was a strange little, dried-up creature, dressed in a suit of dark-green, the ancient costume of Jondal. One of the party told him if he were to see him in the gloaming he should take him for a Tuss. Anyhow he had a great aversion to the priest, against whose profits he declaimed loudly.

“ Only to think,” said he, “ the parson got tithe of butter and calf-skins—yes, actually got a hundred and fifteen calf-skins every year, worth half-a-crown each, from Jondal alone ! ”

How beautiful the placid Fjord looked as we

pulled up the smiling little estuary to Vikör, and gradually opened behind us the end of the great Folgefond peninsula !

Near Vikör is the famed Östudfoss, said to be the most picturesque waterfall in Norway. At all events, it is a very eccentric one. The stream, which at times is of immense volume, shooting from the well shrubbed cliff above, which projects considerably, makes a clear jump over a plot of green turf, on which a dozen people or more could stand without being wetted ; in fact, right inside the fall. While I stood within this crystal palace, one of my Hibernian friends, who had approached the spot by another route, clambering up the rocks, mounted on to the platform,—

“ Faith, and I’ve earned the pot of gold !” exclaimed he, breathless with exertion.

“ How so ?”

“ Why, did ye never hear the proverb—‘ If you catch hold of the rainbow you will get a pot of gold ?’ Ye never saw such a thing ; just below there, where the stream makes a shoot, I put me hand right into a rainbow—yes, clean into it.”

On our return we overtook a number of women, dressed in their best. The inventory is as follows: A lily-white, curiously-plaited head-dress, the "getting-up" of which must take an infinity of time and trouble; red or parti-coloured bodice, black gown, and stockings of the same colour, cut off at the ankle, while on the foot were white socks with red edging, and shoes with high leather insteps, such as were worn in the days of the Cavaliers. By their side were a lot of children, also in their best attire.

"Where are you all going to this fine day?"

"It's vaccination (bole, an Icelandic word) day, and we are all going to meet the doctor, who will be here from Strandebarm by two o'clock. We must all of us get a bolen-attest (certificate of vaccination). That's the King's order."

The merchant's establishment supplied us with some tolerable Madeira wherewith to drink to our next merry meeting, and my Irish friends, who were pressed for time, took boat that afternoon for Graven.

That evening and the next day (Sunday) I spent

under the hospitable roof of the parson of the district. His house is beautifully situate on a nook of the Hardanger, with a distant view of the Folgefond.

"Ah!" said he, "it wont be so difficult to explore the beauties of our Fjords for the future. Our Storthing, I see, by the last Christiania papers, has voted several thousand dollars for setting up steamers on this and the Romsdal Fjord, which are to stop at the chief places. The abrogation of Cromwell's Navigation Act has done great things for Norge's commerce, and brought much money into the country."

"Norway is getting richer," said I, "no doubt, if one is to judge from the increase in the price of living."

"That may be caused in some measure by the increase of capital, but the chief cause is another, though it, too, lies at England's door. We used to get a great deal of butter, cheese, meal, and meat from Jutland, but now, since the English steamers run regularly thither, and carry off all the surplus provisions, that source of supply is stopped, and the articles of food are dearer."



"That would not affect us much up here," put in the Frua (priest's lady); "No, no; it is the travelling English that do the mischief. Last year, sir, when I and my husband went up to see the Vöring foss, everything was so dreadfully dear, we said we must never venture out on another summer trip. And then, only think, there was an English lord there with his yacht, who saw a pig running on the shore, and said he would have the pig for dinner cost what it might. It was quite a small one, and they charged him six dollars. Yes, it positively makes us tremble, for you know we parson's wives have not a great deal of money, though we have good farms."

"At all events, I can't be charged with this sort of folly," said I; "for I resisted the extortions of the merchant at Jondal."

"What, he! he is one of the Lesere, and is considered a very respectable man."

"But will play the rogue when he thinks it wont be talked of," rejoined I. "Shams and realities are wonderfully alike. Do you know, even that black-coated biped, the ostrich, can make a roar just like a lion's?"

As I crossed over from my bed-room next morning to the main building, I found the grass-plot in front of the house thronged by peasants who had come to church, while in the centre of them was the priest in his Lutheran cloak and elaborate frill. The washing and starching of one of these ruffs costs a shilling. The widow of a clergyman in Bergen is a great adept in getting them up, and it is no uncommon thing for them to come to her by steamer from a distance of one hundred and forty English miles.

The congregation were in church when I entered with the ladies. We sat altogether in a square pew on a level with the chancel dais. This mingling of the sexes, however, was not permitted, of course, among the primitive bonders: the men being on one side of the interior, the women on the other, reminding me of the evening parties in a famous University town. The former wore most of them short seamen's jackets, though a few old peasants adhered to the antique green coat of singular cut, while their grey locks, which were parted in the centre of the forehead, streamed patriarchally over their shoulders, shading their strongly-marked

countenances. The female side was really very picturesque. The head-dress is a white kerchief, elaborately crimped or plaited, but by some ingenious contrivance shaped in front somewhat like the ladies' small bonnets of the present day, with one corner falling gracefully down behind, like the topping of the Carolina ducks on the water in St. James's Park. Another part of this complicated piece of linen, which is not plaited, covers the forehead like a frontlet, almost close down to the eyebrows, so that at a distance they looked just like so many nuns. Nevertheless, they were the married women of the audience. The spinsters' head-dress was more simple. They wore no cap at all. The back hair, which is braided in two bands or tails with an intermixture of red tape, is brought forward on either side of the head and round the temples just on a level with the front hair. For my part, I much admired the clean and classic cut which some of their heads exhibited in consequence. Most of the females wore tight-fitting scarlet bodices edged with green.

On either side of their bosom were six silver

hooks, to hold a cross chain of the same metal. The snow-white sleeves of the chemise formed a conspicuous feature in the sparkling parterre. One woman wore a different cap from the rest: its upper part was shaped just like a glory, or nimbus; this is done by inserting within a light piece of wood of that shape. Her ornaments, too, were not plain silver, but gilt. She was from Strandebarrow, which I passed yesterday on the Fjord, the scene of a celebrated national song—"Bonde i Bryllups Gaarden."

Much psalm-singing prevailed out of Bishop Kingo, of Funen's, psalm-book. The priest then read the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, with the traditional, I suppose, but what sounded to me very frightful, intonation. The sermon was not extempore.

"He is a tolerable preacher," said a peasant, with quite the "Habitans in sicco" tone of criticism, "but it is out of a book, and not out of his hove (head), like priest So-and-so, on the other side of the Fjord."

Very small and very red babies, not many hours

old,\* I believe—such is the almost superstitious eagerness with which these good folk rush to have that sacred rite administered—were now brought to be christened. No font was visible ; there was, however, an angel suspended by a cord from the roof, with deep, flesh-coloured legs and arms, and a gilt robe. In its right hand was a bowl, in its left a book. The glocker, or clerk, a little man in a blue sailor's jacket, here dispatched a girl for some water, which was brought, and poured into the bowl, and the ceremony proceeded ; which being concluded, the angel was pulled up again midway to the ceiling.†

\* Ström, in his description of Söndmör, relates that in the hard winter of 1755, of thirty children born in the parish of Volden not one lived, solely because they were brought to church directly they were born. But even in the present day in the register books (kirke-bog) notices may be found, such as “Died from being brought too early to church.”

† What a curious custom that was of the heathen Norwegian gentle-folk to select a friend to sprinkle their child with water, and give it a name. Thus Sigurd Jarl baptized the infant of Thora, the wife of Harald Harfager, and called it Hacon, although this had nothing to do with Christianity, for this child was afterwards baptized by Athelstan, king

The priest then examined some young men and women, who stood on either side of the aisle, he walking up and down in the intervals of the questions.

As we left the church a characteristic sight presented itself. The churchyard was just the spot in which one would like to be buried—a beautiful freshly-mown sward, sloping down to the sea, and intersected by a couple of brooks brawling down from the hills, extended upwards to the copse of hazel, aspen, ash, and rowan trees that fringed the heights. Under some of these trees sat two or three maidens, looking as stiff as Norwegian peasant girls of England. The heathen Vikings often pretended to take up Christianity, to renounce it again on the first opportunity. Some of them allowed themselves to be baptized over and over again, merely for the sake of the white garments. Others, who visited Christian lands for the sake of traffic or as mercenary soldiers, used to let themselves be primseignet (marked with the sign of the cross) without being baptized. Thus they were on a good footing with the foreign Christians, and also with their heathen brethren at home. Many of those who were baptized in all sincerity quite misunderstood the meaning of the rite, thinking that it would release them from evil spirits and gramary.

only can, when busked in their best, and before a crowd of people. Nor was a view of the placid fjord wanting. Look, some of the church-goers are already in their boats, the red bodices and white sleeves conspicuous from afar, while the dripping oars flash in the sun.

Before I took leave of my host and his agreeable family, I presented one of them, who was studying English, with a volume of Bulwer's. The parting glass, of course, past round—a sacred institution, the Afskedsöl of the Sagas.

## CHAPTER XV.

Up Steindalen—Thorsten Thormundson—Very near—  
Author's guide gives him a piece of agreeable information  
—Crooked paths—Raune bottom—A great ant-hill—  
Author turns rainbow manufacturer—No one at home—  
The mill goblin helps author out of a dilemma—A tiny  
Husman—The dangers attending confirmation in Nor-  
way—The leper hospital at Bergen—A melancholy walk  
—Different forms of leprosy—The disease found to be  
hereditary—Terrible instances of its effects—Ethno-  
logical particulars respecting—The Bergen Museum—  
Delicate little monsters—Fairy pots—The best book-  
seller in Bergen—Character of the Danish language—  
Instance of Norwegian goodnature—New flames and  
old fiddles.

PASSING the Östudfoss, I struck straight up  
Steindalen, purposing to pass a place called  
Teigen, and thence over to the Samnanger Fjord,  
on my road to Bergen. My hulking guide,  
Thorsten Thormundson, who, from his height,  
had been chosen as the front man of his regiment,  
was but a poor fellow notwithstanding. Having



started later than we ought, we did not reach our destination before dark; and as there was not the smallest vestige of a path through the morasses, we had nearly walked over a cliff into a lake before I was aware of our danger. Luckily, we at last found a cot, and a boy conducted us to our destination.

After an uncomfortable night in a miserable hole of a cottage, I received the agreeable intelligence from my attendant, that he did not know the way any further, and wished to leave me. I informed him that he was quite welcome to do so, but if he did, he must go minus all pay. Upon this, the giant put on a very martial air, but seeing that I was not to be bullied, he prepared for the journey, employing a little maiden to show the way.

It was lucky for us that he did so, for the road was intricate beyond description. The old St. Giles's rookery may serve as a comparison, for want of a better one. Being ahead, I was marching straight forward, when I was recalled by the shrill voice of the bare-footed lassie.

"On there," she said, "was a precipice, over

which Brat-foss poured. There was not foothold for a goat that way. We must try and get through the bog to the left, and so round by Raune bottom.

It was a bottom indeed—cliffs all round, with a treacherous swamp and streams flowing all manner of ways; and then came another descent, the girl leading the pony, and the man pulling hard at its tail by way of drag.

The progress was so slow that I sat down, from time to time, to look about me. In one place I found I was close upon a great ant-hill, a yard high, from whence I perceived a regular line was formed to a neighbouring pine-tree. Up the bole of this a number of these industrious insects were ascending and descending with most exemplary perseverance; though I could not see that, either going or returning, they went otherwise than empty away. I tapped the tree with my stick, when in the twinkling of an eye the ascending and descending squadrons put themselves in a posture of defence; that is to say, each of them threw itself on its back, with its head reared up, and its

tail protruded. In a moment or two, when all was quiet, they, as if by signal, unfixed their bayonets, and recommenced their march.

In another part of our round-about walk I sat down by a stream side, and began making rainbows—yes, rainbows. The sun shone straight up the valley, and the wind was blowing in the same direction. I threw a stone into the clear torrent right among some watching trout, and from the spot where it struck an iris immediately threw out its tricoloured arch athwart the stream, slowly disappearing as the spray, upheld for a second or two by the wind, again subsided on the water.

If my friend the Irishman was to find a pot of gold for getting hold of the rainbow, what luck was in store for me who had actually made one? But the augury was a treacherous one, as we shall see.

Following the stream, which abounded in most captivating looking holes, to my piscatorial eye, we at length reach the farm of Tyssen, whence a beautiful view is obtained across the head of the Samnanger Fjord, with the church of Samnanger lying

under the mountains at the further side. As bad luck would have it, not a soul was at home. The only biped I saw was a statuesque heron standing on a stone by the boat-house. What was to be done? It was my object to obtain a boat here and sail down the Fjord to Hatvigen, where I should be on the great coast road, and not many miles from Bergen.

In this dilemma I desoried a little man emerge from the quern, or corn-mill, which stood at the bottom of the stream, near some salmon traps. Perhaps he was only the mill-goblin, but, at any rate I would hail him. He took no notice. It must be the Quern knurre. But perhaps the noise of the stream rushing over the rocks into the Fjord drowned my voice, and prevented it being heard; so I and the loutish Thorsten clubbed lungs, when the figure looked round, and immediately walked away. Mr. Thorsten Thormundson wished to be off and leave me to my fate; but I positively forbid him to move until we had discovered some means of conveyance. Presently the small figure re-appeared, accompanied by a female figure. We

hailed again, and this time the mannikin walked to a boat and came across to us. He was a poor peasant from the mountains, who had been buying a sack of corn for four dollars three marks, which would serve him and three months till "Michelsmass," and he and his wife had come hither to grind it. The grinding must be finished, and the meal carried up to his distant home before night. Nevertheless he would row me, he said, half a Norwegian mile, where he thought I might get another boatman.

When we had rowed some distance we descry some people making hay on the lea.

"Would they row me?"

"Had no time. But they had a husman in a cottage hard by, who perhaps could do it."

My man landed, and went in search of the said husman. A tiny little man in rags, much smaller than the mill-goblin, with a very tiny voice, and a still more tiny boy, appear and undertake the job, provided I give him time to have some mad (meat) first. Although the boat was very leaky, and though at one place we encountered a good deal of

swell from the effects of a gale out at sea, we manage by night-fall to reach Hatvigen.

On the road we meet a boat full of boys and girls, who have been several miles to be examined by the clergyman for confirmation. We little know the hardships to which these people are subject. Only a few days ago, a boat similarly laden, and on a similar errand, was upset by a sudden squall, and about a dozen unfortunate young people drowned.

Nothing particular caught my eye next day, as I drove along the coast to Bergen, beyond the new telegraphic line which is just completing to Bergen. Some of the posts are the growing pine-trees, which happen to stand ready fixed for the purpose. Another telegraphic cable is making for a part of the coast to advertize people of the approach of the herrings. This will be the future sea-serpent of the country.

I was not sorry to sleep that night under the roof of Madame Sontum at Bergen. Next day, under the auspices of a German physician, I visit the Leper Hospital on the hill above the town.

It is a magnificent building of wood, lately constructed by the State, at an expense of sixty thousand dollars, and kept up from the same source, private donations being unusual. Three years ago the old hospital was burned down at dead of night, and eight unfortunates were consumed. The present spacious building can accommodate two hundred and eighty patients; at present there are only one hundred and eighty inmates. In the Jörgen Spital there are one hundred and thirty, and a few in another hospital in the town. This disease is generally supposed to be incurable. About twenty-five per cent. die in the course of the year. The chaplain, a burley, good-looking man, was in his canonicals, and about to bury a recently deceased patient on our arrival; he descanted on the horrors of the place.

With these I became personally acquainted on the arrival of Dr. L——, the physician of the establishment.

“Now, gentlemen, if you please,” said that functionary, putting on a blouse of black serge; “but I warn you it is a terrible sight.”

Well, thought I to myself, I will go notwithstanding. The best antidote to the imaginary ills of this life, is to become acquainted with the real ones.

Walking along the spacious corridors, we first entered a room devoted to male cases. Here, as in all the other rooms, there were six beds. I conversed with one man. This case was not yet at a bad stage. He had suffered much hardship in his youth as a seaman, was often wet, and badly fed withal. By dint of industry, he became owner of a jagt, and he said he hoped to get out again and be well enough to take the command of it.

Another man in a bed close by was affected with the smooth leprosy. He attributed it to his having slept in the same bed with a man affected with the disease. He was worn to the bone, and his face and body were blotched and copper-coloured. But before pursuing our melancholy walk, I will just glance at a small tract which has been published by the Government in respect to this foul and mysterious disease, which, after having been driven out of the other countries of Europe, still



holds its ground on the sea-coast of Norway, especially from Stavanger northwards.

There are two sorts of leprosy, which are so very dissimilar in their outward symptoms, that one would hardly imagine that they are the same disease; the one is called the knotted leprosy, the other the smooth leprosy. The first indications of the poison being in the system are lassitude and stiffness in the limbs. The body feels unusually heavy and disinclined to exertion. Sharp pains rack the frame, especially when it is warm, or on the eve of a change of weather. Cold shudderings also supervene, succeeded presently by fever; together with pains in the head, thirst and loss of appetite. All this is accompanied by general listlessness and depression of spirits. Another symptom is a strong inclination to sleep, though sleep brings no refreshment to the limbs.

In knotted leprosy, red spots and sores break out upon the body, especially on the face, which becomes much swollen. These are not accompanied with pain, and often disappear again; but with a new attack of fever they re-appear, and

at last become permanent. They now grow larger and larger—some of the knots attain the size of a hazel nut—and are generally of a yellow-brown colour, with occasionally a tint of blue. They are most frequent on the arms, hands, and face, but most of all about the eyebrows, which fall off in consequence. After a period of time—which is shorter or longer as the case may be—pain is felt in these knots, and they then either turn into regular sores, or become covered with a brown crust. The eyes, mouth, and throat are next attacked, and the eye-sight, breathing and swallowing are affected.

In smooth leprosy, the symptoms are large blisters and white spots, together with great pain and tenderness in various parts of the body. These vesicles are from the bigness of a hazel-nut to that of a hen's egg, and are filled with a watery fluid. They are situated about the elbows and knees, occasionally under the sole of the foot, and elsewhere, and soon burst. The spots, which in the smooth leprosy occur on the body, are not brown, as in the knotted leprosy, but white, and of

a larger size, sometimes being as big as a man's hand ; they are covered with white scales. The pain and tenderness which occur in this kind of leprosy gradually disappear, and are followed by utter absence of feeling. At this stage fire or the knife can be applied to the parts diseased without the patient feeling it in the least. A large portion of the body can be thus affected. The patient now begins to get thin, his skin is dry, and his countenance distorted. He can't shut his eyes, and he is not able to bring his lips together, so as to cover the teeth ; besides this, the toes and fingers become contracted and rot off.

Curiously enough symptoms of both these horrible phases of a most loathsome disorder occur in one and the same person ; in that case the knotted leprosy occurs first, and the knots gradually vanishing, the smooth leprosy supervenes.

This frightful malady has been ascertained to be hereditary, that is to say, it can be transmitted by either parent to their offspring. At first the children seem to be quite healthy, but they conceal within their system the hidden germs of the

complaint, which may at any time break out. Sometimes such children never do betray the presence of the poison, certain defective sanitary conditions being necessary for its development. But, notwithstanding, the disease may come out in the third generation. The most favourable circumstances for its development are an irregular way of life, defective clothing, bad lodging or diet, want of personal cleanliness, and mental anxiety. Under such circumstances, persons who have no hereditary tinge may take the complaint. It is not contagious in the strict sense of the word, but experience seems to show that persons who live in intercourse with leprous persons are very prone to become so themselves. A remarkable illustration of this occurred in Nord-Fjord. The owners of a gaard took the leprosy, and died. The farm was inherited by another family, who became infected with the disease, and died of it. A third family, who succeeded to the dwelling, also perished of the malady. On this, the owner of the house burnt it down.

The Government authorities finally recommend, as a means of getting rid of this dreadful disease,

personal and household cleanliness, proper apparel and lodging, wholesome diet (especially abstinence from half-rotten fish), moderation, particularly in the consumption of spirituous liquors; and, above all, they deprecate intermarriage among those so affected. The present number of lepers in Norway is two thousand and fifty odd, or about one in every seven thousand.

But to proceed with our walk through the hospital. In another ward set apart for males, I addressed a lump of what did not look like humanity, and asked how old he was. The answer was sixteen. He looked sixty. His voice—oh heavens! to think that the human voice divine could have become degraded to that hoarse grating, snuffling sound, the dry husk of what it ought to be!

Close by this case was a man whose face was swollen immensely, and over the brows huge knots and folds of a dark tint congregated together. His face looked more like a knotted clump in the bole of a tree than a human countenance. Sitting on a bed in another room was a boy whose face was

literally eaten through and through, and honey-combed as if by malignant cancer. Nobody can witness all this without realizing to himself more completely the power of Him who could cure it with a mere touch.

Crossing the passage, I saw a nice, pretty little girl playing about.

"She is all right at present," said the doctor, "but both her sisters showed it at her age, and her parents died of it. She is here to be taken care of."

On the women's side, one of the first cases that caught my attention was an old woman with the septum of the nose gone, and groaning with intense agony. Near her was a woman whose toes and fingers had disappeared, and for the present the complaint was quiescent. Indeed, one of the not least frightful symptoms of the disease is, that after a toe or finger is gone the sore heals up, but suddenly breaks out afresh higher up the limb. Unlike a person in an adjoining bed, who shrieked out for fear she should be touched—so sensitive was her flesh—this poor thing had lost all sense

of feeling. When I touched her, at the doctor's request, she could feel nothing.

One blue-eyed girl, with a fair skin and well combed hair, looked well in the face, but the doctor said her body was in a terrible state.

As I walked round the room, I observed another young woman, stretched on a bed in the corner, with dark luxuriant hair—very un-Norwegian in tint—and with peculiarly bright flashing eyes, with which she gazed at me steadfastly.

"Come hither," said the doctor to me; "shut your eyes, Bergita."

The poor thing gave a faint smile, and slightly moved her lids; but this was all. She will never shut those eyes again, perhaps, not even in death.

In another bed was a woman with her teeth uncovered and lips apart.

"Now, mother, try and shut your lips."

A tremulous movement of the lower jaw followed, but the muscles would not work; the disease had destroyed the hinges, and there she lay, mouth open, a spectacle of horror.

In some cases—indeed, very many—when the

disease has seriously set in, it throws a white film over the iris of the eye, the pupil becomes contracted, the ball loses its colour, becomes a whitish mass, and gradually rots out of the socket. Each patient had a religious book by his side, and some sat on the bed or by it reading. They all seemed unrepining at their lot. One poor woman wept tears of gladness when I addressed a word or two of consolation to her. Indeed, the amount of pain felt by these poor sufferers is very small in comparison with what might have been expected from the marks of the fell talons imprinted on their frames. The doctor said they were chiefly carried off at last by hectic fever. Scurvy ointment is used in many cases, frequent cupping in others. One poor woman, with a leg like an elephant's, so deformed and shapeless was it, declined amputation. And there she will go on, the excessive sensitiveness to pain succeeded by an utter anæsthetic state, and one extremity rotting off after another, till she is left a mere blotched trunk, unless a merciful death relieve her before.

One poor woman had been afflicted for no less



than fifty years ; her parents, if I remember rightly, were free from the malady, but her grandfather and grandmother had suffered from it. But we have seen enough of this melancholy place. It is a satisfaction to know that, at all events, although the disease cannot be cured by medicine or any other remedy, yet as much is done as possible to alleviate its miseries. The surgeon and chaplain are daily in attendance ; abundance of active young women—not old gin-drinking harridans—discharge the office of nurses. The diet is much better than these people would obtain at home. I examined the spacious kitchens, and learned that meat is served thrice a-week to the patients, not to mention soups, puddings, &c. It has been asserted that the disease has lately been on the increase in Norway, but this statement is based most likely on insufficient data.

In the rest of Europe, Scotland especially, to judge from all accounts, it was at one time as bad as it is now in this country. Neither was it confined to the lower classes. Robert Bruce died of it. But as it is now almost, if not altogether,

exterminated in Scotland, there seems no reason why, if the advice of the Government above-mentioned is followed, it should not also die out in Scandinavia. In other respects, the population is healthy and strong, and not affected by goitre or any of the usual mountain complaints.

We now took leave of the doctor ; my friend, the German physician, who was specially interested in the effect produced on the sight by the disease, appointed the next day for a microscopic examination of some of the patients' eyes in early stages of the disorder. It may be as well to state that Professor Danielson has published a work illustrating by plates the progress of the disorder. Inoculation is also about to be tried as a method of cure, it having been used with success in this country in another disease, many symptoms of which, to a non-professional observer at least, are identical in appearance with those above described.

" Farewell ! " said the doctor ; " I have shown you a sad spectacle. I am sorry I can't converse with you in your own language. But the next generation will all speak English. It has just been

proposed in the Storthing that, in the middle schools, less Latin shall be taught, and English made a necessary branch of education."

Before leaving Bergen I visited the museum, under the auspices of the very obliging curator, Dr. Korn.

Here is a specimen of a new kind of starfish (*Beryx Borealis*), discovered by Asbjørnsen. The only habitat yet known of this animal is the Sörfjord. The *Glesner Regalicus* was also here. It is found in very deep water, and so rarely that, in three hundred years, only two or three specimens had been met with.

Some embryo whales of different degrees of maturity were also preserved in spirits; specimens of these delicate little monsters are not, I believe, to be found in any other museum of Europe. The *Strix Funerea*, or Hawk Owl, such as I shot in the Malanger, with its beautiful black and white plumage, was also to be seen. Especially beautiful was the *Anas Stellaris* from beyond the North Cape.

The usual assortment of old Runic calendars

and other mementoes of ancient days were not wanting : not to mention one of those enigmatical Jette gryde (fairy pots) with which the vulgar have connected all sorts of stories. It is composed of two parts, a mortar-shaped cavity in stone, and in this a loose, round cannon-ball sort, also of stone. Here were evidently cause and effect. A loose stone happening to be brought by the stream into a depression in the rocky bed of the torrent, by the action of water becomes itself round, after the manner of a marble, and makes its resting-place round too. The countenances of people who live continually together are often observed to become like. In the same way the perforated and rounded stones which are formed by trituration in the channels of the brooks on the Scottish borders are still termed, says Scott, by the vulgar, fairy cups and dishes.

Before leaving Bergen, I must not omit to record an incident which really speaks much for the good-nature of these people.

“ Will you tell me, sir,” said I, accosting a jolly, bearded gentleman, in the street, “ which is the best bookseller in Bergen ?”

"Certainly, sir ; come this way, I will show you."

We entered the shop of the bookseller, whose snuffling, sobbing method of talk convinced me at once that he was a Dane. The language is a nerveless, flabby sing-song, gasped out with bated breath. The Norwegian speaks out like a man, and with a pith and marrow in his pronunciation worthy of the rugged power with which one always associates in idea the name of Norway.

The pale bibliopole, after carefully shutting the door, which I had purposely left open—so close and oppressive was the atmosphere of the un-ventilated shop—fumbled about for a little time, and then discovered that the book I wanted was out of print.

"Oh ! never mind," said the stranger, "I have got a copy, which is very much at your service."

And in spite of my protestations, this amiable gentleman, whom I afterwards discovered to be Professor C——, an author of some repute, conducted me to his house, placed refreshments before

me, and compelled me to take the book, the cost of which was considerable. Indeed, all books in Norway are very dear, which may account for the fewness of readers.

Two matters of considerable importance stirred Bergen to its innermost core while I was there. What do you think they were, reader? Gas has been introduced, and to-night is the first night of lighting it. What a number of people are moving about to see it, as we go on board the steamer *Jupiter*, bound for Hamburg. The other incident was productive of no less ferment. Ole Bull, the prince of fiddlers, the Amphion of the American wilds, sick apparently of combining the office of leader of a colony, and musician-in-chief to the new community, has just returned to this, his native place, and is about to give a concert, to inaugurate his assumption of his new office of director of the Bergen Theatre.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The safest day in the year for travelling—A collision—Lighthouses on the Norwegian coast—Olaf the Holy and the necromancers—The cathedral at Stavanger—A Norwegian M.P.—Broad sheets—The great man unbends—Jæderen's Rev—Old friends at Christiansand—Too fast—The Lammer's schism—Its beneficial effects—Roman Catholic Propagandism—A thievish archbishop—Historical memoranda at Frederickshal—The Falls of the Glommen—A department of woods and forests established in Norway—Conflagrations—A problem, and how it was solved—Author sees a mirage—Homewards.

IN the old coaching days it used to be said the safest day in the year to travel by the Tantivy was the day after an upset. The same will hold good, thought I, of steamers, as I heard an animated conversation on board, how that last voyage it was all but a case of *Norge v. Bergen* (alluding to a collision between those two steamers, when the former went down), and how the *Viken*, Govern-

ment steamer, would have been utterly cut down, and sunk, had it not been for the presence of mind of the *Jupiter* captain; how, moreover, a fierce newspaper war was going on in consequence, and the Government had ordered an inquiry.

Sooth to say, the navigation of this coast by night is very dangerous. Lord Dufferin, I think, says there are no lighthouses. He is wrong; there are more than twenty. But what are these among so many shoals, islands, narrow channels, ins and outs, as this coast exhibits?

"Yonder," said a Norwegian gentleman on board, "is the Skrattekjaer (skerry of shrieks)." This spot takes its name from a tragic event of which it was the scene many hundred years ago. Olaf the Holy, being resolved to get rid of the Seidemaend (magicians and necromancers), who then abounded in Norway, made a quantity of them drunk, and, in that condition, set fire to the house where they were assembled, and made a holocaust of them. Eywind, however, a noted warlock, escaped through the chimney-hole; but afterwards he, with three hundred others, were caught, and



chained down on that skerry, which is covered at high water. As the tide rose, the shrieks of the victims pierced the air ; but the royal executioner was inexorable.

Crossing the mouth of the Buknfjord, we stopped for half-an-hour at Stavanger, where I had an opportunity of examining the cathedral, which really exhibits some fine pieces of early Gothic. The nave was built in 1115. The verger was profoundly ignorant of all architecture, and so were some Norwegian gentlemen who accompanied me. What they chiefly attended to was a plaster model of Christ, after Thorwaldsen, and some tasteless modern woodwork. The pulpit is two hundred years old.

We here shipped a deputy, on his way to the Storthing now sitting at Christiania. He was a very staid person, who evidently considered that he was called upon to set the passengers an edifying example of superior intelligence and unmoved gravity. I heard that he had formerly been a simple bonder, but was now a thriving merchant. Perhaps I shall best

describe him by saying that his parchment visage reminded me of a Palimpsest, whence a secular composition had been erased to make room for a sanctimonious homily; but, at the corners of the parchment, some of the old secular characters still peeped out unerased. Next me, after dinner, sat a sharp young Bergenser. To while away the time, I asked him if he could recite me any popular songs or rhymes. He responded to the call at once, and produced a couple of broad sheets from his pocket-book, containing two favourite old Norsk ballads; one of which was the famed "Bonde i Brylups Garen;" the other was, "The Courtship of Ole and Father Mikkel's Daughter."

The deputy's attention I observed to be caught by our conversation, and he smiled gravely. Only think of a Storthingsman, clad in a sober suit of brown, whose mind was supposed to be full of the important business of the country, listening to such trifles. Gude preserve ye! Mr. —, what childish stuff. Nevertheless, he had once been a child, and a peasant-child, too; and there was a time when he sat on the maternal knee, and heard

the lullabies of his country. Nay, he went so far as to recite a country jingle himself. It was what we call in England a Game rhyme. Seven children are dancing round in a ring; suddenly the ring is broken, and each one endeavours to seize a partner.

Shear shearing oats,  
The sheaves who shall bind ?  
My true love he shall do it,  
Where is he to find ?

I saw him yestere'en  
In the clear light of the moon,  
You take yours, I take mine,  
One is left standing alone.

He uttered this in a low tone of voice, as if he was heartily ashamed of the infantine reminiscence. Human nature shrunk again into itself; the deputy remembered that his countrymen's eyes were upon him, and he must be careful of betraying any further weakness of the sort. One or two Norwegians who had overheard the conversation, looked with no little astonishment at their representative, and with a somewhat indignant expression of countenance at me, doubtful, apparently, whether

I had not of *malice prepense* been taking a rise out of a Norwegian Storthingsman.

As we passed Jaederen's Rev (reef), a long, low flat shore of some miles in extent, we had the usual storm, which stirred up the bilgewater to an offensive degree, and in consequence thereof, the wrath of a doctor on board, who wore yellow kids and much jewellery, but who was not half a bad fellow in spite of his foppery.

As I sat by the open window of the hotel, at Christiansand, two burly fellows in the singular Saetersdal costume, greeted me. In them I at once recognised two peasants with whom I had had speech at Valle. They had come down to meet the new parson and his family, whom they would drive up on the morrow on the way to his expectant parishioners. The good fellows were mightily pleased when I handed them some Bayersk Öl out of the window. A Norwegian student who was with me heard them deliberating whether they should not treat the strange Carl to a glass of something; but they apparently thought it would be taking too great a liberty, and presently made

their bow, carrying all sorts of greetings to my friends in their distant home.

Next day I started to Moss, in the Christiania Fjord, by the steamer of that name. She was built in Scotland, and goes sixteen miles an hour, more than double the pace of the Government steamers, which are proverbially slow. Many of the Norwegians are frightened of her, and say she will break her back.

There was an intelligent young Norwegian on board who is resident in America. He tells me that the Lammers' schism has done no little good, in a religious point of view, by awaking the State clergy from the torpor into which they had sunk; and there is every symptom of a new spiritual life being infused into the community. Things, he says, have hitherto been at a low ebb in this respect throughout the country. Among the better classes there is no such thing as family prayers, they seldom look at their Bibles. At Arendal and Christiania private meetings have been set on foot for prayer and reading of the Scriptures. A Moravian clergyman, who was the first

to establish gatherings of this kind, and who has laboured diligently in this line for some years, has lately received a subvention from the Government without his solicitation.

In Sweden, the proposal to abolish the law by which Dissenters may not reside in that country, has lately been thrown out in the Chambers, Count P—— having described in pathetic language the danger likely to ensue upon such a change, and being backed in his opposition by 280 clergy.

In Norway, on the contrary, as in England, all religions, provided they do not transgress the laws of morality and social order, are tolerated. The Roman Catholics take advantage of this, and are busy in a quiet way making proselytes. The widow of the late King Bernadotte is understood to give her countenance to their exertions. Contributions are also received from Belgium and France, and two French ladies conduct a school on Romish principles at Christiania. One of the two Romish priests there is a born Norwegian.

My travelling companion also informs me of a curious discovery made lately by Lange, the author of a *History of Norwegian Monasteries*.

It has always been supposed that the precious treasures which adorned the tomb of St. Olaf, in the Cathedral of Trondjem, were stolen by King Christian the Second, and that the ship conveying the ill-gotten booty sank near Christiansand.

At Amsterdam, however, from whence Lange has just returned, he found incontestable documentary evidence that the Archbishop of Trondjem was himself the thief. He fled to Amsterdam, got into debt, and the jewels were sold and dispersed.

Landing at Moss, I passed through a wretchedly ugly country to Frederickshal. There is nothing in the place worth seeing, except the fortress and the statue to the patriotic burgher, Peder Colbjørnsen. Some of the houses are far beyond the average of many of the Norwegian towns ; to which detracting people might be inclined to apply the old description of Granville :—

Granville, grand vilain,  
Une église, et un moulin,  
On voit Granville tout à plein.

A small enclosure outside the fortress marks the spot where the Swedish madman was sacrificed by one of his own soldiers while occupied in the siege. The monument, however, has utterly disappeared. A new one is talked of.

Thence I posted to Sarpsborg, to see the mighty falls of the Glommen, with the beautiful suspension-bridge swung over them. Above it the huge river winds away its vast coils into the distant mountains, bringing down the timbers which once grew upon their sides. But the wastefulness of the people in timber is now beginning to tell. Norway is at length about to start a Forstwesen similar to that of Germany, and Asbjørnsen is now employed by the Government in travelling through Bavaria, for the purpose of investigating the admirable regulations there in force in the Department of Woods and Forests.

As usual, there has been a fire in Sarpsborg. Half the town is destroyed, and presents a terrible



scene of desolation.\* A new church, just completed, was saved by a miracle. At Drammen, on the other side of the Fjord, one or two fires have also been sweeping away a vast quantity of buildings. The conflagration was visible at Uddevalla, near Gottenburg, about one hundred and fifty miles off.

My slumbers that night, at the waterside inn, whence the steamer was to start next morning, were interrupted by an odd sort of visitation. Two bulky Norwegian gentlemen were ushered into the bed-room, puffing away at cigars, and forthwith prepared to occupy the other bed. By what Procrustean process it could possibly be made to contain two such ponderosities was a problem now to be solved. However, one of them got in first, and retreated as far as he could into its recesses. The other followed, and managed to squeeze himself into the space left by the side of his companion. Many jocular remarks were let fall between them,

\* According to the newspapers, a great part of the capital itself has just met with a like fate.

and one remark especially seemed to tickle the risibilities of the larger and fatter man to such an extent that he shook again, and the bed also. Suddenly I heard a loud smash, and looking up, found that the bottom of the bed, though equal to their dead weight in a quiescent state, was unable to bear the momentum of their laughter-shaken frames, and had given way, both gentlemen falling through on to the floor.

For some time they had great difficulty in escaping from their awkward predicament. This, however, was at length effected, and for the rest of the night the floor was their couch—the floor which they had used as a spittoon; but this did not seem in the least to interfere with their comfort.

Having nothing to call me to the capital, I determined to catch the Kiel steamer that afternoon in the Christiania Fjord, where I saw for the first time one of those remarkable mirages so common in the seas of Scandinavia, which are supposed to have given rise to the legends of phantom-ships,

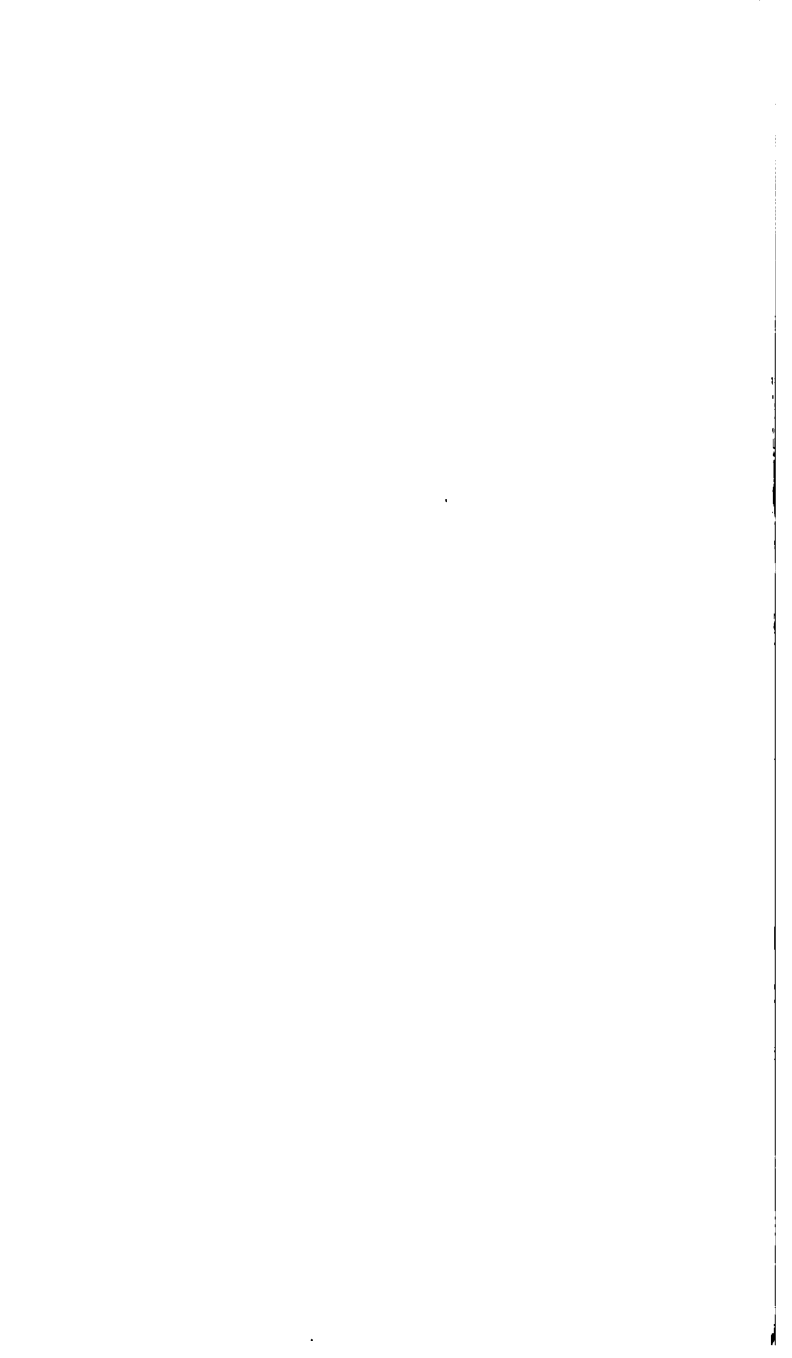
which prevail along the coast. The next day we were steaming over a smooth sea, along the low coast of our forefathers, the Jutes, and the day after shot by train through the heathy flats whence issued England's sponsors, the Angles.

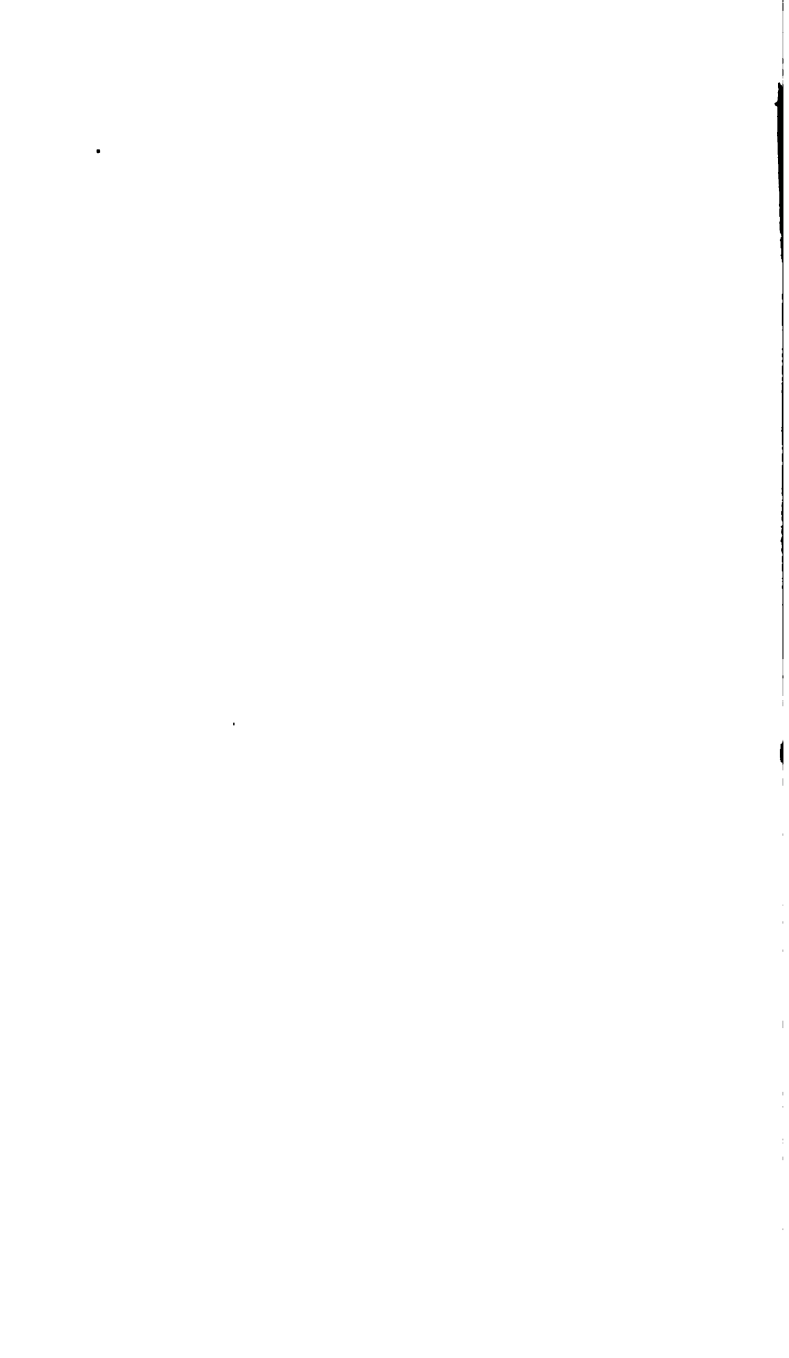
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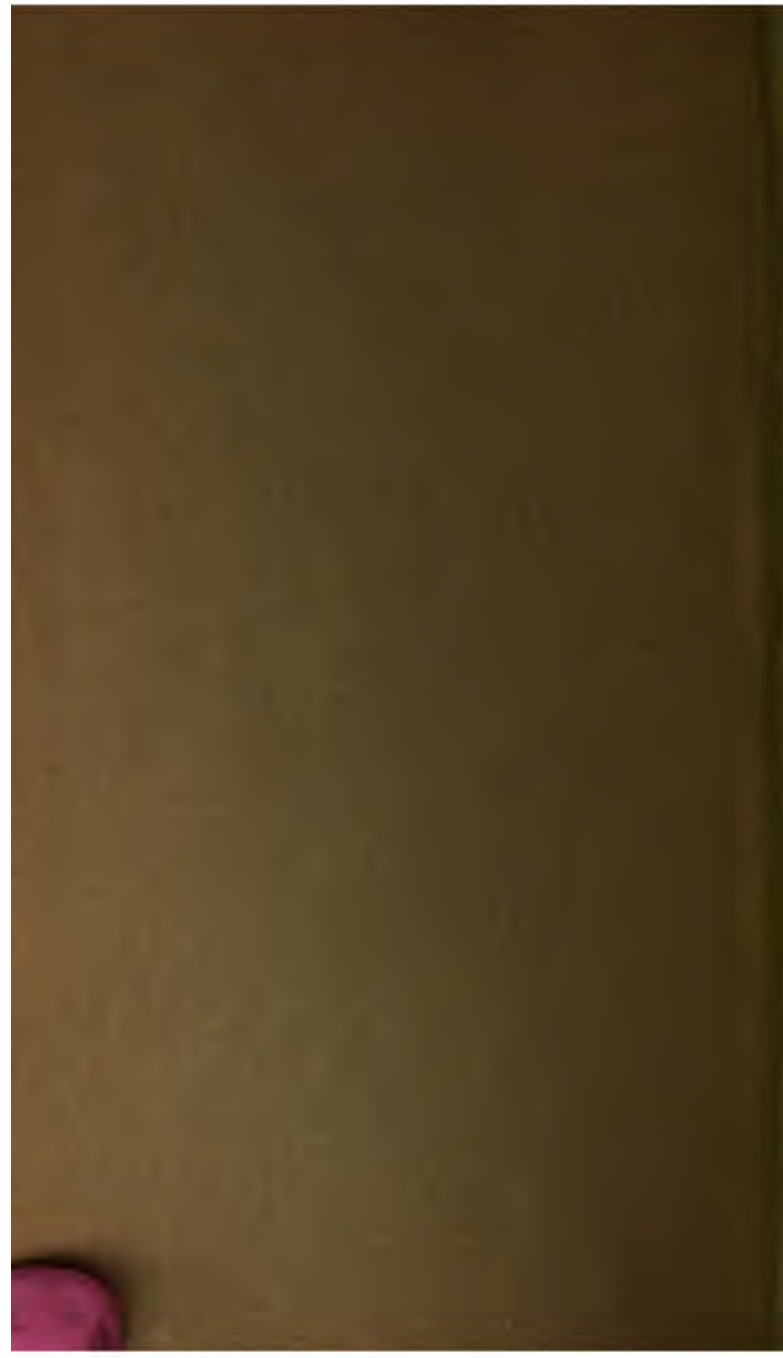












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